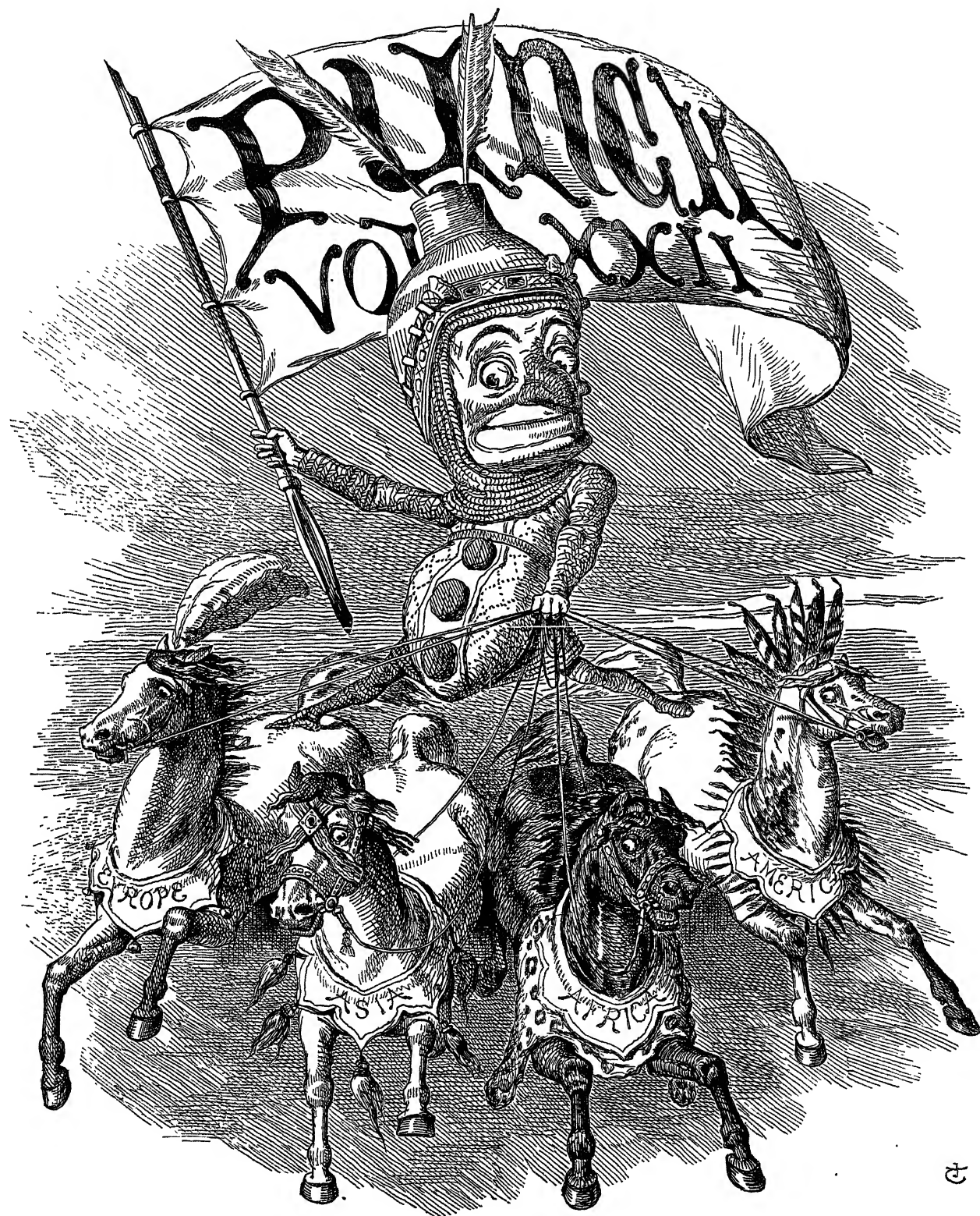

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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

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1852.

LONDON *
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



SINCE the days of the illustrious ANDREW MARVELL, MR. PUNCH is the first paid M.P.—that is, Member for PUNCH—who, being paid, has sedulously given all his heart and all his soul to the interests of his many thousands of Constituents. To be sure, the salary of MR. PUNCH as M.P. is but small—an inconsiderable threepence per head per week;—but it is the principle enshrined in that unassuming threepence that makes the wages a glory and an honour. Not the money, but the sentiment of the money; not the flower, but the odour that is the soul of the flower.

At this time, when some thousand English gentlemen—we will say a thousand—are standing before their country; indeed, not so much standing as kneeling before it, with their right hands on their waistcoats, and their left upraised, protesting that they have no such earthly hope as the hope that shall carry them to the House of Winds, in Westminster; at such a time, with such a rivalry without, MR. PUNCH does feel even more than his usual complacency in his back parlour, knowing that without raising himself the eighth of an inch from his easy chair, that without even purchasing an inch of ribbon, blue or yellow (the blue to show his love of Truth, the truth of the Hustings having, time out of mind, been beaten blue; the yellow, to show his contempt of the gold of the Minister), MR. PUNCH will be returned as M.P. for the whole empire; elected as the supplementary Six Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Member and Moderator of the old, acknowledged, constitutional 658. And this, without any effort on his part; with no treating, no music; with not so much as the froth of one bottle of ginger-beer; without one note from a hireling trumpet.

Now this was the belief simmering in the heart of PUNCH: such was the philosophical calmness in which—as in his easy morning-gown—he was clothed from shoulders to heel, when it was announced to him by his Boy, who has seen so much of what are called the first people of the day, that from a lively child, the poor fellow has become absolutely dull—that a Deputation of the Empire was down stairs (at least the head of the Deputation; for it was long as the Sea-Snake, and with merely its head in No. 85, Fleet

Street: its tail, in which were joints from India and all the Colonies, was curling round Charing-Cross)—and pressed in the urgent manner, usual with Deputations, for an interview.

"There's no help for it," thought PUNCH; and so, calling into his face that sympathetic, benevolent, protective look that he once saw illumine the features of DERBY when, as the Farmer's Friend, he assured the men of Chawbeans-cum-Bacon, that they should have justice, and that wheat should be anything they liked a quarter—with this hopeful and paternal smile upon his features, MR. PUNCH received the Head of the Deputation.

"Gentlemen," said PUNCH, resolved to be short, "of course I shall continue to represent you. Go home, be happy, and make yourselves easy on that point. I shall not speak of my principles. The One-and-Twenty Volumes of my life——"

("Two-and-Twenty," said our boy, in correction.)

"That is, the Two-and-Twenty—for on this day appears the Twenty-Second" (the Head of the Deputation seemed duly impressed with the fact)—"lie open before you. The Works of my Life! Turn over the leaves, gentlemen: lay your finger if you can upon any violation of any principle. There, gentlemen, in black and white, are the eleven important years of my existence; years dedicated to your service—and, through you, to the service, and solace, and satisfaction of the world.

"Gentlemen, I am the Paid Member for all England. The only Paid Member. Every man has his price. The price of PUNCH is Threepence—Fourpence stamped.

"I do not know, gentlemen, that I can add anything to this agreeable fact. Of course, I wish every year to be worthier of your confidence—your admiration: but I do not see how it is to be done. *The possibility* of the thing, as MR. DISRAELI says of Protection, *seems to loom in the future*; but further than the possibility, anything more than seeming—with MR. DISRAELI—I cannot even venture to predict.

"You will, therefore, gentlemen, receive the assurance of my distinguished consideration; and with it, the conviction that during the next Parliament—and all Parliaments to be continued—MR. PUNCH will be at his post."

Next morning, I read in the *Times* that "the Deputation took their leave of the Hon. Gentleman, highly satisfied with his condescension, and with the very flattering result of their interview."





JANUARY XXXI DAYS.

JACK FROST.

Beside the year's dark portal
Jack Frost hath the porter's chair,
And closely he scans each mortal
Who seeketh entrance there;
Well-fed, well-clad, to dinner
In wealth unaccustomed goes;
But you poor and shivering sinner
He taketh by the nose.

With a grasp, as of a giant,
He will nip you an army lead;
With a hand as a lady's plant,
He will weave you a tiny thread.
Oh, bitter's the curse he mutters,
As through the streets he roams,
And, through chinks of close-barred shutters,
Hears mirth in fire-lit homes.

Then, from such doorways turning,
He seeks the poor man's hearth,
Whereon no fire is burning,
And chills his winter mirth.
But hard though the old boy's heart is,
He hath a social soul,
And he gives his winter parties
For a dance about the Pole.

THE TRUE LEGEND OF SAINT VALENTINE.

(St. Valentine was a Lady—Masc., Valentin.
—Fem., Valentine. Vide the "Huguenots.")

In the cold court of SAINT LOUIS the coldest
maid, I ween,
Was the noblest and the loveliest, the LADY
VALENTINE.
In vain love breathed about her, from hearts,
and lips, and eyes,
She was blind to lovers' gazings, and deaf to
lovers' sighs.

The quantity of *billets doux* she got, quite
drove her wild.
Her toilet every morning with the horrid
things was piled.
They were on her plate at dinner; they
waylaid her on the stairs,
She found them in her mass-book when she
kneelt to say her prayers.

There were twenty Knights adventures,
that ever rode in arms,
To maintain against all comers this cruel
lady's charms;
And scarce a day but one of them was
brought home on a bier,
But, the cruel LADY VALENTINE, she never
shed a tear.

FEBRUARY XXIX DAYS.

Thus loved, but all unloving, MASTER CURIO
she defied,
(She fancied it was plety, but it was only
pride.)
Till tired of court and courtiers, she sought
the cloister's pile,
And calmly had her hair cut off, and calmly
took the veil.

"And now," she thought, "I've found the
life that fits a maiden pure,"
And she tried hard to look humble, but she
only looked demure;
She was sure of all the sisters to be earliest
at Matins,
And wore her sackcloth with more pride
than e'er she wore her satins.

But still, somehow or other, she never went
to bed,
But the thought of those sad *billets doux*
would come into her head,
She massed them on her table, and un-
wittingly she sighed,
When, on opening her mass-book she ne'er
found one inside.

She put on hair shirts, coarser than were
ever worn before,
Much as she'd always flogged herself, she
flogged herself's ill more,
Fasting and penance she essayed, but it was
all in vain.
Love would keep burning in her heart, and
boiling in her brain.

The Convent and the Country round were
ruled with adulation,
Of her castings, and her floggings, and her
self-mortification,
They chose her for their Abbess, ere a year
and a day:
But the struggle was too much for her—she
slowly pined away.

One night unto her pallet side she called the
nuns, and said,
"No doubt, they'll make a saint of me, as
soon as I am dead
Remember, sisters, if they do, the patron
saint I'll be
Of lovers and of ladies—who shall warning
take by me."

At this the holy sisters looked perfectly
aghast;
Of all things in her sainted head they fancied
love the last;
But sadly smiled SAINT VALENTINE—and
smiling so she died,
For well she knew how sore they rue who
battle love with pride.



HOUSEMAIDS REFUSING SERVICE IN BELGRAVIA, (THE BARRACKS BEING REMOVED FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE) YOUNG LADIES DO THE HOUSEWORK.

Lady Emily. "Now, dear, I wish you would be quick, and light the fires, and help me to make the beds."



THE PIKE IS A VORACIOUS FISH, AND BITES VERY READILY IN THE WINTER MONTHS."

OLD GENTLEMAN IS VERY FOND OF FISHING!!

REMARKABLE DAYS.

First of January, 1801.—Union of England and Ireland, which have been disunited ever since.

New Year's Day in China is remarkable for the Feast of Lanthorns, when it is lucky to walk home from the temple with a candle still burning, the great point of the feast being to avoid a blow-out.

The 14th of February, last year, was remarkable for being Valentine's Day; and the first reading of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,—supposed to be the result of sympathy between Valentine's Day and a dead letter.

LAW TERMS AND RETURNS.—There will be a great reduction in Law Terms; for in consequence of the establishment of the County Courts, the law terms, which were formerly very exorbitant, will be comparatively moderate.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF LONDON.

1. A street that is not under repair.
2. A glass of pure milk.
3. A policeman who was found as soon as he was wanted.
4. A fire-escape that ever came in time for the fire.
5. An omnibus that wasn't going to the same locality as the person hailing it.
6. A statue that is an ornament to the Metropolis.
7. A church where you can get a seat in a pew without paying a shilling for it.

To which historians have justly added an eighth wonder—perhaps more wonderful than all the other wonders put together, and that is—

8. THE PUNCH-OFFICE!!

CAUTION TO LAWYERS' CLERKS.—Don't go on the stage, or have anything to do with amateur theatricals. Attorneys are liable to a penalty of £100 for acting without having been admitted.

MORE "DEFINITIONS."

HUSBAND.—A godfather for female grown children, who gives them a name, and undertakes to look after their conduct.

LIBERTY.—An angel till we gain her, and a woman afterwards.

MORAL TO GIVERS OF TWELFTH-CAKES.

Buy and eat your cake according to your company; that is, enough for everybody, and something left for to-morrow.

HOW TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR.

Open the door with the silver key of Hope, that it may close on the golden hinge of Prosperity.

AN EASY BIRTH.

Medical Assistants complain that they are overworked and underpaid; and yet their employers generally dispense with their labour.

A SPECULATOR'S APOLOGY.—You can't make the pot boil without bubbles.

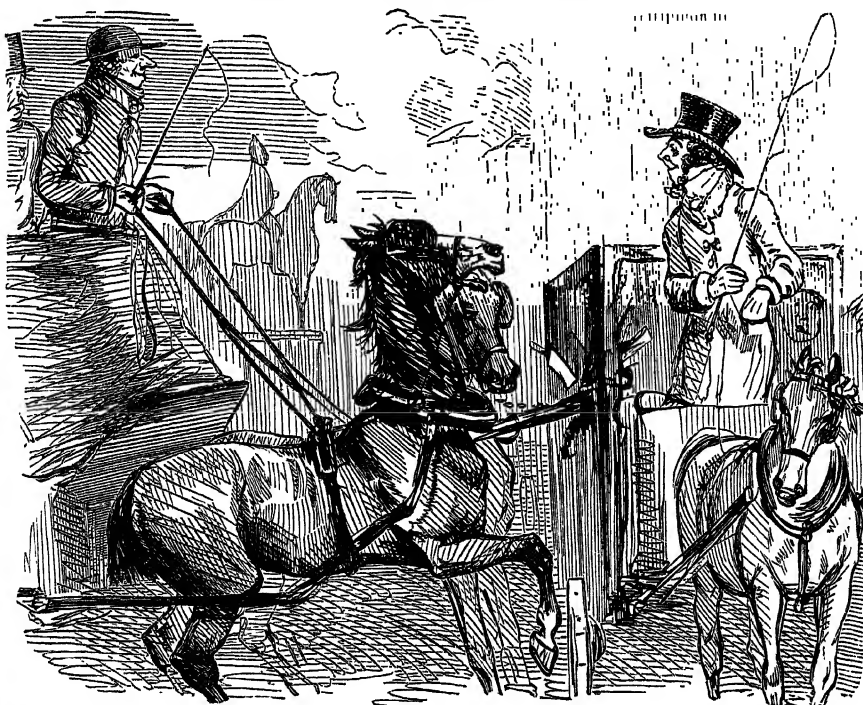
THE PURSUIT OF ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Meeting a Dun in the Octagon Room at the Academy.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS-BOX.—A box at the Accliphi, to see Wright in anything.

HOW TO CHOOSE ROPE.—If you want a good serviceable rope, the strongest you can select is a rope of Onions.

THE EMBLEM OF FOOL-HARDINESS.—Sheep's head and pluck.

ON AND AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY THERE WILL BE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANNERS OF CAB AND OMNIBUS-DRIVERS.



Omnibus-Driver. "I BEG YOU A THOUSAND PARDONS, I AM SURE."

Cabman. "OH, PRAY, DON'T MENTION IT. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, BELIEVE ME!"

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

A HUNDRED of coals is eighty pounds.

A woman of thirty is two-and-twenty.

An eightpenny cab-fare is one-and-sixpence.

A butt of Sherry is often a barrel of Marsala.

SELF-POSSESSION AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

A thief, surprised in the act of robbing a bank, is asked what he is about; and answers, "Only taking notes!"

CHAUSSEURE FOR MAN AND HORSE.

A Yankee in the Southern States says, that the proper shoemaker for a Nigger is a blacksmith.

VERY CURIOUS MEM.

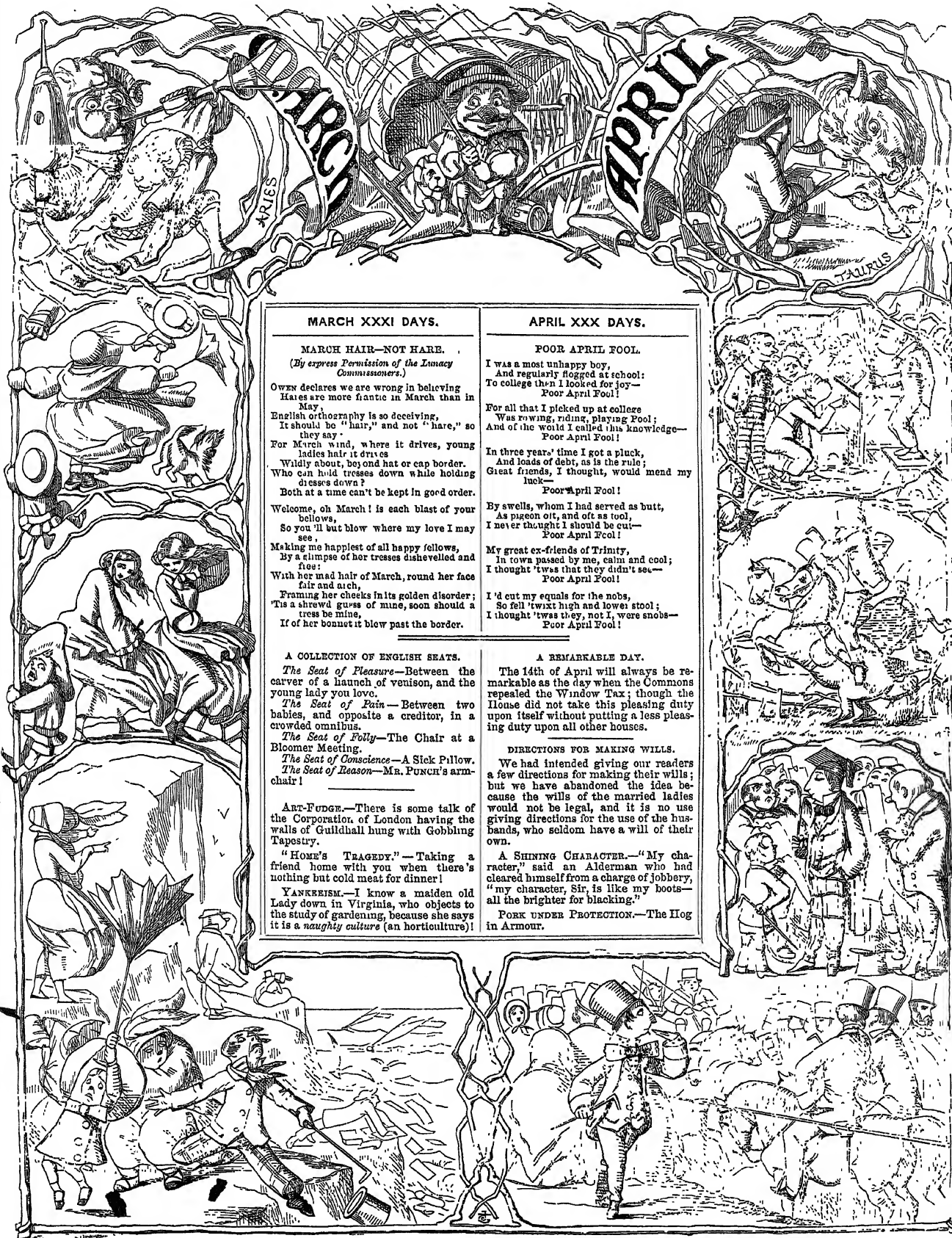
In all the Exhibition Year—in spite of all the Frenchmen there have been over—in spite of our English notions about the French—in spite of our boasted hospitality—there has not been announced a single "Shower of Frogs!" And thus is HOSPITALITY!

IMPORTANT TO FUNSTERS.

He who makes real jokes is called a Wag; but he who makes only heavy attempts at joking may be termed a Wagon.

MUSICAL FACT.

People are apt to complain of the vile tunes that are played about the streets by grinding organs, and yet they may all be said to be the music of HANDEL.



MARCH XXXI DAYS.

MARCH HAIR—NOT HARE.

(By express Permission of the Lunacy Commissioners.)

OWEN declares we are wrong in believing
Hares are more frantic in March than in
May.
English orthography is so deceiving,
It should be "hair," and not "hare," so
they say.
For March wind, where it drives, young
ladies hair it drives
Wildly about, beyond hat or cap border.
Who can hold tresses down while holding
dresses down?
Both at a time can't be kept in good order.

Welcome, oh March! is each blast of your
bellows,
So you'll but blow where my love I may
see.
Making me happiest of all happy fellows,
By a glimpse of her tresses dishevelled and
free:
With her mad hair of March, round her face
fair and rich,
Framing her cheeks in its golden disorder;
'Tis a shrewd guess of mine, soon should a
tress be mine,
If of her bonnet it blew past the border.

A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SEATS.

The Seat of Pleasure—Between the
carver of a haunch of venison, and the
young lady you love.

The Seat of Pain—Between two
babies, and opposite a creditor, in a
crowded omnibus.

The Seat of Folly—The Chair at a
Bloomer Meeting.

The Seat of Conscience—A Sick Pillow.

The Seat of Reason—Mr. Punch's arm-
chair!

ART-FUDGE.—There is some talk of
the Corporation of London having the
walls of Guildhall hung with Gobbling
Tapestry.

"HOME'S TRAGEDY."—Taking a
friend home with you when there's
nothing but cold meat for dinner!

YANKERISM.—I know a maiden old
Lady down in Virginia, who objects to
the study of gardening, because she says
it is a *naughty culture* (an horticulture)!

APRIL XXX DAYS.

POOR APRIL FOOL.

I was a most unhappy boy,
And regularly fogged at school:
To college then I looked for joy—
Poor April Fool!

For all that I picked up at college
Was rowing, riding, playing Fool;
And of the world I called this knowledge—
Poor April Fool!

In three years' time I got a pluck,
And loads of debt, as is the rule;
Great friends, I thought, would mend my
luck—
Poor April Fool!

By swells, whom I had served as butt,
As pigeon oft, and oft as tool,
I never thought I should be cut—
Poor April Fool!

My great ex-friends of Trinity,
In towns passed by me, calm and cool;
I thought 'twas that they didn't see—
Poor April Fool!

I'd cut my equals for the nobles,
So fell 'twixt high and lower stool;
I thought 'twas they, not I, were snobs—
Poor April Fool!

A REMARKABLE DAY.

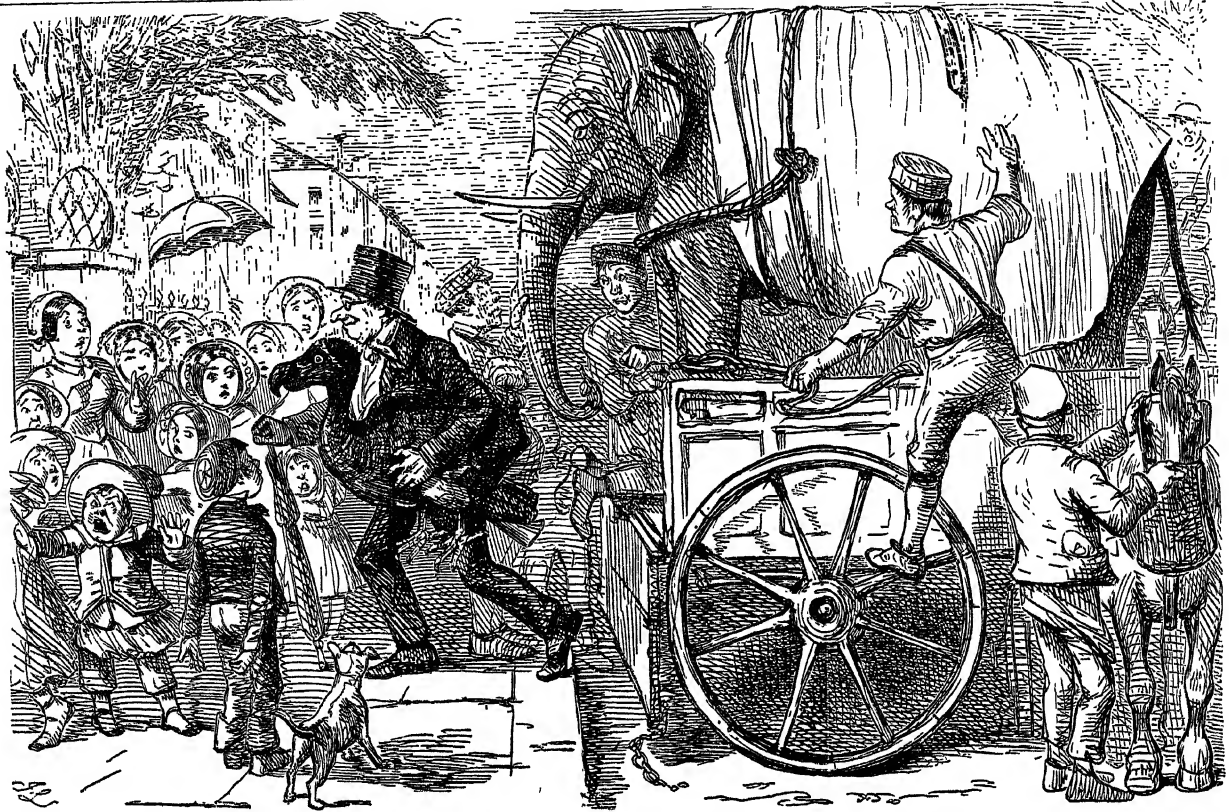
The 14th of April will always be re-
markable as the day when the Commons
repaid the Window Tax; though the
House did not take this pleasing duty
upon itself without putting a less pleas-
ing duty upon all other houses.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING WILLS.

We had intended giving our readers
a few directions for making their wills;
but we have abandoned the idea be-
cause the wills of the married ladies
would not be legal, and it is no use
giving directions for the use of the hus-
bands, who seldom have a will of their
own.

A SHINING CHARACTER.—"My char-
acter," said an Alderman who had
cleared himself from a charge of jobbery,
"my character, Sir, is like my boots—
all the brighter for blacking."

PORK UNDER PROTECTION.—The Hog
in Armour.



AN OLD GENTLEMAN, ANXIOUS THAT HIS WIFE SHOULD POSSESS SOME TRIFLE FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, PURCHASES (AMONGST OTHER THINGS) THE STUFFED ELEPHANT, AND THE MODEL OF THE DODO.

HOW TO POLISH BOOTS.—Take Boots from the "Black Swan" or the "Marquis of Granby;" give him a liberal education, and the society of ladies.

BRIEFLESS ON THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW.—Briefless says, the Law is certainly a profession, for with him it is anything but a Practice!

THE TIGHTEST KNOT IN THE WORLD.—The Matrimonial Knot, once tied, never can be untied; and the worst is that, like the Gordian Knot, you cannot even cut it.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.—The charge of the British troops is objected to by the financial economists in peace, and in war by the enemy.

LEGAL REASONS.

LADIES are not allowed to practise at the Bar; and the reason is, because, from their proverbial love of talking, it was deemed utterly impossible for any Lady to keep her terms.

At the same time the reason why Barristers wear gowns, is because it was thought that a gown was the best thing to enable a Barrister to acquire a habit of talking.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

If Music were the food of Love, as it is said to be, every prudent person would marry for love, though it is not easy to imagine ourselves eating with our ears; nor can one, without some difficulty, fancy one's self breakfasting off an overture, lunching on a palad, dining on a symphony, and taking tea, or supping off a polka or a fugue. Most of us would also think it very odd if we were asked whether we should like a few crotchets for dinner.

CHILD'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

That rubbing his cheeks with the cat's tail will promote the growth of whiskers. That pigeon's milk is a marketable commodity.

That strap-oil is good for sharpening penknives. That School is the happiest time of his life.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

As an excuse for "facing" tea with black lead, it will, perhaps, be urged, that the process of black-leading communicates a grate-ful flavour.

APRIL.—THE ARTIST GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS PICTURE.



HE HAS BEEN SO BUSY THAT HE HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ABLE TO GET HIS HAIR OUT.

FAST DAYS.

The following are the principal Fast Days during the usual current year:—

Days of Calls to the Bar, when young gentlemen are invested with the barrister's wig and gown.

Days of Passing the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Hall, by medical aspirants.

Days when Legacies of Maiden Aunts drop in.

Birth-days, and (occasionally) Anniversaries of Marriage.

Fast Days begin at any hour after breakfast, and terminate "next morning."

MORE "DEFINITIONS."

SERVANT.—One who sells his will to swell the will of another.

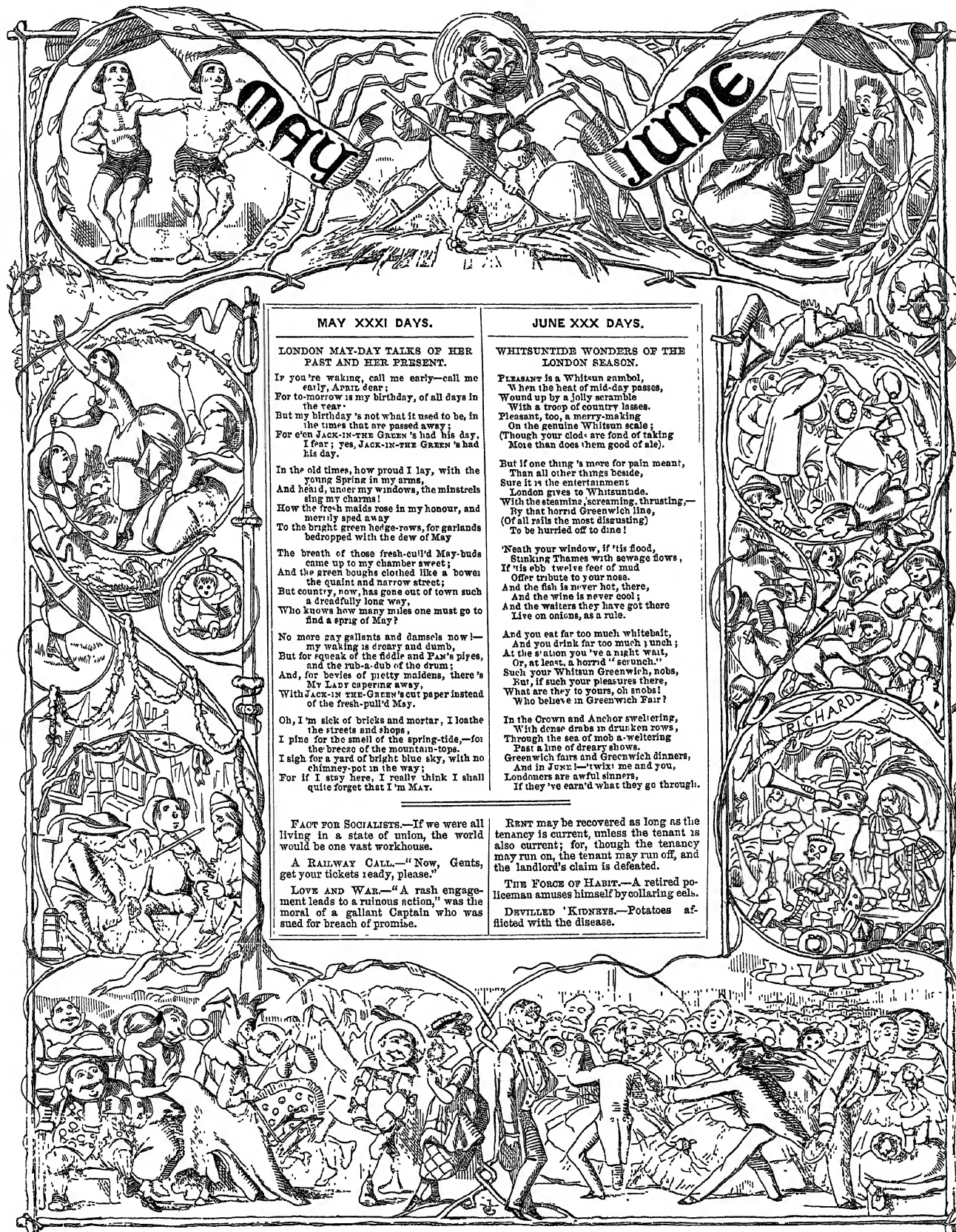
AMERICA.—A spirited lad who beat his big brother for bullying him, but who will join him as partner in business when they both become men.

THE NATURE OF GREEK FIRE.

What the celebrated Greek Fire was is not exactly known; but it seems to have resembled Irish impudence, inasmuch as it could never be put out. Strange, however, that the extreme of heat should be comparable to the height of coolness.

ADVANTAGES OF JOLLITY.

What's the odds so long as you're happy?—Ten to one in your favour.



MAY XXXI DAYS.

LONDON MAY-DAY TALKS OF HER PAST AND HER PRESENT.

If you're waking, call me early—call me early, April, dear;
For to-morrow is my birthday, of all days in the year.
But my birthday's not what it used to be, in the times that are passed away;
For 'e'en JACK-IN-THE GREEN' 's had his day. I fear; yes, JACK-IN-THE GREEN' 's had his day.

In the old times, how proud I lay, with the young Spring in my arms,
And head'd, under my windows, the minstrels sing my charms!
How the 'fresh' maids rose in my honour, and merrily sped away
To the bright green hedge-rows, for garlands bedropped with the dew of May

The breath of those fresh-cull'd May-buds came up to my chamber sweet;
And the green boughs clothed like a bowse the quaint and narrow street;
But country, now, has gone out of town such a dreadfully long way,
Who knows how many miles one must go to find a sprig of May?

No more gay gallants and damsels now!—my waking is dreary and dumb,
But for squeak of the fiddle and Pan's pipes, and the rub-a-dub of the drum;
And, for bevis of pretty maidens, there's MY LADY ESPERANCE away.
With JACK-IN-THE GREEN' 's cut paper instead of the fresh-pull'd May.

Oh, I'm sick of bricks and mortar, I loathe the streets and shops,
I pine for the smell of the spring-tide,—for the breeze of the mountain-tops.
I sigh for a yard of bright blue sky, with no chimney-pot in the way;
For if I stay here, I really think I shall quite forget that I'm MAY.

FACT FOR SOCIALISTS.—If we were all living in a state of union, the world would be one vast workhouse.

A RAILWAY CALL.—"Now, Gents, get your tickets ready, please."

LOVE AND WAR.—"A rash engagement leads to a ruinous action," was the moral of a gallant Captain who was sued for breach of promise.

JUNE XXX DAYS.

WHITSUNTIDE WONDERS OF THE LONDON SEASON.

PERASANT is a Whitsun rambol,
When the heat of mid-day passes,
Wound up by a jolly scramble
With a troop of country lasses.
Pleasant, too, a merry-making
On the genuine Whitsun scale;
(Though your clods are fond of taking
More than does them good of ale).

But if one thing's more for pain meant,
Than all other things beside,
Sure it is the entertainment
London gives to Whitsuntide.
With the steamino, screaming, thrusting,—
(By that horrid Greenwich line,
Of all rails the most disgusting)
To be hurried off to dine!

'Neath your window, if 'tis flood,
Sinking Thames with sewage flows,
If 'tis obb twelve feet of mud
Offer tribute to your nose.
And the fish is never hot, there,
And the wine is never cool;
And the waiters they have got there
Live on onions, as a rule.

And you eat far too much whitebait,
And you drink far too much; unch;
At the station you've a night wait,
Or, at least, a horrid "scrunch."
Such your Whitsun Greenwich, nobs,
But, if such your pleasures there,
What are they to yours, oh snobs!
Who believe in Greenwich Fair?

In the Crown and Anchor sweltering,
With dense drabs in drunken rows,
Through the sea of mob a weltering
Past a line of dreary shows.
Greenwich fairs and Greenwich dinners,
And in fact—twixt me and you,
Londoners are awful sinners,
If they've earn'd what they go through.

RENT may be recovered as long as the tenancy is current, unless the tenant is also current; for, though the tenancy may run on, the tenant may run off, and the landlord's claim is defeated.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A retired policeman amuses himself by collaring eels.

DEVILLED 'KIDNEYS.—Potatoes afflicted with the disease.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1852.

PROPHETIC.

When you see a big woman put her hands upon her hips, and, looking very black, intimate to a person that she is going to give him "a bit of her mind," the chances are, she will not only give it him, but likewise break the peace.

MAXIM FOR MARRIED MEN.

The certain consequence of having a Monthly Nurse is consumption in the family.

MUCH disappointment expressed at the brevet—which is looked upon as a joke at the expense of the army—on the principle, perhaps, that brevetry is the soul of wit.

WHAT is it that a Woman frequently gives her countenance to, and yet never takes kindly?—The Small Pox.

CORRESPONDENCE OF 1852 WITH OTHER ERAS.—The JULIEN period will correspond with the month of November. The Jewish period may be looked for about the time of the *Bai Maquis*.



THE OLD LAW COURTS HAVE NOTHING TO DO.

A RHYME FOR THE RAIL.

Goods and Mail
Were on the Rail,
And Mail pulled up
to water:
Goods, slap-dash,
Ran in—Crash!
Smash!!
And Express came
rattling after.

FACT IN ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

An Alderman, being mesmerised, was found to be clairvoyant on placing a pair of spectacles on the pit of his stomach.

If a foreigner were told that many a poor curate struggled and starved upon £40 a-year for doing the work of a Rector who frequently had £4000, what would he say of the English Church? — "Shameful Inaccuracy!"

DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENSE.—There is no legal penalty for driving Pegasus without a license; nor do we know where a poetical license can be taken out.

"THE GAY AND FESTIVE CIRCLE."—The Circle at Astley's—with WINDMILLS in the centre of it.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

May the First is still the holiday of the sweeps; although we know of no sweeps in these days but the Derby Sweeps, which belong to a very dirty business.

June has no remarkable day, but the 28th, which may be called the crowning one of the year; for it is the anniversary of the Coronation of VICTORIA.

STOKER SCHOOLING.—Whatever may be the more advanced grammatical attainments of our Railway-engine men, it seems clear, at any rate, that they must be thoroughly well "up" in Accidence.

VINGER-UX.—A game that some ladies will not give up, even when they are thirty.

A CRY OF "STOP"

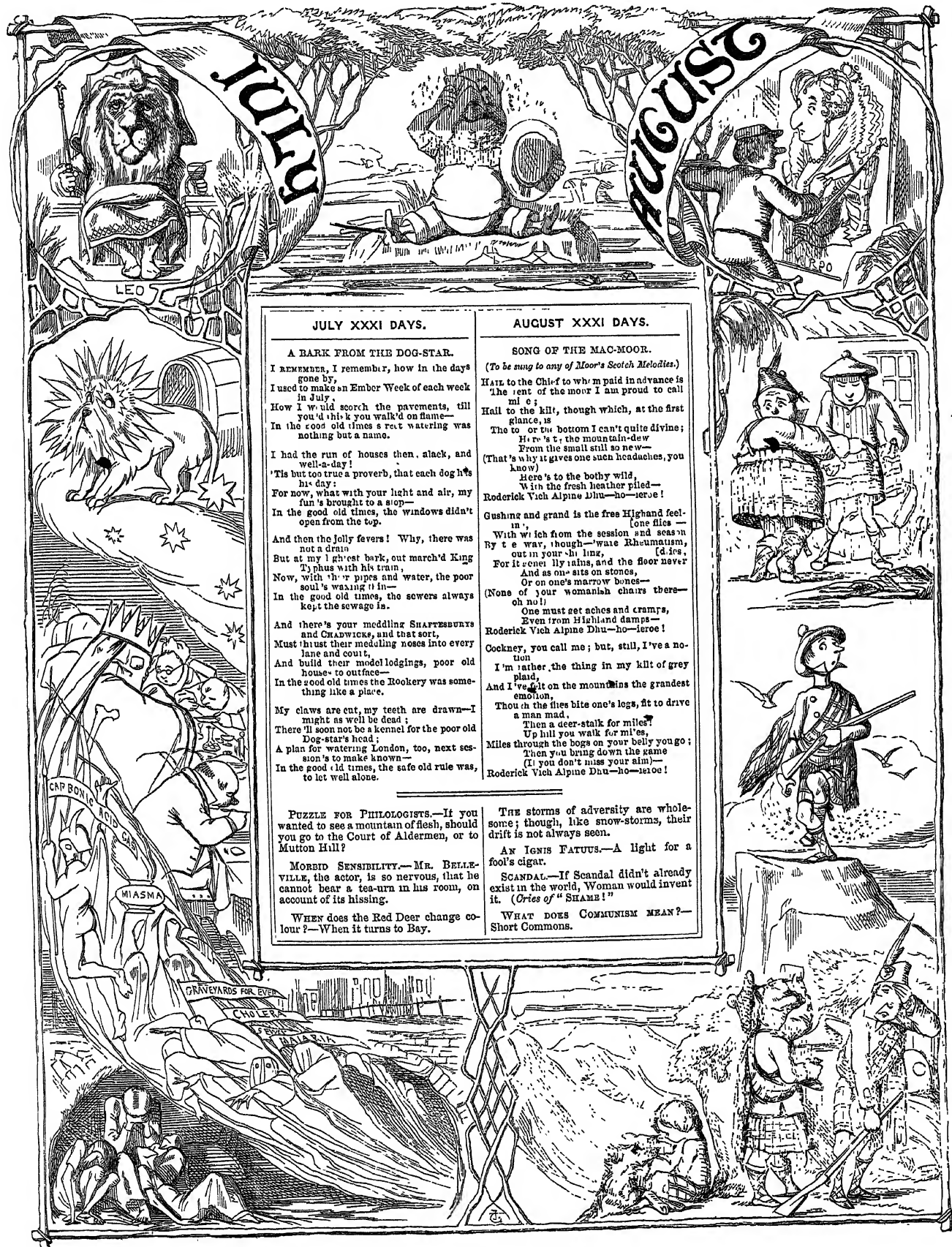
It is high time, sensible persons began to cry out, that the abuses of the City Corporation and its enormous revenues should be put a stop to. The Corporation listened, and, wishing to respond to the cry, did put a stop, for the moment, to its enormous revenues. But, then, the stop was far from being a full stop—for it only put another *Coal on*.

CHEMISTRY OF THE KITCHEN.—Dripping, according to Chemistry, is a fixed animal oil; and yet most Housekeepers complain that it quickly evaporates.

Who is it who is always expecting quarter, and yet never gives any?—The Tax-gatherer.



GRAND SHOW OF PRIZE VEGETARIANS.



PARLOUR MAGIC.

(As played generally in Lodging-Houses.)

Get a large leg of mutton, weighing about eight or nine pounds, and have it hot for dinner. If you have it up for supper, and there is any of it left, besides the bone, it will be a most extraordinary piece of magic.

Buy half-a-dozen new handkerchiefs; after counting them, place them in a drawer. Look the latter carefully, and take the key with you. Be absent during the day, and on your return count the handkerchiefs. You will find one of the best handkerchiefs missing. The question is, by what magic can it have disappeared, for the key of the drawer has been in your pocket all the while?

The same with your coals, and sugar, and candles, and the halfpence you leave in your pockets. You have only to turn your back for a minute, and you will find, on looking again, that they have all disappeared.

In the same mysterious manner will gin be turned into water, and brandy turn from brown into pale. Pens, ink, and paper, also will disappear most miraculously—no one being able to tell how; whilst hair-oil or pomatum, and such other requisites for the toilette, were never known to keep longer than the first day.

MORE "DEFINITIONS."

DOG.—An inferior animal, who may be taught to beg on two legs, like a man.

GAMBLER.—A rogue amongst fools, and a fool amongst rogues.

RESPONDER.—A person known first, as a "Visionary," then, as a "Quack;" then, as a "Benefactor."

CHIVALRY.—The *aurora borealis* of the dark ages.

COMFORT FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.—Whatever may be the effect of Free Trade on the price of corn, it certainly will not prevent the people at large from kneading bread.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL INFORMATION.—Candles were first introduced into churches in the day-time during the dark ages.

QUESTION FOR NATURALISTS.—Why is the Pelican like Mr. Hobbs?—Because he is celebrated for picking his chest.

TERTULIANISM IN HIGH LIFE.—If a genteel family were to take the pledge, they would discharge the Butler, and not have any Porter.

MAN BY A MANIAC.—A one-armed man is always an off-handed kind of fellow.

INTRODUCTION OF CHEAP OMNIBUSES, AND FRIGHTFUL UPSET OF DIGNITY.



Conductor. "Now, MARM! WHITE-CHAPEL, OR MILE-END—ONLY A PENNY!"

HOW TO BREW A GOOD DOMESTIC QUARREL.

Get plenty of hot water, which you can always have by running into debt. Into the hot water throw your grievance, and keep stirring it for several hours with any small trifle that turns up. When it begins to boil, pour in all the household annoyances you can rake together, and flavour it with the bitterest truths, of which you should always keep a stock at home, ready cut and dried. Let it stand all night, and, if you come down to breakfast very late the next morning, you will find that there has been a great rise, in the meantime, in your quarrel. The next thing is to commence cooling down, which is best done by drawing off rapidly into opposite corners. If you want your quarrel to be brewed very strong, and to last the household a long time, you had better get your mother-in-law to come and live a month with you.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

These subjects, though usually placed together, are very different things, except in the case of Parliamentary measures, which have more or less weight attached to them.

Measures of Length, and measures of Capacity are by no means the same; for the length of a speech will often show the incapacity, rather than the capacity, of the speaker.

Measures of Volume may be referred to a particular standard; but the standard of perfection is a volume of *Punch*, to which every other volume is immeasurably inferior.

Specific gravity is measured by drams; and if drams are taken in abundance, the specific gravity of anybody will soon be discovered.

Measures of space are ascertained by degrees and circles; and the circles of Society are made up of various degrees, the space between which is extremely arbitrary.

POETRY AT THE ANTIPODES.—A young Bard intimating to his friend an intention of emigrating to Australia, is advised by the friend (who is a Wag) to stay at home, on the ground that he would get nothing at the Antipodes but a wreath of Botany Bay.

REMARKABLE FEATURE.—That essential ornament of the human countenance, the nose, is as often found Grecian or aquiline among Governesses as among other young ladies. This is singular, considering how very generally Governesses are snubbed.

PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM.

It is related, as astonishing, that there are some clairvoyants who can see right through anybody; but that is not so very strange. The wonder is that there should be anybody who cannot see through the clairvoyant.

CON. FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

When does a man love his favoured rival?—When he loves a flirt whose beloved object is herself.

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

Of all Generals, there is none like that General Invitation for offering an Engagement, and then running away from it.

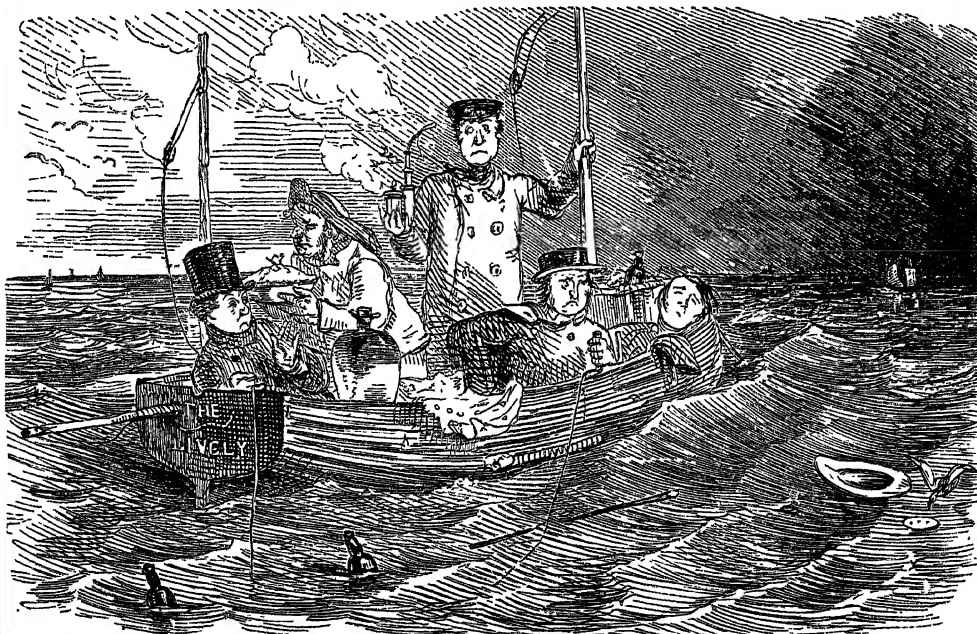
QUESTION IN MYTHOLOGY.

If Atlas could support the World on his shoulders, was he able to balance the poles on his chin?

NON-INTERVENTION.

A principle that cannot be recommended too strongly in all matrimonial wars!

FISHING OFF A WATERING-PLACE.



PERHAPS THE JOLIEST THING IN THE WORLD (!)

A PECK BY A BRAK.

A poor pedlar indignantly demanding why a man cannot hawk goods without a license in this land of liberty, is informed, by a justice of the peace, that liberty is not license.

CORPORATION LOGIC.

All human things are hollow. 'I'm a human thing; therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow; therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able.

METAPHYSICAL.

Why is the inside of everything unintelligible?—Because we can't make it out.

THE HEIGHT OF ROGUERY.

An Omnibus-man, with his vehicle already fuller than it ought to be, trying to take one more person in.

FINANCE.

Why is the poorest inhabitant of the Metropolis comparatively rich?—Because he is a Capitalist.

What is it, besides little boys, that ought to be seen and not heard?—Policemen.



SEPTEMBER XXX DAYS.

THE PARTRIDGE'S PETITION.
(To the Game Preservers of England.)

Oh, listen, noble Sportsmen! to the genuine
petition,
(Which I beseege to leave till called for, with
my dutiful submission)
Of a poor old bird, called Partridge—
The sole survivor of a numerous covey,
Which has been killed off, in less than no
time, Lord love 'ee,
All along of the patent cartridge.

[black,
Now of all black days, a long way the most
(At all events in Partridge's almanack)
Is the first day of September,

And therefore this comes hoping, and I
comes hoping.
That when in the stubbles on our family
you're popping,
You'll just please to remember,

That we Partridges have lately been in the
habit of listening
To the Tenant Farmers a-talking on a child
of which you had the christening,
And its name it is I protection
And both Farmers and Partridges having
duly weigh'd and reflected,
Have determined that in future they'd
rather not be protected,
If you have no objection.

'Cause why—we Partridges feels that though
Protection be the reason
Why them gamekeepers has hatch'd so many
broods of us every season,
(I don't think we're far wrong neither.)
The reason you protect us, is in order you
may shoot us.

Now, this here's a state of things which
don't by no means suit us—
Nor the Farmers neither.

So if you'll leave tenants' rents, and Par-
tridges' rate of breeding
To the law of supply and demand (about
which we've both been reading),
We're convinced, on due reflection,
That though rent-rolls mayn't be so long,
or game-bags fill'd so decently,

A SAYING OF MY UNCLE'S.—What is
the relation of a Member of Parliament
to a Pawnbroker?—The same as that of
any man who gives pledges, and spouts.

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.—Port Wine to-day,
Black Draught to-morrow.

OCTOBER XXXI DAYS.

We shall both of us get on better than we
have been doing recently,
While under your protection.

THE VINTAGE AND THE BREWST.

See where jolly Ocoroon comes tipsily riding,
A couple of big-bellied barrels bestriding,
In a style betwixt Bacchus and M.A. Dr
crow.

The one, with the blood of JOHN BARLEY-
corn's creaming;
The blood of the grape in the other is ream-
(they flow.

And the amber and purple streams mix as

Before him, in joyous procession careering,
The thyrsus and pole in frank rivalry rearing.

See, the Nymph of the Hop, and the
Nymph of the Vine,—
On the one's mellow cheek, the Sun's kiss is
still glowing;

The blood of the South through her ripe
limbs is flowing;
Red leaves and vine-bunches her dark hair
entwine.

Fair-hair'd is the other, and ruddy of feature,
An open-faced, blue-eyed, and fresh country
creature,

In straw-hat, and jacket, and cowslip
bleach'd smock,
And round her brown hair, that is gold in
the sun.

A garland of corn-flowers and peppies doth
run,
With barley's ripe ears, the bright
tresses that mock.

And round the two Nymphs, by gay youth
and glad maiden,
With trails of hop-blossom and grape clusters
laden,

'Mid whoop and halloo, the brown baskets
are borne,
And, listening, you mark, in their mirth and
their madness,

Thanksgiving to him who hath shed, for
Earth's gladness,
Both the blood of the Grape and of JOHN
BARLEYCORN.

QUESTIONABLE NOVELTY.—A further
advertises "The Rival; a new style of
Boa." A "Swell" remarks that "A
Wival was always a Boa."

DOGMA BY A D.D.—Old Port, with a
crust, is meat and drink.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.



MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT SHOOTING WITH A BRACE OF DOGS HE HAS BROKEN IN HIMSELF!

ASTRONOMICAL.

THERE will be six ordinary Eclipses in 1852; but the great Eclipse of the year, which will be visible all over the world, will be the magnificent spectacle of *Mr. Punch* continuing every week to eclipse all his former efforts. Persons suffering inconvenience from the brilliance of this publication, may be supplied with smoked glasses at any respectable optician's, through which the mind's eye may contemplate the dazzling objects here presented to it.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

AN ancient author has said, "Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history." The pebble writes its own history, with illustrations on stone. The trees write their own history, with pictures on wood. The river writes its own history, with sketches in water-colours. Man writes his own history, not only with his hands, but with his feet; for wherever he walks, he leaves some print.

SOMETHING NICE FOR A SERPENT.

As the box-constrictor, at the Zoological Gardens, has swallowed his bed, the Council of the Society has ordered him blanket-puddings.

ODDITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A foreigner wants to know why we call a washerwoman a *land-ress*, when she is always dabbling in the *vatère*.

WIT IN THE NEW CUT.

A dyer has hung up in his shop-window the following label:—"DECOEUR EST PRO PATRIA Mori."

THE NATURAL MORALIST.

The autumnal breeze is not celebrated for making good resolutions, and yet it keeps turning over a new leaf.

A CRYSTAL CREMONA.

Dr. Den's celebrated Magic Crystal, which was a fiddle-de-dee.

He that wears a tight boot is likely to have a narrow understanding.

OCTOBER.—THE RIDE ON BRIGHTON DOWNS.



"WHO WOULDN'T BE A RIDING MASTER?"

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF APPLICATION.

There is not a more extraordinary instance of constant application, than that which is shown by the Tax-gatherer.

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

There is a man who has tried all manner of things, and never found anything answer but Echo.

A RECIPE FOR SLEDY CAKE.

Make a tipsy-cake overnight; the tipsy-cake will be sure to be seedy-cake the next morning.

IN-DOOR GARDENING.

On cold damp nights in winter prepare hot-cakes with a warming-pan.

A CAPITAL RIDING-HABIT.

Never to pay a toll when you can avoid one.

No wonder the Romans like the Madonna, since, whatever their failings, she winks at them!

HOBBS' PHILOSOPHY.—How to make the pot boil.



NOVEMBER XXX DAYS.

FOGS, GUYS, AND LORD MAYOR'S SHOWS.

In his yellow mantle of fog,
With a link in his right hand,
November is carried by Maceo and Goo,
Guy-fashion, through the Strand.

That the month itself may be emblem meet
Of the things it has to show,
The densest fog-sheet, and the Guy in the street,
And eke the Lord Mayor's Show.

By drain and sewer the Fog we may cure,
If we zealously set about it,
But for Lord Mayor's Show and for Guys
At least we rather doubt it.

If the Lord Mayor's Show is not to go,
For the sake of the Corporation,
We beg to suggest how it ought to be dressed,
In its future celebration.

King Coal should set out at the head of the
route,
And, o'ershadowed by olive and myrtle,
Sweet Peace should approach in an elegant
Coach.

Drawn, of course, by a pair of turtle.

Then the bigoted set about Gunpowder Plot
The Papists may well condemn,
Now-a-days they don't blow up Parliament,
But Parliament blows up them.

So on poor old Guy (whose time 's gone by)
We propose to clap a hunch,

DECEMBER XXXI DAYS.

And with pipes and drum, in time to come,
To parade him as *Mr. Punch*.

For he's the sole power which at this hour,
By popular consent,
With success complete achieves the feat
Of blowing up the Parliament.

L'ENVOY.

Fades on the hearth the last faint ember;
Hark! 'tis the death-watch ticking clear!
O'er the grey ashes Nurse December
Droves beside the dying year:
While strangely on the winter air
Sound health and song from high at hand
Where they are toasting the Old Year's heir,
That soon will come into his land.

The old dies out, the new comes in;
So runs the world since it began
Time blunts grief's to th in clasp at kin—
'Tis with the year as with the man,
The New Year turns to scant account
The less as that the Old Year taught;
Stored with it and wealth, what's the amount
In heirs' loose hands soon come to naught

But a great purpose worketh still
In sp'nding, as in saving, seen;
It is the glimmer of the mill
Which makes the valley glad and green:
Then lo! the Old Year's corse grow cold;
Close up his eyes and veil his face,
And welcome in the New Year bold,
That steps into his father's place.

WHAT CUPID SAW, HEARD, AND THOUGHT

WHILST HIDDEN IN THE MISTLETOE.

He saw—and is ready to swear it,
and let the parties deny it if they can—
he saw JEMIMA ATKINS walk innocently
under the bough, and CHARLEY
PIERREPONT jump from his seat like a
roe-buck, or any other wild animal of
prey, and seize that unsuspecting
thing, and violently kiss her,—she all
the time trying to struggle, and en-
deavouring to say he ought to be
ashamed of himself—that he ought.

He saw MARGARET SEACOLESS kissed
by young SIMCOX; and MARGARET, with-
out knowing it, made up a mouth so
like a wedding-ring, that the bans are
already published.

He saw Miss AGATHA BROWNRIGG
look hard at the mistletoe—look very

hard—and bite her lips; and all the
night long nothing came of it.

Cupid thought, as every now and
then he looked down upon red lips and
white teeth, that he should hugely
like to turn the mistletoe berries into
pearls, and the leaves into emeralds,
and to throw them in a shower among
the pretty ones about him.

Cupid thought of the Druids, who
held the mistletoe in reverence, and
went from time to time, with great
ceremony, to cut it with a golden knife.
And Cupid hereupon believed the golden
knife to be at this very time preserved
in May Fair; and used every season by
gorgeous Dowagers upon mistletoe slips
at the Opera and Almack's.

THE
NEW YEAR
APPROACHES

A CALL TO THE BAR.—"Five gins; six whiskeys; three screws; ten brandies—hot with plenty of sugar, for 'the Jolly Mutes' in the 'Pailou.'"
THIS SEVENTH OF A HORROR.—An idiotic electric in a state of general rosy and beer, declared that he would stand any pot but a despot.

SERMON OF THE HOLY.—And the Holly-tyg from the Christmas mantel-piece preaches this short sermon to all the household: "Be your spirits green and ever-green as my leaves, and your hearts red and unspotted as my berries."
DATABLE VOCABULARY.—The Dictionary of Dates.

ANIMAL FOOD.—If a bo-constrictor can digest a blanket, why may not other articles of furniture be capable of satisfying the appetite, and a leg of a table be substituted for a leg of mutton—the wing of a wardrobe for the wing of a chicken, or a carved chair for calves' heads?

CLASSICAL SPORTS AND PASTIMES.—Young ladies should be informed that the Elgin Marbles formed no part of the Olympic Games.
MORAL OF THE MISTLETOE.—If you print a kiss—don't publish it.
EXCESS OF CAUTION.—An elderly single gentleman, travelling by railway, objected to go in the same carriage with his sister-in-law's wet nurse, for fear of catching cold.

TRAVELLING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Christmas-day an Alderman of the City of London having eaten his beef at Clapham, walks in less than five minutes' time into Turkey!
THEATRICAL.—Two eminent Actors, one of a past age, the other living, make one mountebank. How do you make that out? HARLEY-QUIN.



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.—BEING LEAP YEAR, THE LADIES TAKE THE INITIATIVE.

REAL PRIZE BEER.—The biggest joint, given to the poorest and the best deserving of your neighbours.
THE MORAL OF ROASTED CHESTNUTS.—It is with men who bluster even as with chestnuts—the closer you cut them, the less they bounce.
BASE INGRATITUDE.—How seldom it is that anybody ever returns a wed ding favour

TABLE TALK.—An old gentleman with a keen palate, but without a musical ear, declares that he derives no pleasure whatever from any sound except the sound of the cod-fish.
WHAT IS DOG'S-NOSE?—The nose of a dog, very caressing over-night; but apt to bite very hard in the morning. Cave canem!

MATHEMATICAL.—If Whigs and Tories are both rogues, why are they like an equilateral triangle?—Because both sides are equal to the base.
THE DRY FRY FOR A CHRISTMAS FIRE.—Remembrance of all Wrongs—Revenge of all Injuries.

A GOOD HAND OF CARDS FOR A HAPPY COUPLE.—Lots of Hearts, a sprinkling of Diamonds, no Clubs, and one Spade—just card of all—between the partners.
A GOOSE THAT SAVES THE "CAPITAL."—Is a goose sent you by a friend, with the carriage paid.

REPROBATE HABITS.—The habits you buy at Cheap Tailors: for as you will find such habits breaking out more and more upon you every day, you cannot help eventually being completely soon up.
REAL CHRISTMAS PEACE.—Stamped Receipts for all bills delivered.



THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.



SHOULD we shake hands with
Time, we spoil a clock,
Or thus would we the
parting year embrace;
If years have fists in cor-
dial grip to lock,
Which is considered not
to be the case,—
For the past twelvemonths,
certainly, is one
Out of the common run.

It is not every day we kill
a pig,
Observes a rustic saw;
not every year
With such a national event
is big
As that just ended; and
it claims a cheer.
In nineteen hundred, less
by forty-eight,
We've not had one so
great.

French, Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Danes, and Dutch,
Spaniards, Italians, Yankees, Turks, Chinese,
And all the world beside; indeed, 'twas much
To see them here content, and at their ease,
With Englishmen, like ringdoves in a cage,
Then first, in any age.

The new year comes, and happy may it be!
If not so splendid as the year that's flown;
It comes with flowers and fruit, and such may we
Gather, as we are fain to hope we've sown,—
The growth of honesty, and truth, and right,—
Peace, comfort, freedom, light.

PUNCH'S EVERY-DAY BOOK.

January.—This month derives its name from JANUS, who had two faces, one sad and the other smiling; the former contemplating the Christmas Bills, the latter looking on at the festivities of the season. In ancient prints, January is sometimes represented as a veteran with a woodman's axe—perhaps the identical one that the old year has just cut his stick with.

January 1st.—The practice of giving presents on New Year's Day is as old as the Romans, who gave each other figs and dates; but the precise date cannot be ascertained, nor is the earliest fig to be found in any collection of facts and figures. In QUEEN ELIZABETH's time, all the royal servants presented Her Majesty with gifts, and her pastry-cook gave her some tarts; but in these days puffs are, happily, not acceptable to royalty.

Suitors in the Courts of Law frequently gave gloves as New Year's Gifts to the Judges, who, as they did not always come into court with clean hands, found the gift acceptable.

The First of January is dedicated, in the Roman Calendar, to ST. FULGENTIUS, who used to walk barefooted, to the great injury of his sole, and who, never eating meat, lived upon pulse, which reduced his own pulse to a state of extreme feebleness. Though his only food consisted entirely of vegetables, he reached a green old age, which was, perhaps, natural.

January 2nd.—This day is dedicated by the Roman Catholics, to ST. MACARIUS, who was once stung by a gnat, which he killed inadvertently. The Saint went into the marshes to do penance, when he was stung by so many flies, that his body was covered with tumors, and he came back such a thorough swell that nobody knew him.

A Card from the Protectionist Waits.

We, your Protectionist dead weights, make our usual petition, and return to the old song at this festive period. We beg to remind you that we have no connexion with the Pope's brass band, or any other instruments of humbug, except our own, which we continue to play upon.

N.B. The Protectionist dead weights are at present without a leader. Any one who has a knack of performing always on one string may find the situation suit him. Apply at No. 19, Old Bond Street.



(Manufactured expressly for our Rustic Readers.)

PLUM-PUDDING was first discovered by CAPTAIN COOK, A.D. 603.

Sr. GEORGE is the Patron Saint of Snap-dragons.

A fragment of the Mistletoe Bough that has achieved so extensive a musical reputation, is still preserved at the British Museum.

Blind-man's-buff was introduced by JOAN OF ARC, at that eventful epoch recorded in METHUSELAH's well-known Conundrum: "Where was NOAH when the candle went out?"

The Beef-Eaters of the Tower are almost exclusively Vegetarians.

Night's-bridge owes its name to the *Lucus-a-non-ical* fact that—thanks to the Barracks—it is only passable by day-light.

The distinguishing characteristic of our St. Alban's Constituency is the extreme purity of its principals.

Black Pudding is still a favourite dish with the Cannibals of Ethiopia.

A wing is being added to the National Gallery for the reception of those valuable Works of Art—the Duke of Wellington's Statue and Aldgate Pump.

The popular melody of *Poor Old Ned* is generally attributed to HANDEL.

Lunar Caustic is a preparation of distilled moonbeams chemically extracted from early cucumbers.

MR. BARNUM is in active treaty for the purchase of the celebrated House that Jack Built.

The Bloomers have all been transplanted to the Flowery Land, and are there "coming out" most extensively.

A Submarine Telegraph is in course of formation from Botany Bay to Birmingham.

The Houses of Parliament and the Library Catalogue of the British Museum are alike rapidly approaching completion.

Colt's Revolvers are manufactured exclusively for the Horse Marines.

GUY FOX was a lineal ancestor of the present M.P. for Finsbury.

The Geologic formation of the Sandwich Islands are alternate strata of ham and bread-and-butter.

A second Cheltenham is rising on the banks of the Thames: its waters being considered highly "medicinal" by all who have enjoyed (?) the privilege to taste them.

A bill for the re-establishment of Protection will be introduced, next Session, by MR. COBURN, simultaneously with MR. CHARLES WOOD's motion for the removal of the Income-tax.

M. JULLIEN's new "Injun Quadrille" was composed expressly for the Vegetarian Society.

The chief advantage of our Cape colonies is their immediate proximity to the Caffres.

And last, and, in our own private opinion, decidedly the greatest "Cracker" of all, which we defy even the blanket-bolting Boa-Constrictor to swallow with impunity:—*PUNCH*. The Universe may shortly expect the Total Annihilation of *Punch*!



LEICESTER SQUARE CONSPIRATORS.

THE continental despots have been, it is said, remonstrating with our Government for harbouring revolutionary refugees. This is a very short-sighted complaint; for there is no place in the world where the anarchists are so likely to learn the principles of order as they are here; no atmosphere in which Red men so soon change their colour, and acquire a reverence for the policeman. Members of the "Mountain," after a very brief enjoyment of English quiet, look with the same respect at our constables' staves, as their countrymen at home at the not much more brilliant, and much less efficient, staff which surrounds the French President. As to any plots that exotic democrats may hatch, we believe they are as harmless as the incubation which is carried on in the neighbourhood of the exiles by MR. CANTELO in Leicester Square. For the satisfaction of the ambassadors of arbitrary powers, MR. CANTELO might add to his present establishment an exhibition of Socialist and Communist conspirators hatching plots by smoke. Such sitting never comes to anything; no chickens are produced in England from what may be termed Gallic cocks' eggs.

THE REPRESENTATION OF WESTMINSTER.

WE congratulate Westminster on the state of its Representation. What we say is no compliment to the constituents of EVANS or LUSHINGTON. It is a just tribute to MESSIEURS PARMENO, PHAEDRIA, GNATHO, CHAEEA, THRASO, DORIAS,—to MELLES, THAIS and PYTHIAS, and to the rest of the young amateurs, who have been earning all the laurels that Christmas can muster, by performing the *Eunuchus* of TERENCE. We allude, in fact, to the Westminster Play—not to the Westminster electors. We witnessed that performance with a vast deal of pleasure, considerably heightened by the profound conviction that the actors would hereafter acquit themselves quite as creditably in the parts of physicians, barristers, judges, bishops, captains, colonels, field-marsals, members of parliament, merchants, and other leading characters, on the more serious boards of real life.

If some ancient Roman could have arisen from the Shades, and exchanged the pleasures of the Elysian Fields for the gratification of witnessing TERENCE, as interpreted by the Westminster scholars, he would, no doubt, have been considerably more amused than he ever was by the same play in his own time and country. For the levities of the Latin MOMUS are somewhat ponderous; and we suspect that much more fun was got out of our author, in the dormitory of Westminster school, than ever was elicited from him on the Roman stage. Indeed, the Westminster boys turn a dormitory into a theatre, and we suspect that the ancient Romans did precisely the reverse.

We fervently hope that some of our humbler British dramatists may have witnessed the *Eunuchus* of TERENCE, as the performance might have suggested to them a flattering idea of the immortality which may be reserved for a fifth-rate comedy, "adapted from the French." It is strange that a play should have so long survived wherein there is little that is remarkable except the plot—that being remarkable only from the circumstance that the young actors, with all their scholarship, could not possibly translate it to their sisters, inasmuch that the virtuous LORD CHAMBERLAIN would, probably, refuse to allow such a piece to be performed in plain English.

But what would be too gross for the Coburg, is delicate enough for youths and maidens, when "veiled in the decent obscurity of a dead language;" so the doctors have decided, and it is not for *Punch* to say nay; though our young Thespians enunciate the language of TERENCE too nicely to permit us to question that they know perfectly well what they are saying.

POSERS FOR THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Lords of the Admiralty are entreated to give their serious attention to the following questions:—

In wearing a ship, is the ship always put on?
Whereabouts is the binnacle?
How do you get to the top-gallant forecastle?
What part of a vessel are the beam-ends?

It is earnestly hoped that their Lordships will endeavour to acquire, in regard to the points above specified, those clear and accurate views which are so necessary in the direction of nautical affairs, and especially in the regulation of naval architecture; as it is very desirable that no more mistakes should occur in the enlargement and repair of our wooden walls which the dangerous state of affairs on the Continent may render necessary.



GROSS INSULT.

UNIVERSITY MAN HAVING SPENT A FEW DAYS IN TOWN AT THE END OF TERM, IS ABOUT TO GO HOME.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter (condescendingly). "GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, SIR?"

University MAN (hurting himself into Hansom). "EUSTON SQUA-A-A-RE!"

THE MARBLE ARCH.

SHAKESPEARE has taught us to read "sermons in stones," and most significant are the sermons to be found in every bit of the Marble Arch, in its origin and its late removal. When first erected by GEORGE THE FOURTH, it preached to us a Royal Sermon; discoursing to tax-paying Englishmen the magnificent contempt of their gorgeous potentate for the vulgarity of cash expense. Not a marble block that had not a tongue in it, eloquently talking to apprehensive ears, of the barbaric taste—(costly and monstrous as a rich jewel in the nose of an Ethiopian prince)—of the selfish prodigality of GEORGE THE FOURTH, now fast on his way to oblivion. The spendthrift king was, in the fulness of time, set aside on his shelf in St. George's Chapel, and still the Marble Arch held forth a continual sermon on the folly and wastefulness of its dead projector. At length the Arch is to be removed; to be tumbled down, and on some most appropriate site, where the marble shall, architecturally, sound a most harmonious key to the scene, to be again set up. Happily, or oddly enough, the Marble Arch is carted from St. James's Park,—and block by block put together again where its beauties may come full upon the house of the present DUKE OF SOMERSET; the house of the future Duke, now the Minister for Woods and Forests! Surely, we can read a sermon in the marble on this final incident. But here is another sermon—a sermon with *£ s. d.* for the text—quoted from the newspapers:—

"THE MARBLE ARCH.—From an official document just issued, it is shown that the cost of taking down, removing, and re-instating the Marble Arch, was little short of £11,000."

Had this sum, together with the proceeds of the old marble, been granted to DOCTOR LAYARD, who, starved by the Government, has been

compelled for awhile to give up further excavation in Assyria,—we do not think it impossible that exhumed treasures, a few more winged bulls, would have given us something better for our money than the restored blunder, the huge bull of GEORGE THE FOURTH.

However, the government has a veneration for the profligate extravagance of the Sybarite GEORGE, and, at the cost of £11,000, will perpetuate it. On the other hand, what will the Government subscribe towards the means of preserving one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S house? The *Art Union* shall tell us:—

"SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—The Government have refused to take upon themselves the guardianship of the birth-place of the poet of England; the debt of £400 still remains unliquidated by the committee who effected its purchase; affairs are, therefore, *in statu quo*."

The account then stands thus:—

To the Marble Arch of GEORGE THE FOURTH
To the Birth-place of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

£11,000
0

Have we not here sermons in stones, sermons exciting in us feelings of shame and indignation?

Throwing your Money into the Gutter.

It has been said that "the man who goes to law might as well throw his money into the gutter." Now the Commissioners of Sewers have been going to law; and, in so doing, have spent no less a sum than £5800, which, for any good which it has done the Commissioners or the Sewers, might as well have been thrown into the gutter. It strikes us strongly that the public money was entrusted to them to throw into more profitable gutters than that of going to law!

GOG'S PIROUETTE.

DOGGEREL FOR DIRTY DOGS.

GREAT GOG was a mighty Giant,
And his meals cost thousands of pounds,
For his paunch was huge and pliant,
And his appetite knew no bounds.
He cared not although the Gout
Had caused him to limp and hobble,
But still would he blow himself out,
Swig, swig, and gobble, gobble.

Old Gog, being blithe and merry,
Took a hop on his gouty toe,
In the fulness of port and sherry,
And tremendously laughed, Ho, ho!
He stood in St. Martin's-le-Grand,
At the close of a banquet splendid,
Over twenty miles of land
His left leg he extended.

Full twenty miles—no shorter!—
He gave a twist and a twirl,
And, fixed on his right supporter,
Spun round like a dancing girl!
This wonderful *pirouette*
Was considered by the City
As a feat, which to forget
Would be an eternal pity.

So they came to the decision,
That the circle Gog had traced
Should afford him a provision
To increase his monstrous waist.
In the space he compassed, tolls
They obtained the right to levy
On HER MAJESTY'S subjects' coals,
Which is why they come so heavy.

The Hack Blade of the Protectionists.

MR. BALL (of Buwell) asked of the Protectionist Meeting at the London Tavern, if

"There was any man whose sword had been more notched than Mr. DISRAELI'S?"

We do not see that a sword is any the better for being so dreadfully notched, unless it is for the purpose of turning it into a saw; and Protection is not exactly celebrated for its "wise saws." We suppose MR. BALL wanted the farmers to believe that MR. DISRAELI was a first-rate blade, only with a number of notches; and in our opinion, the worst notch in the Blade is the notch of Protection.

THE POLITICAL CROTCHET-BOOK.



A YOUNG gentleman who (in a state of infatuation) has recently been meddling with those queer little works called *Crochet-Books*, has suddenly conceived the idea of producing a book of a similar character to illustrate the working of *POLITICAL CROTCHETS*. In the present state of European affairs the art is a very useful one.

The following is a specimen of his performance; the pattern is clearly French:—

"PATTERN, No.—
FOR EDGING—towards absolute power. Make a chain of sausages of the length required, allowing a quarter of a pound of pork to each sausage; turn back (from your oath) and work the—

"First Row of bayonets. Pass the row up and down the street. Work the bayonet through the front entrances of houses, and out at the back windows—which will make your pattern firm. Loop up your generals, and cut off communication between the different ends of your country.

"N.B. This pattern is tolerably simple, and chiefly requires that the bayonet shall be of the regulation size.

"After the First Row of bayonets has been brought into form, a Second Row (pronounced to rhyme with "vow") will require to be arranged for. Various other rows will have to follow; the general directions, however, for dealing with all of them, are as follows:

"4th, 5th, and 6th Row. Continue passing the bayonet as before; work 1 plain (act of force); 2, or more, doubles (of falsehood); 2 hooks (of representatives by bribery); repeat to the end.

"So the work must go forward "to the end," when your absolute Crotchet will be pretty completely done to your satisfaction. The colour of the stuff will be blood colour."

Query by Professor Punch.—Will it wash?

THE POETRY OF COOKERY.

CONSIDERING the high position that Cookery has lately taken among the arts, we feel that there is a demand for something more than the mere prose in which the science has been hitherto taught, and we beg to offer a few specimens of a

POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

IRISH STEW.

AIR.—"Happy Land."

Irish stew, Irish stew!
Whatever else my dinner be,
Once again, once again,
I'd have a dish of thee.
Mutton chops, and onion slice,
Let the water cover,
With potatoes, fresh and nice;
Boil, but not quite over,
Irish stew, Irish stew!
Ne'er from thee, my taste will stray.
I could eat
Such a treat
Nearly every day.
La, la, la, la!

CALF'S HEART.

AIR.—"Maid of Athens, ere we part."

Maid of all work, as a part
Of my dinner, cook a heart;
Or since such a dish is best;
Give me that, and leave the rest.
Take my orders, ere I go;
Heart of calf, we'll cook thee so.

Buy—to price you're not confined—
Such a heart as suits your mind:
Buy some suet—and enough
Of the herbs required to stuff;
Buy some lemon-peel—and, oh!
Heart of calf, we'll fill thee so.

Buy some onions—just a taste—
Buy enough, but not to waste;
Buy two eggs, of slender shell,
Mix, and stir the mixture well;
Crumbs of bread among it throw;
Heart of calf, we'll roast thee so.

Maid of all work, when 'tis done,
Serve it up to me alone;
Rich brown gravy round it roll,
Marred by no intruding coal;
Currant jelly add—and, lo!
Heart of calf, I'll eat thee so.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

AIR.—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

If you wish to make the pudding in which every one delights,
Of a dozen new-laid eggs you must take the yolks and whites;
Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine,
And shred and chop some suet up particularly fine;

Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of currants dried,
A pound of pounded sugar, and a pound of peel beside;
Stir them all up well together with a pound of wheaten flour,
And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an hour;

Then tie the pudding in a cloth, and put it in the pot,—
Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it hot;
But though I don't know which of these two methods I should praise,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs.

Oh! if I were Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I dined at home;
And as for other puddings, whatever they might be,
Why those who like the nasty things should eat them all for me.

THE "PAIL" OF CIVILISATION;

AND HOW IT IS FILLED DIFFERENTLY BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

THE Rich Man fills it with champagne, and the best spirits, and the warmest cordials; and the Poor Man with gruel, or beer, or vegetables, or whatever scraps he can throw into it.

With the Benevolent, it is a large Milk-pail, overflowing with human kindness; with the Selfish, it is nothing better than a monster Ice-pail to freeze everything that is put into it.

The Teetotaller deluges it with Tea—and so does the Washerwoman—and also a large number of ladies; but the Hospitable Man, who is neither in his tastes a Teetotaller nor a Washerwoman, fills it to overflowing with generous wine, which he invites his friends to come and enjoy with him.

The melancholy Drunkard replenishes it, time after time, with Gin, or Brandy, or Whiskey-and-water, or spirits of some sort; but the Sober Man is perfectly content if it contains nothing stronger for his palate than Toast-and-Water.

Those who are Charitable fill it with Soup, which they give away to the Poor; and those who combine Charity with Politics, fill it with Stones, which, they tell the Poor, as soon as they are broken, shall be exchanged for so many loaves of bread.

With the Good, the Pail of Civilisation is one large, loving cup, which they pass round and round, inviting every one to drink, and pledge his neighbour in fellowship; with the Bad, it is an impure vessel of strong and maddening drinks that debase all those who put their lips to it.

To Some it is a fountain of Purity, filled with the sweetest waters drawn from the Well of Truth; to Others it is a deadly poison cup, which, offered treacherously in the holy name of Civilisation, is moral death to all who taste it.

But the day will surely come when the "Pail" of Civilisation will be a source of goodness and health to all who partake of it; and, though it may be a long time before Civilisation will be able to get all Mankind to drink out of the same "Pail," yet that day will assuredly come, and we only hope that we may be there in order to have, what is vulgarly called, a "good long pull" out of it!

INSCRIPTION TO BE PLACED OVER THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—"Bear and For-Bear."



LOUIS NAPOLEON VIEWING THE BODY OF LIBERTY.

DECEMBER 4TH, 1851.

(A Travesty of De La Roche's Celebrated Picture.)



**MRS. ENGLAND SETTING HER HOUSE IN ORDER
For 1852.**

"PAY THAT BILL, JOHN, AND I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT FOR THE YEAR."

A CHRISTIAN OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND.

THE *Caernarvon Herald* says:—

"The death of the REV. GEORGE ROBSON, of Erbstock, near Wrexham, will cause a number of vacancies in this neighbourhood in situations which he had held for a great number of years. It is supposed that, since his nomination by BISHOP HASELEY, he has raised £100,000 from the livings he held."

That is held to be the best epitaph that most briefly, most touchingly reveals to the contemplative reader the virtues that adorned him living, who now reposes below. The fewer the syllables the better. We know nothing of the REV. GEORGE ROBSON; nothing of the manifold excellencies that were, no doubt, lustrous in him while he dwelt in the flesh. Still, our notions of the simplicity, the self-denying attributes of Christianity, as propounded in the New Testament (if not in the *Clergy List*), are somewhat shocked by the contemplation of that ecclesiastical monstrosity, called a pluralist. In the Hindoo Mythology we see all sorts of divinities hideously pictured; some with half-a-dozen heads, others with a score of legs and arms; and these, monstrous as they are, we take to be the true signification—the *vera effigies* of a reverend pluralist. But surely the REV. GEORGE ROBSON had only one head, two arms, a pair of legs? We suppose he would not have been a profitable investment for a showman, but was doubtless a mere simple biped, after the common fashion of biped humanity. How, then, must he have been puzzled to fill a "number" of "situations?" With half-a-dozen heads he might at once have preached half-a-dozen sermons. With three pair of arms he might have held six books. There would have been something like a physical adaptability to his moral and religious duties; but as GEORGE ROBSON doubtless lived and died a plain man, how the poor churchman must at times have been puzzled by the plural calls upon his single ability! We had better leave pluralities to VISHNOO, and, as Christians, work in simplicity.

However, touching the epitaphs of pluralists: they might be made most instructive. For instance, we would have the principal line supplied by Doctors' Commons. The will proved, we would have the epitaph run thus:—

THE REV. BRIAREUS TITHEPIG,

PLURALIST,

DIED —, AGED —.

£100,000!

Has not the last line as good as a hundred thousand tongues, and each and all uttering a warning and a moral?

MY UNCLE.

BY L—S N—N B—E.

Who raised our race up from the dregs,
And set us youngsters on our legs,
Putting us up so many pegs?

My Uncle!

Who scratch'd up Europe like a hen,
To fling out grains for us young men?
Who shut the mouth, and stopp'd the pen?

My Uncle!

Who broke through rights, and smash'd through laws,
To find neat crowns for our papas?
And shot young D'ENGHIEN in *our* cause?

My Uncle!

Who left us something still to do—
A name to keep French passions true
To us—the name of Waterloo?

My Uncle!

Who gave me all my little name,
My little hopes, my little fame,
My little everything, but blame?

My Uncle!

The Hope of the New Year.

"MR. PUNCH presents the compliments of the season to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and hopes the Noble Premier will not forget that New Year's Gift which he promised him—that same measure of Parliamentary Reform for which *Mr. Punch* has so long been waiting."

CONSIDERATION ON THE KAFFIR WAR.

It is the opinion of all, who are qualified to form an opinion on the subject, that there must positively be some change at the Cape. If there is no other change, at least the Cape of Good Hope must change its name.

WHAT IS THE USE OF AN ALDERMAN?

"MR. PUNCH,

"SIR,—I was tried last week at the Old Bailey for a literary indiscretion. No matter. The acceptance was eventually taken up, and I was acquitted. My punishment was nevertheless excruciating. Up to the moment of being led into the dock, my hair was of a luxuriant black. By eleven o'clock, A.M., it had turned white!

"I owe this to the Aldermen of London.

"It appears that, besides the Judges, at least one Alderman is deemed essential to ornament the bench, before JUSTITIA can adjust her scales. On the morning of my trial no Alderman appeared; and I had to tremble in agonies of suspense for **two hours**; in short, I shall be ruined in hair-dye.

"I think I am entitled to ask you to ask the Aldermen a few questions.

"What, in the first place, is the use of an Alderman?

"Why is he so very punctual at the dinner-table, and so regularly absent from the bench? Is he a mere municipal ornament, like GOG, or MAGOG, or the griffins in the City Arms? Is his an institution, similar to that established by his dear Smithfield, for prize purposes? and is it intended that he should graduate in civic honours, simply by cramming? Is it his sole function to be fed? Does he rise from the shop to the Mansion House by force of attention to public business; or by simple dint of dining? When he puts on the scarlet and fur, is it his time and talents he intends to give and exert—or only his appetite?

"I am entitled to answers to these queries. The last appointment which was made for me at Guildhall (*that* affair was easily arranged—the blank acceptance had been regularly signed by the party: all I did was to fill it up), the 'sitting' Alderman kept me standing from ten o'clock until one.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours,

"EUSTACE ST. MAUR DE MOWBRAY, B.A.,
"Late BLOWWOWSERY AND Co., City."

RAMPANT BULLS IN PORTUGAL.

THE foreign correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing on the affairs of Portugal, informs us that

"The Government has now resorted to a most scandalous mode of getting some money. A bull has been published, allowing people to eat eggs, cheese, drink milk, &c., during Lent, *moyennant* the payment of a sum of money."

The authority by which we understand this "bull" to have been published, is that of the papal nuncio, who might very properly be styled, in short, nunkey, the diminutive of uncle, not only because he is, ecclesiastically speaking, the brother of Papa or the Pope; but also because he appears, virtually, to have assumed the symbol of the "three balls," and the motto of "Money Lent."

Our contemporary's correspondent subjoins—

"It is, moreover, wished that a greater latitude should be given to the bull; that is to say, that the abstinence from flesh be completely dispensed with, as by that means the price of the bulls would be risen (*sic*)."

No doubt the price of bulls would be "risen," or, as we should rather say, raised, if the abstinence from flesh were dispensed with; that is, if the Portuguese eat beef. But all this kind of thing should—especially at the present season of the year—make us thankful to reflect that JOHN BULL is a Bull to himself, and is not to be bullied by any papal or other bull, either out of his cash or out of his dinner.

CHRISTMAS WAITS. (ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY.)

RED REPUBLICANS actively Waiting—to prove the "perfect tranquillity" of France.

Cape Colonists passively Waiting—to see the last of the Caffres (and SIR HARRY SMITH).

Distressed Agriculturists delusively Waiting—the revival of their favourite old Farce of "Protection."

LOUIS NAPOLEON anxiously Waiting—the *dénouement* of his not very successful tragedy, "*Le coup d'état*."

The St. Alban's Electors naturally Waiting—the loss of their Franchise.

The Public confidently Waiting—for a fare adjustment of the Cab Duty.

A Painful Operation.

A CORRESPONDENT for whom we have no respect, but much pity, asks us, with reference to the institution called the Sorbonne, in France, "whether it is a school for Surgery, and if it derives from that fact its name of the Sawbone?"

A FRENCH ROLL—not to be had at any Baker's—*The Rappel*.



Testy Old Uncle (unable to control his passion). "REALLY, SIR, THIS IS QUITE INTOLERABLE! YOU MUST INTEND TO INSULT ME. FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN DAYS, WHEREVER I HAVE DINED, I HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT SADDLE OF MUTTON AND BOILED TURKEY—BOILED TURKEY AND SADDLE OF MUTTON. I'LL ENDURE IT NO LONGER."

[Exit Old Gent., who alters his Will.]

MORAL.—How ridiculous a man appears—particularly a man at a grave period of life—who is over-anxious about his eating and drinking!

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE following *Etreennes* were presented at the Elysée to LOUIS NAPOLEON, on the *Jour de l'An*:—

The *Elite* of the Army presented him with an enormous *Bâton—en Sucre de Pomme*—as a complimentary hint of his rapid promotion (service not being necessary in the nephew of an Emperor) to the rank of *Maréchal de l'Empire*.

The KING OF NAPLES sent him a monster cake, enveloped in a beautiful sulphur bag, of the very finest Naples soap, in order that he might wash his hands of the filthy Socialist blood, which must be (says the King, in an autograph letter,) "*une tâche bien difficile et bien désagréable*."

The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA forwarded him, in frosted silver, the prettiest Model of the Mines of Siberia, with a friendly intimation that the originals were quite at his service for any political purposes.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, animated by the same affectionate motives, begged of his "*cher frère LOUIS*" to accept of an *Étiwagen*-full of Austrian bank-notes, with an assurance that "if he wanted more, he might have them." The bank-notes averaged from twopence downwards, and were pierced through and through, like larks on a spit, with bayonets. The pointed meaning of this, as explained by a Police-General, who had been on active duty lately on the Stock Exchange at Vienna, was that "in the event of wry faces being made in swallowing the bank-notes, the bayonets were to force them down the people's throats."

The POPE sent him, curiously enough, a splendid leg of mutton, which was flanked by a magnificent Sword, with the *Agnus Dei* in diamonds on the hilt. Down the blade were engraved the following talismanic words: "Let all thy cutting and carving be directed to one end—that of winning the *Pope's eye*."

The KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS merely sent his Portrait.

The EMPEROR SOULOUPE THE FIRST, of Madagascar, directed to the Elysée, for the acceptance of "his loving brother NAPOLEON," a large Imperial Crown, most highly wrought in gingerbread. A manuscript letter of the Emperor's accompanied it, tendering, in the handsomest manner, "the use of his personal services, and that of his brave army."

And lastly, LES DAMES DE LA HALLE attended in a body of five hundred, and presented LOUIS NAPOLEON with a most tasty model, as large as life, of the Emperor, worked into a tremendous *Brioche*. The

THE FEAST OF VEGETABLES AND THE FLOW OF WATER.

New Year comes,—so let's be jolly;
On the board the Turnip smokes,
Whilst we sit beneath the holly,
Eating Greens and passing jokes.

How the Cauliflower is steaming,
Sweetest flower that ever blows!
See, good old Sir Kidney, beaming,
Shows his jovial famed red nose.

Here behold the reign of Plenty,—
Help the Carrots, hand the Kail;
Roots how nice, and herbs how dainty,
Well washed down with ADAM'S Ale!

Feed your fill,—untasted only
Let the fragrant Onion go;
Or, amid the revels lonely,
Go not nigh the mistletoe!

Louis Napoleon and the French Church.

THE BISHOP OF CHALONS writes a letter, approving of the treason of the French usurper, for he says, "God is with the President."

LOUIS NAPOLEON is a perjured homicide; and, on the authority of the BISHOP OF CHALONS, favoured by intelligence, private and exclusive, "God is with him."

LOUIS NAPOLEON has given the Pantheon to the Jesuits. God is with the Jesuits. LOUIS is with the Jesuits. Ergo,—God is with LOUIS.

DEPARTURES.—A clever contemporary alludes to the departure of MONSIEUR THIERS from France, in the following laconic manner:—"The THIERS Parti."

President nearly shed tears at the neatness of the compliment, and pressed the Cake, with every symptom of the warmest sympathy, to his heart. After the *Goutte d'Honneur* had been offered and accepted several times, the five hundred ladies retired, shouting, in the most cordial spirit, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

We had nearly forgotten to state that the National Guards, to the number, we are told, of six thousand, attended at their respective Mairies, and delivered up, "*au nom du Président*," their swords and muskets. This may be looked upon as the most extraordinary New Year's Gift of the series, and was the one which, we are credibly informed, gave the greatest surprise, as well as the greatest pleasure, to LOUIS NAPOLEON,—if we except the very generous New Year's Gift which the Government Officers of the *Scrutin des Bulletins* presented him with (in the name of the nation), in the shape of a majority of some 6,000,000 votes!—which New Year's Gift has certainly been unparalleled in the annals of any country professing to have the slightest love for Freedom!

A "Great Criminal."

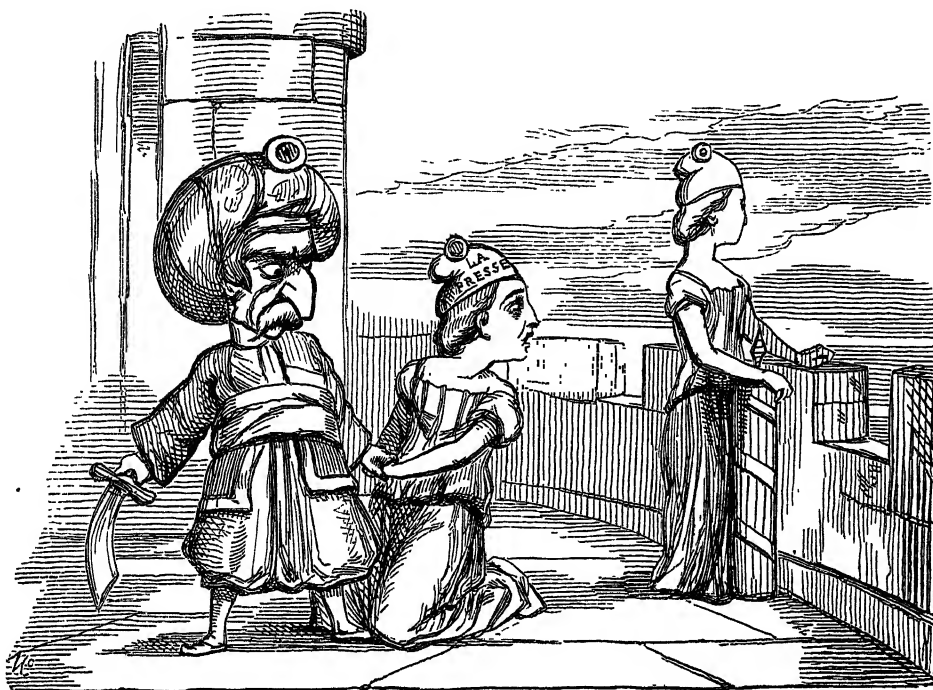
In November, 1850, LOUIS NAPOLEON declared in his message to the National Assembly of France, that—

"He considered as GREAT CRIMINALS those who, by PERSONAL AMBITION, compromised the small amount of stability secured by the Constitution."

Those words we recommended LOUIS NAPOLEON, at the time (p. 222, vol. xix.), to have engraved in large letters over the portico, and every door of the Elysée; so that, being constantly before his recollection, he might never be guilty of "personal ambition," and so never figure in history as a "GREAT CRIMINAL." We are afraid he has forgotten our friendly advice; and what has been the consequence? Why, he "has compromised the small amount of stability secured by the Constitution," and, in his own words, is branded as a "Great Criminal." As such we recommend MADAME TUSSAUD to include him, as one of its fittest members, in her "Chamber of Horrors."

A FRENCH COO.—A Cockney correspondent suggests, that as LOUIS NAPOLEON has so well succeeded in his *coup*, he should discard the Eagle as a cognisance, and assume the Dove.

THE FRENCH BLUE BEARD.



POOR France has just furnished another illustration of the results of fatal curiosity. She had a younger sister, Liberty, growing not very rapidly; but being tolerably sure of gaining strength and reaching maturity, if she was allowed to lead a quiet and regular life, when all of a sudden the sisters found themselves betrayed into the hands of a very bad set of people. Liberty being freed from all wholesome restraint, indulged in every kind of excess; until, worn out by her irregular course of life, she was glad to form the first alliance that seemed to offer anything in the shape of a permanent establishment; and she accordingly gave herself into the hands of the modern Blue Beard. For some time he seemed to treat her kindly enough; but when she and her sister, *La Presse*, began to be actuated by a spirit of curiosity as to the future, he, without any scruple, determined to make an end of that Liberty who had placed herself in his hands, and whom he had sworn to protect and to honour. With a drawn sword he stood over her, threatening to administer her death-blow, while her sister looked out anxiously in the hope of seeing some one approach to their rescue. Such is the present situation of poor Liberty; and we regret we are unable to give a favourable reply to the vital question, "Do you see anybody coming?"

THE PALMERSTON FEAST.

NO sooner was it known that LORD PALMERSTON had ceased to belong to the Cabinet (that *Hamlet* was withdrawn from the play of *Hamlet*), than various of the Foreign Ambassadors determined upon having a banquet to celebrate an event that, as they instinctively felt, must be so peculiarly gratifying to the feelings of their several royal masters. The feast was not so magnificent, so complete, as under other circumstances it might have been; but the joy and hearty good-will of the revellers more than compensated for any short-coming of the cook; and, perhaps, throughout the country, there was not a jollier Christmas party than that gathered together under the roof of his Excellency the Ambassador for —, who flung open the doors of his spacious and magnificent mansion on the occasion.

As the various Ambassadors entered and embraced the host, the band played (in touching compliment to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS) *God preserve the Emperor!* The meeting of the parties was very interesting—even affecting. AUSTRIA rushed into the arms of RUSSIA, and both embraced with emotion; whilst GREECE all but melted on the shoulder of the Two SICILIES.

The dinner being over, RUSSIA rose to propose a toast. They had that day met to celebrate an event of peculiar interest to all strong Governments (*cheers*): he trusted they knew what he meant by strong Governments. (*Cheers and smiles*.) They were now assured of the removal of a man who had in the most insolent manner defied the will of Russia—the wish of Austria—the desire of Naples—and the hopes of the Two Sicilies: of a man of most dangerous character; for it so happened that he never put a bold front upon a question that, somehow or the other, he didn't carry it to a triumphant issue. But the sun of PALMERSTON was set; and already he heard the satisfied growl of the Northern Bear—the rejoicing scream of the Austrian Eagle. In conclusion, he would give them the "Balance of Power;" by which he meant a torn and tattered constitution in one scale, with the down-weighting sword of his master in the other. (*Cheers*.)

TWO SICILIES gave the next toast; "A Speedy Rise in the Sulphur Market." He felt that the removal of the pestilent PALMERSTON was a great boon to universal despotism; and, connected as he believed despotism to be with the briskest trade in sulphur, he felt that both despotism and brimstone had been materially served by the disgrace and discomfiture of LORD PALMERSTON. His downfall was a great day for Europe; and the news would lighten the large heart of the KING OF NAPLES; a heart large as the largest bomb-shell; it would carry confusion and despair into the dungeons of political traitors.

FRANCE was called upon for a toast; but excused himself: his feelings, he said, could be better

conceived than described; and though he had felt it a duty to be present on the occasion, he had heard nothing through the electric telegraph since the retirement of the Minister. He, however, had no doubt that his master the Emp— he meant the President, would on all occasions be found unanimous with Austria and Russia.

GREECE attempted to give utterance to his feelings; but entirely failed, further than to express a mingled satisfaction and regret—satisfaction that that firebrand of the world, PALMERSTON, was at last put out,—regret that (he would no further allude to the PACIFIC question)—he was not extinguished long ago.

PRUSSIA (admirably representing Prussia's monarch) made a speech; but from the mysticism that pervaded it, our Reporter cannot venture to say whether PRUSSIA approved or disapproved; hoped anything or regretted anything; promised or desired anything. Neither was it plain to our Reporter whether Prussia gave a toast or chanted a sentiment.

After a while the conversation dribbled into small-talk; and as the wine went round, many innuendoes were cast upon the absent. AMERICA had sent an excuse; was going out to a quiet game at whist. BELGIUM was entertaining a happy juvenile party; SARDINIA was previously engaged; whilst SPAIN, PORTUGAL, and the NETHERLANDS were ill with the influenza.

However, the festivity was kept up with increasing spirit; and it was not until a very late hour that the guests (a few of them flushed with wine and hope) departed. Several of them embraced with expressions of mutual sympathy and support.

We had almost forgotten to state that an effigy of LORD PALMERSTON was burnt in the court-yard of the house of the ambassadorial host; all the company, one feeling animating them, dancing hand-in-hand ("linked slavy, long drawn out,") around the conflagration.

Disraeli in a Pickle.

IN speaking of DISRAELI's "political biography" of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, the *Times*, in allusion to what it calls the "vain attempt to sanctify paltry feelings," asks "why all this stuff is to be reprinted?" and adds, "flies in amber are pretty enough, but a scorpion in spirits is only to be tolerated in a museum." Our contemporary should have said, "a scorpion out of spirits;" for the work, besides being rather venomous towards political antagonists, is insufferably dull.

Freedom of Election in France.

THE next edition of the Almanacks will, we trust, contain an addition to the names of the Potentates of Europe, and besides the Elector of this or that small state, we shall expect to see the announcement of HOBSON as *Elector of France*; for there cannot be the slightest doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON is HOBSON's choice.

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.



It regret to say the Funny Market has been heavy, in consequence of all the Christmas orders having been executed, and many of the goods—bads and indifferents—not having gone off with the public so well as the dealers had expected. Some of the retailers appear to have overstocked themselves with the inferior sort of jokes, and several sample packets—including half-

a-dozen conundrums, half-a-dozen puns, with an anecdote and a charade in verse, for one guinea the packet—have remained on hand; and until Twelfth Night comes round, there is no chance of a market.

The regular jokers complain very bitterly of the practice that is now so prevalent among the public, of making their own jokes at home, or leaving the business in the hands of a domestic wag—a class, of which there is now one in nearly every family. A professed punster who has been in the habit of receiving more invitations than he could attend to at this season of the year, assures us that he with difficulty picked up a dinner on Christmas Day, and that his engagements for New Year's Eve will scarcely pay for his lemon-coloured kid gloves, and the washing of his white waistcoat. An old wag assures us that if he were to confine himself to the legitimate business of *facetia*, there would be nothing for him to do; and that he only manages to make both ends meet, by adding conjuring tricks and the cornet-à-piston to the more regular branches of his profession. A well-known "funny dog," who did a great deal in the Ethiopian Serenader line, even up to last year, has found so little encouragement, that he intends washing his hands—and face—of the whole concern, and selling off his bones at 5lb for twopence—the regular marine-store price—as soon as possible.

ADMIRAL FLAMBO'S CORRESPONDENCE.

ADMIRAL FLAMBO presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs him to insert the following correspondence. The Admiral will not make any comment on LORD BUBBLELY's conduct in the matter—further than just to say, that it is mean, audacious, treacherous, treasonable, dishonourable to the country and to himself, and likely to leave us exposed to a French invasion, by causing the Admiral to decline saving the country.

1.

"To LORD BUBBLELY.

"MY LORD,—I am informed that there is a probability of there being a vacancy soon in the following departments:—the Channel Fleet—the command at Plymouth—and the Board of Admiralty. As, of course, you want (for the sake of the country) to reward able men, I beg to undertake to occupy them all. I am a man of distinguished courage and abilities.

"Your obedient servant,
"ROUGHSCRAPER FLAMBO."

2.

"LORD BUBBLELY presents his compliments to ADMIRAL FLAMBO. Not doubting his courage, though somewhat fearing his discretion, he does not definitely promise him the appointments."

3.

"To LORD BUBBLELY.

"MY LORD,—After taking DOM MIGUEL's fleet, I am not to be treated with contempt by a Whig nobleman. I did not beat off the *Grenadier*, to be now defeated by the *Pigmy*.

"Holding these views, my Lord, I beg distinctly to ask, whether you do not think me a man of courage, genius, cool discretion, and magnanimity? Everybody in Europe attributes these qualities to me.

"In anticipation of your Lordship's appointments, I have ordered my portmanteau to be forwarded to the 'George,' at Portsmouth.

"ROUGHSCRAPER FLAMBO."

4.

"LORD BUBBLELY acknowledges ADMIRAL FLAMBO's letter; repeats his opinion; postpones his appointment."

5.

"MY LORD,—When I commanded the *Ripper*, in the North Sea, and beat off the French frigates, I saved this country. France is upon us if my portmanteau has to be returned from Portsmouth.

"I shall forward you forty-two long letters, on the subject of my services, at an early period. You will then see what sort of man I am—if you are able to see anything.

"I expect your efforts on my behalf.

"ROUGHSCRAPER FLAMBO."

6.

"LORD BUBBLELY has received ADMIRAL FLAMBO's letter, and appointed ADMIRAL STUBBS to the commands which he solicits."

7.

"MY LORD,—You are famous for indiscreet epistles, and I shall expose you in *Punch*. France is in arms! I am not glad of it; far from it. But I know what will become of our country—with me in retirement, STUBBS prosperous, and a person like you in power.

"ROUGHSCRAPER FLAMBO."

CHRONICLES OF 1854.—NOTABILIA.

Jan. 1st. The first penny train started from Westminster Bridge to London Bridge, and walked the arches "like a thing of life," stopping at the intermediate bridges.

5th. Great commotion at the Parliament Stairs and Pedlar's Acre, on the breaking of the pontoon temporary bridge, which was erected on the site of old Westminster Bridge, now fallen foul of Father Thames. Five hundred souls, seven omnibuses, four brewers' drays, and ten Pagoda advertising-vans immersed; the bodies whereof would have been lost but for the prevailing custom of wearing AYKBOURNE'S Life-Buoys. The Watermen's Company of Steamers, laid up in ordinary off Richmond Gardens, lately converted into floating capital as places for aquatic entertainment and abodes, proved very useful for the refuge of the sons of the Thames, to whom their father gave so cold a reception.

10th. The area of Smithfield thrown open to the people as a *Horlus Siccus*, being perfectly open to daylight, and covered with glass, after the fashion of the Crystal Palace.

15th. Subscriptions entered into by the inhabitants of Regent, Oxford, and Bond Streets, Piccadilly, and Holborn, to keep the temperature of these causeways, now glazed over, up to 60 degrees of Fahrenheit.

20th. A remarkable instance of celerity in Public Works excited on this day great popular attention; viz., the insertion of the fourth basso-relievo on Nelson's Monument, and the fixing-up of the pedestal for the first of the English lions.

25th. Repairs commenced on the *pian' terreno* or ground story of the Houses of Lords and Commons, which discovered symptoms of premature decay. The superstructure not being yet complete, the former had to be restored for the sake of unity of design, before its finish, which the Architect computes may take place in about ten years.

Feb. 1st. The colossal Model Lodging House, formerly called Hanover Square, gave a *Conversazione* to the inmates of the rival Lodging House (late Soho Square), and lectures, diversified by music, were given in the grand Library attached to the establishment, occupying the ancient foundation of Harewood House. COBDEN, F. O'CONNOR, and ERNEST JONES, were inaugurated to square with Pitt.

5th. The first view of the Cathedral ever offered to the citizens was afforded this day, by removing the hoarding which surrounded the south side of Paternoster Row, the whole of which, together with the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, was demolished. Great consternation amongst the Dean and Chapter at being shown up too clearly.

March 15th. Brilliant entertainment *al fresco*, given on the ice by the Corporation, at which ASTLEY's Troupe added to the pomp. A bullock was roasted whole by electricity, and the assembled company (including the Patten Makers) danced the *Pas de Pattineurs*.

20th. The Last Man came up from the well-hole of BARBER BEAUMONT's pump in Piccadilly, looking very well, considering his long immersion; and the first man (for four years) raised the pump handle, which was succeeded by a jet that was considered pure, and of the first water—considering the source and vicinage of the spring!

25th. An Aggregate Meeting of the Temperance Society was held this day in the Crystal Palace, where 50,000 persons assembled; every one was allowed a bouquet of exotics, and the name of PAXTON never was in better odour. The mob cheered at Apsley House, which opened its eyes (the ferruginous blinds) the first time since the former and obsolete Chartist movement.

30th. The last stone of Buckingham Palace gateway was chiselled this day with a wreath of roses, which was considered to be, if not the perfection of architecture, at least the flower of perfection.

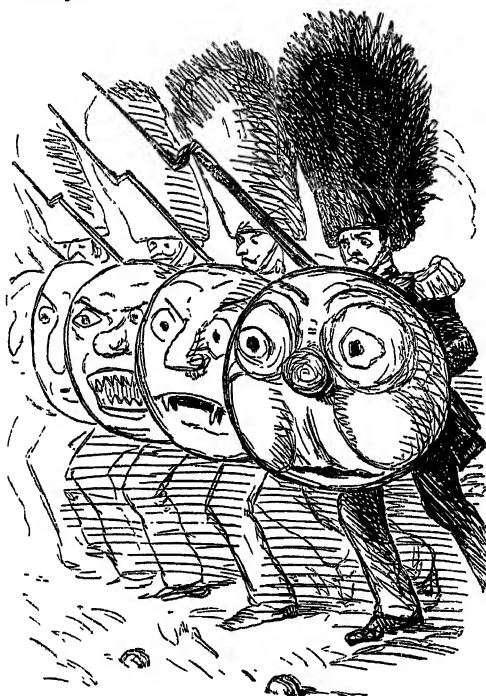
31st. A remarkably genial day; the town, full of rank, poured out its trains of splendidly attired fashionables—their equipages having been sent in advance by the railways. The new Park at Richmond, with its fountains, statues, and wonders of floriculture, never looked so bewitching; the Grand Avenue for equestrians was thronged with blooming beauty in Bloomer costume, and the Temples of the Muses and Graces were filled with their votaries, who now consider Hyde Park and the Regent's but smoky sluices, and a bore.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

—'s Club, December 31, 1851.

SIR CASSIAN CREAM presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and, as a military man, begs to offer a remark which may be useful in preventing much idle discussion on the part of civilians. There have been, lately, several very absurd paragraphs done by the newspaper people respecting the large hair caps worn by Grenadiers, calculated to bring that part of their uniform into ridicule and disuse. Perhaps, neither *Mr. Punch*, nor an enlightened British public, are aware that the article in question happens to be one of the most formidable means that our army employs to strike terror in the ranks of an enemy. Not to take up too much of *Mr. Punch's* space (which, by-the-by, SIR C. C. may be pardoned for observing, might be occupied more appropriately than by the discussion of questions concerning which *Mr. P.* can know nothing,) the fact is, that the caps of the Grenadiers, upon the same ingenious principle that Chinese shields are painted with hideous faces, were designed to alarm, confuse, and paralyse the efforts of the foe; and, when *Mr. Punch* is told that, in close fighting, each man of the gallant Grenadiers places his cap on the point of his bayonet and shouts BO! at the top of his voice, the panic may be more easily imagined than described. SIR C. CREAM thinks that even a newspaper press must admit that it is not such a very useless appendage, after all.

— *Punch, Esq.,*
&c. &c. &c.



PROPOSED SHIELDS FOR THE BRITISH GRENADEER.

THE LAND PIRATES OF THE DOCKS.

THE merchants of London, especially those connected with the London Dock Companies, are loudly complaining of the losses which they continually incur through repeated depredations, which may be styled Custom-house robberies. These gross and monstrous thefts are perpetrated by means of a regularly organised system of plunder. A set of fellows in the character of Custom-house officials, provided with authority technically legal, make seizures of the merchants' goods under the pretence that the proprietors have been guilty of some infringement of the Revenue Laws. The sufferers are left to seek redress by a series of actions in the law courts, which, by a preconcerted arrangement, are made necessarily ruinous; the defendants, under the abused protection of the Crown's name, being liable to no costs. A desperate attempt to obtain justice was lately made by some of the victimised parties, who, however, recoiled from the prospect of the frightful expense they were threatened with, in case they persisted in their suit. They so far, however, succeeded in their object as to drive their plunderers to a compromise; thus virtually eliciting from them a confession of roguery, which the knaves endeavoured to slur over in an official letter, insinuating a tissue of falsehoods. It is much to be regretted that this unprincipled

gang is encouraged and protected by persons of station, and, we suppose we must say, character, connected with the Treasury. An individual of the highest influence in Downing Street, who is well known to be capable of exercising a control over these banditti if he pleases, was lately applied to in the hope of inducing him to restrain their outrages: but we are sorry to say that he expressed himself, in a measure, as the apologist of the fellows, although promising that some inquiry should be made as to their practices. It is proper to state that the chiefs of these freebooters keep out of sight, and that their captures are effected by mere agents, who are mostly unaware whether they are enforcing the law or stealing. In these days, when highway robberies are almost unknown, it is intolerable that acts of equally unjustifiable spoliation should be openly committed in the Docks and warehouses of the City of London. It is to no purpose that SIR JAMES BROOKE has destroyed the pirates of the Indian Archipelago, if British commerce is still to be exposed to the ravages of the land corsairs that nestle in the Board of Customs.

LINES TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

OH, JONATHAN! dear JONATHAN! a wretched world we see;
There's scarce a freeman in it now, excepting you and me.
In soldier-ridden Christendom the sceptre is the sword;
The statutes of the nation from the cannon's mouth are roar'd.

Ordnance the subject multitude for ordinance obey;
The bullet and the bayonet debate at once allay:
The mouth is gag'd, the Press is stopp'd, and we remain alone
With power our thoughts to utter, or to call our souls our own.

They hate us, Brother JONATHAN, those tyrants; they detest
The island sons of liberty, and freemen of the West;
It angers them that we survive their savage will to stem;
A sign of hope unto their slaves—a sign of fear to them.

Right gladly would they bind our tongues; with joy arrest our pens;
Immure our best and bravest men enchained in bestial dens;
Bend our stiff necks to Priestcraft's yoke, and bow the heads we rear
'Gainst craven superstition, to the dust in abject fear.

Stand with me, Brother JONATHAN, if ever need should be;
Still be it ours to show the world that nations can be free;
Not as almost each people in sad Europe now appears,
Ruled with a despot's iron rod, a race of mutineers.



Old Gent. "YOU SEE, MY DEAR, THAT THE EARTH TURNS ON ITS OWN AXIS, AND MAKES ONE REVOLUTION ROUND THE SUN EACH YEAR."

Young Revolver. "THEN, PA, DOES FRANCE TURN ON ITS OWN AXIS WHEN IT MAKES ITS REVOLUTIONS?"

Old Gent. "NO, MY DEAR, IT TURNS ON ITS BAYONETS. HOWEVER, THAT'S NOT A QUESTION IN ASTRONOMY."

Lord Palmerston in Danger.

WE understand that the ex-Foreign Secretary has been compelled to set a strong and faithful watch about Broadlands. Even during the festivities of Christmas week, he was very nearly kidnapped by a desperate body of Protectionists (the chief parties are known), resolved, it has since appeared, to carry off the noble Lord, and cajole or compel him to become no better than one of themselves.

EPITOME OF FRENCH LIBERTY.—Universal suffering and vote by bullet.

PUNCH AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.



HAVING hoped to have begun the new year in peace, we are sorry to say that we have been disappointed, and that

"Our rest has been broken by riddle and pun."

We have serious thoughts of indicting the postman as a nuisance, for bringing us the mass of correspondence with which he invades the sanctity of our hearth; for we are obliged to throw the great mass of it behind the fire.

In an unguarded moment, we gave admission, a week or two ago, to a conundrum from Liverpool, by a "young gal," whose friends write to inform us that she has never been the same creature since, and that having once tasted the intoxicating sweets of our page, she thirsts for another sip of

the maddening luxury. They entreat us to make room for one more question from the infatuated juvenile, whose senses are evidently whirling away in a melancholy reel, and who asks, "Why are persons born deaf the most virtuous of beings?" The reply, written in a hand betraying *delirium tremens* in an intense degree, alleges, that "those born deaf are the most virtuous, because they never err'd." We entreat the relatives of this "young gal" to call in Dr. WINSLOW while there is yet time.

Some well-intentioned, but extremely irritating person, who writes from Bath (if he were not there already, we should have told him to go there), has more than "a little dashed our spirits" with the following:

"If LOUIS NAPOLEON take liberty from the press, what will be the product?—Dead letters!"

We are not generally of a speculative turn, but we would bet a ha'porth of hardbake to an Archimedian screw of tobacco, that no one will be able to see the wit of the above monstrosity.

We are always unwilling to discourage industry, even when its results are rather deficient in value, and it is therefore with some reluctance that we crush any insane hopes that may have arisen in the deluded breast of the manufacturer of the following: It will be seen that there is a vast mass of material employed, and a quantity of labour bestowed, on a matter which, when completed, excites rage rather than satisfaction.

The irritating affair is provokingly called "A CON FOR CHRISTMAS."

"Why is a young lady who walks under the mistletoe like an old lady standing on the edge of the pavement at Charing Cross with three parcels, a basket, and an umbrella?—Because she is looking out for a buss."

It would be idle to ask what the author of the above atrocity is looking out for, and it would perhaps be harsh to tell him what he ought to expect.

It is a remarkable and melancholy fact, that age is no guarantee against delinquency; for a gray-beard, writing from Chelsea—we hope he is not in the Hospital, contaminating the veterans of that glorious institution—asks, "What savoury dish his son in prison resembles?" and the reply of the wretched malefactor is, "Jugg'd hare (heir)." There is an evident familiarity with the slang of the criminal population in this assault upon our better feelings; for "jugg'd" is only synonymous with "incarcerated" in the very vulgarst portions of the vulgar tongue.

It was not to be expected that the correspondence, or rather the difference between LORD JOHN RUSSELL and ADMIRAL NAPIER should be allowed to pass, without its being made use of as an instrument of torture to us, at the hands of a cold unfeeling world; and we have, accordingly, been coolly assailed with the following, amidst some million more, from the effects of which we are slowly, but by no means surely, recovering:—

"What kind of dose is that which a celebrated Admiral has administered to the Premier, in the *Times* of Dec. 19th?—A-N-AFTER-ENT!"

We cannot close the painful subject of our correspondence, without entreating the public to send us no more jokes about THIERS, and tears, and THIERS' parti, and quatre, and tierce, and volun-teers, of which we

have several tons, now awaiting the leisure of our buttermilk. As we get rid of our waste paper by weight, and as much of it contains extraordinarily heavy jokes, there is, after all, some value in the dullest of our correspondents. They are therefore at liberty to send as usual.

A WILTSHIRE CAROL.

BY A HAPPY PEASANTRY.

THE origin of the English local ballads is, in most instances, lost in the mist of antiquity. Circumstances, however, do still, occasionally, evoke these effusions of the provincial mind. In many parts of Wilts—where, we understand, the farmers have reduced their labourers' wages to 5s. and 6s. a week, and in order to force them to accept these terms, certain squires and parsons have taken away the skim-milk which had previously been allowed them—the rural echoes resound with a plaintive ditty, something to the following tenor:—

Six shillings a week, and no more milk;
And that's the way poor folks they bilk,
In their purple, fine linen, and broad cloth, and silk.
And 'twill be a happy New Year for we!

Our eyes they gets holler, our cheeks sinks in,
Our legs is mere spindles, our sides is as thin;
To keep a pig so they would say 'twas a sin.
Six shillings, &c.

The 'squires and the parsons preaches content,
Whilst they puts us to this here pun-ish-ment,
With our wages screwed down to keep up tithes and rent.
Six shillings, &c.

Bomba in Raptures.

WHEN the news of BONAPARTE'S *coup d'état* was brought to BOMBA, it is said that, in a paroxysm of delight at the tidings, his volcanic Majesty actually embraced the officer who bore them.

We should not like to be embraced by BOMBA. The embrace of BOMBA is suggestive of the kiss of JUDAS. In BOMBA'S arms one would almost feel as if in those of the Popish image, which, in clasping you to its bosom, pierced your own with daggers.

It is a pity that BOMBA had a mere officer to fraternise with. How happy he might have been in the hug of the Russian Bear!

The Member for Bodmin the greatest of Mathematicians.

In histories old, a fast knot to unloose,
Was what, we are told, had foiled many a goose;
Till Great Alexander excited men's wonder
By taking his sabre to cut it asunder.
To tyros in Euclid the *Pons Asinorum*
Is always a problem that's certain to floor 'em.
That's nothing!—but when a professor, in vain,
In squaring the circle, has puzzled his brain,—
Lo! Wyld found the secret, and made the world stare,
Who solves it by bringing a Globe to a Square.

THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

SEVERAL of the "insurgents," whose rising seems to have been confined to their getting up at the usual hour on the morning of the Second of December, are to be sent to Cayenne. Many of them think themselves fortunate in surviving to go to Cayenne, instead of having been unmercifully peppered on the Boulevards.

THE NEW BATCH OF OMNIBUSES.

THE bakers call the new batch of 1d. and 2d. omnibuses that run down Oxford Street and Holborn—"The Penny and Twopenny Busters."

"Best Price given for Old Rags."

BANK-NOTES are made, as we all know, of rags; but we never could imagine they would fall lower in value than the materials they were made of. And yet this is positively the case with the Austrian bank-notes. The people will not have them at any price—not even at the price given for Old Rags!

ADVICE TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

DON'T degrade yourselves by gambling on the Turf; if you do, the veriest blacklegs will become your BETTERS.

THE SUPPORTERS OF THE POPE.

(To M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.)



"M. LE COMTE,
"You, and M. DARRAS, and the rest of your party, who believe the Papedom to be the Lord Lieutenancy of Heaven, and who therefore desire to see it co-extensive with this planet, (if you admit the earth to be a planet, and do not believe it to be the centre of the universe,) proclaim that LOUIS NAPOLEON has saved France. He has saved his bacon for the present; whether he will ultimately save that or anything else, remains to be seen.

"Your affection for the President of the French Republic—or whatever, by the time this comes to hand, he may call himself—has, you will own, been earned by the bayonets which maintain the Pope at Rome, and the bullets that have cleared the way for the Jesuits at Paris.

"Is it not a maxim of that confederacy which you are pleased to call 'the Church,' that he who flanks the priesthood with artillery, covers a multitude of sins? At least he covers not a few sinners, some one might say—some heretic who ought to be roasted; a punishment than which, as your organ, the *Univers*, says, 'nothing is more natural'—a tigerly growl, this, from your Popish organ.

"Your POPE's kingdom is not of this world—and therefore his servants fight. This is the right reading, is it not? 'Put up thy sword,' signifies 'Charge bayonets?'

"Why not preach this religion to the eye, M. le Comte? Why not fortify every pulpit with a couple of howitzers—plant field-pieces between the candlesticks on each altar?

"Such might have been the appointments of a church in which a solemn thanksgiving was offered for a successful act of perjury. A fitting incense for such a sacrifice would have been the fumes of gunpowder.

"And so your Church militant is a Church that militates with lead and iron, and her burning and shining lights are cartridges and rockets? And the Propaganda of *your* Gospel is a masked battery?

"You will still have your martyrs, but now they will be not yourselves, but those who stand in your way. And these enemies annihilated or down-trodden, your clergy will possess the mind of Young France in peace. Will they be content with the subjugation of Young France? Do not the friars of all Europe thirst for the conquest of Old England? Would they not—if they could—instigate a crusade for that holy purpose? The sword of your truly militant Church exterminated the Albigenses. In dealing with us Anglican heretics, also, your motto, perhaps, would be, 'Kill or Cure.'

"Having suggested a motto for you—a truer legend than any other you can boast of—accept, M. le Comte, the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I am,

"One who keeps a sharp look-out upon you and your confederates,

"And may therefore subscribe himself your constant

"INSPECTOR."

Our Adhesion to Mr. Bonaparte.

THE French have formally kissed the iron rod with which LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes to rule them. They like the taste of it. Every nation to its liking. Nothing, then, remains but for *Mr. Punch*, respecting the choice of an independent people, to give in his adhesion to MR. BONAPARTE, as President of the French Republic—or, in more correct language, of the French what-d'ye-call-it?—*durante bene placito*: that is, as long as his subjects, or constituents, or whatever they may be styled, will stand him. *Punch* repeats that he gives in his adhesion to LOUIS NAPOLEON; and whilst LOUIS NAPOLEON continues to merit *Punch's* notice, *Punch* will certainly stick to him.

A NATION THAT CAN PAY, AND WON'T PAY, SHOULD BE MADE TO PAY.

THE Portuguese Government will not pay its debts. If it is insolvent, we recommend it to go through the Insolvent Debtor's Court. In fact, from the shortness of its means, we should say that the Capital of Portugal was in Portugal Street, and the Insolvent Debtor's Court was placed there expressly out of compliment to its Government.

Something Like a Staff!

THE "Reduced Staff" of the Commissioners of Sewers is £18,321 a year. If this is the Staff in its reduced state, what must it have been before it was cut down? It must have been so tremendously long, that we wonder they ever got anyone to balance it.

THE LAW OF MIGHT.—The retirement of LORD PALMERSTON will, it is expected, give rise to proceedings nominally of a legal character. A *mandamus* will be issued by the different Continental Courts, and in every one of them the rule will be made absolute.

NEW NAVAL ORDER.—It is said that a new Naval Order is about to be instituted,—namely the Order of Modesty. Of course SIR CHARLES NAPIER insists upon being the very first decorated.

ALARMING INCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TUNE.—"The Bay of Biscay, O!"

(See *Bath Journal*.)

On vapour's pinions flying,
The wind behind we leave,
From London westward hying,
Upon last Christmas-eve,
When—why we knew not—ho!
Our pace fell slack and slow,
Till we lay,
Stopped midway,
On the Western Railway, O!

Hallo! what's this—a station?
Is several tongues' demand:
Another's observation
Is, "Here we're at a stand!"
"Well, yes," is the reply,
"But what's the reason why?
This delay—
Wherefore—eh?
On the Western Railway, O!"

The minutes slowly roll on,
And yet we don't proceed;
Says one, "This ain't a colon—
A full stop this, indeed!"
We heard the horrid pun,
The drear attempt at fun,
As we lay,
In dismay,
On the Western Railway, O!

Now danger's ugly spectres
Upon our fancy throng;
We blame the line's Directors
In language rather strong:
"Confound those stingy souls!
No doubt we're out of coals,"
Some did say,
As we lay
On the Western Railway, O!

We knock, and stamp, and clatter,
Upon the carriage floor,
And asking what's the matter?
The guard and stoker bore;
Till both men closed their jaws,
And would assign no cause
Why we lay,
At a stay,
On the Western Railway, O!

Collision wisely fearing,
Our seats we quit outright;
And piles of hedgesticks rearing,
To warm us, bonfires light.
And hampers some unpack,
Lest supper they should lack,
If we lay
Till next day,
On the Western Railway, O!

Three mortal hours we waited,
In fidget and in stew,
Upon the line, belated;
The down mail nearly due!
Oh! what a smash there'll be,
Unless it stops! thought we,
Whilst we lay,
Pale as whey,
On the Western Railway, O!

Our hearts almost despairing
At last of Christmas beef,
Down with two engines bearing,
The goods train brought relief.
Ours their spare engine steers;
We start, with sundry cheers,
At her tail,
Fore the gale,
On the Western Railway, O!

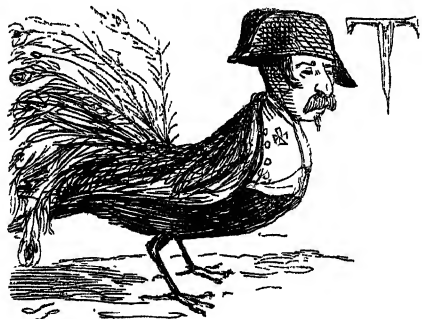


GOING TO COVER.

Voice in the distance. "NOW, THEN, SMITH—COME ALONG!"

Smith. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY, COME ALONG! WHEN HE WON'T MOVE A STEP; AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO LIE DOWN."

PRINCE "HALLE."



THE Ladies of the Halle have been again to the Elysée, on a visit to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who seems to have taken them completely under his protection. It is just as absurd as if PRINCE ALBERT were to turn the patron saint of the Fish-women of Billingsgate, and to receive them, and give them champagne luncheons at Buckingham Palace—for the Halle is, for refinement of speech and elegance of lady-like demeanour, quite the Billingsgate of Paris. Our incorrigible friend BRIEFLESS, who will have his joke upon every possible subject, and whose bad jokes, we suppose, we must excuse on account of the very good ones he frequently makes, accounts for this strange patronage of LOUIS NAPOLEON for the Halle, "as being nothing more nor less than a Halle-LOUIS-cination (*hallucination*)."

Increase of the Forces.

It is stated that a new corps is about to be raised, the officers of which will be drafted from certain crack regiments, and will consist of gentlemen who have peculiarly qualified themselves to belong to it, by disqualifying themselves from serving in any other. The corps in question will be denominated the Heavy Defaulters, and will form the Loose Division of the Royal Horse Guards (Black).

THE ONLY COMPLIMENTS ONE OUGHT EVER TO PAY.—The Compliments of the Season.

WHY DID LORD PALMERSTON RESIGN?

THIS is a question which seems to puzzle all the wisest heads among the gossiping circles; and all that is known seems to prove nothing but the utter ignorance of the best-informed classes of society. We have employed our own correspondent, and we have sent out several of our own eaves-droppers, who have been hanging about the neighbourhood of Downing Street day after day, without hearing anything, satisfactory or otherwise. An indefatigable penny-a-liner whom we have set on to the job, and who is to be paid "piece-work" for all the news he gets, has written a letter to LORD PALMERSTON every day, to ask him "point-blank" the cause of his having resigned; and the penny-a-liner has even added, that "a dinner for a most deserving person depends upon the result." But notwithstanding all this, the Ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs takes no notice of the application.

We have had some idea of writing to the *Sunday Times*, *Bell's Life*, or *Family Herald*—for those authorities are kind enough to answer everything in the world once a week—but it suddenly occurred to us, that if we were to ask ourselves the question, instead of writing to anybody else, we might save the postage-stamp. We accordingly have asked ourselves the question—"Why LORD PALMERSTON resigned?" and, with our usual politeness, we sent ourselves an immediate answer, to the effect—that his Lordship resigned, because he couldn't help it.

Newspaper Arithmetic.

ONE of our morning contemporaries, in a very fair article upon Government nepotism, has the following rather puzzling passage:—

"Of fifteen Cabinet Ministers, nine are related by blood or by affinity; eight are Members of the House of Lords; three are sons, or brothers, of Members of the House of Lords; and the remaining four are allied by blood or marriage to Members of the House of Lords."

Now, as twenty-four into fifteen will not go, so, out of fifteen, twenty-four will not come, by any process that we are acquainted with. How there can be four remaining, when twenty have already been disposed of out of fifteen, is one of those nuts we are unable to crack.



THERE 'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

"I'M VERY SORRY, PALMERSTON, THAT YOU CANNOT AGREE WITH YOUR FELLOW SERVANTS; BUT AS I DON'T FEEL INCLINED TO PART WITH JOHN, YOU MUST GO, OF COURSE."

RAILWAY MEETING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From the Galata Gazette.)



NUMEROUS and respectable Meeting was held, a few days since, at the "Spicy Turban" Coffee-house, Street of the Water-pots, Constantinople. The meeting was not called for any particular purpose, but there was a general impression, among those who attended, that the new Egyptian Railway was to be the subject of conversation, and "if anything came of it," as the promoters of the meeting cautiously worded the proposal, "they would see what happened next." This programme, conceived in an eminently national spirit, had been

published, orally, for some days, and so large was the attendance, that the coffee-house keeper himself was actually obliged—with many maledictions on his misfortunes—to get up and assist his slaves in serving sweetmeats and sherbet. This shows how incalculable is the influence of the Railway, that mighty engine of intercourse, which—[Having heard something of this kind before, we have ventured to compress our respected contemporary.]

As there was no chair, nobody took it; but SLAPHADJEE BEY, preferring the stool near the fountain, made a motion (with his finger) that the previous occupant should leave it. This motion did not fall to the ground for want of seconding, because the original mover seconded it with his foot; but the party most interested did. (Shouts of *Aftersun!*—May it do you good.)

The meeting smoked for two hours (the silence having been broken only by an uncivil wish, by one of the party, in reference to the tomb of the father of a tobacconist who had sold him some exceptionable *tom-bok*), after which—

SLAPHADJEE BEY opened the business of the day, by remarking—"Wallah Billah!" (*Sensation*.)

After a pause, of twenty minutes, the speaker resumed. *Allah kerim*, but we live in sharp times. Things alter every day. What once was new is now old. (*Applause*.) Everything must be as it must. You cannot get coffee out of charcoal, nor roasted mutton out of the hind leg of an ass. (*Applause*.) Whose dog was STEPHENSON, that he should teach the Faithful how to go on their journeys?

WOBBLEGAFF EFFENDI was of the same opinion as the last speaker, whose words, he said, were like the trickling of treacle from the bung-hole of a cask. *Backallum*, we shall see—the meeting should see; but these Franks talked like dragons. He had himself gone the journey which the Frank now proposed to go in his newfangled manner. He had crossed the sea—accursed be the days and nights!—in a Frankish vessel, at great cost, and his very soul had been turned round within him, until even brandy (*Sensation*), he meant sherbet, had lost its sweetness to his mouth. The land-journey had taken him weeks, and he had seen the faces of many moons, and now this STEPHENSON would perform it in a few hours! He would again remark, *Backallum*.

HOWLOF SKRONGER (a barber) had heard much talk of these railways. So far as he could learn, they exactly resembled the Gehenna of the Moslem, for you had flames and roaring sounds around you; the iron line on which you went was narrow as that of Al Sirât, and if you got off it, you went, as an American patient had told him, to eternal smash. (*Sensation*, and cries of "*Stafferillah!*"—*Heaven forbid!*)

LARRUPI MUSH had been told that the Franks allowed their wives to journey in this manner. This observation was the cause of considerable delay in the business, as the allusion to the wives instantly reminded every gentleman present of some anecdote-illustrative of the unworthiness of women, and the various narrations (interrupted for a short time by the hour of prayer) occupied a large part of the morning.

BOGAZ KISSALERI said that he had spoken with the man who had gone to the great Show, commanded by the King of England, in his new Palace of Diamonds. That man had told him wonders, and he rather believed he had heard lies, but they were pleasant as the jangling of the bells of Paradise. Concerning these railways, they were the work of magicians. If you entered them, you were stripped of your goods, much money was taken of you, and you were forbidden, under dreadful imprecations, to kindle your pipe. Thrust into a box, you sat on a seat harder than the nether millstone, and then a scream of a demon was

heard, and the box flew away of its own accord over the tops of mountains, and into the deep bowels of the earth. At last it stopped, and you were pulled out by soldiery; and those on whom ALLAH smiled in their birth, received back their goods, or, it might be, received the goods of others (but of less value); but to receive anything was the lot of few, the goods being the spoil of the magicians. Along the road stood fiends, with hands pointing the way in mockery, and these were usually children of those who had been scalded or roasted by the contrivances of the magicians—sons, in fact, of burnt fathers. Demons, with brass armour, and with eyes of carbuncles, larger than those of Solomon himself, rolled hither and thither on wheels, spitting white smoke, and whistling, and—

SLAPHADJEE BEY. Your face is darkened, O BOGAZ, the lyingest old man in Stamboul. Are we children? Have we drunk wine?

The preceding speaker intimated that, as far as he was concerned, no such luck had occurred.

SLAPHADJEE BEY. How, then, child of many pumpkins? Are we to believe that these English have demons in their service? Since when have they shown themselves conjurors, I pray you? Are we donkeys, and children of donkeys? Is not my dentist a Frenchman? may his wrenching irons and other extortions be accursed! and has he not spoken? These English are made fools in all waters. Here, and by the dogs of Athens, who were once our dogs, but are so no longer for their sins. Also, in the waters of France, where my dentist informs me—may his knives and his lancets enter into his own stomach!—no English flag dares be seen. Also in the waters of the South, where terrible black men, with spears a hundred yards long, even now pick them out of their ships before they can land. These English are *bosh*—nothing, nowhere: and who are you, with your lying wonders? Speak, son of stupefaction, and say at how many bottles of wine will you redeem your ugly feet from the bastinado, as my tongue hungers and thirsts to order you?

BOGAZ KISSALERI (*humbly*). Is it for me to stint my lord's drink, or say when it shall cease? Let the wine be brought: it is for him to cry when he hath enough.

SLAPHADJEE BEY. Your face is whitened, O BOGAZ, and shines like the moon. Enough of these railways. Let the door be barred, that scandal be not given to those well-meaning, but shallow persons, who, not reading Al Koran in a non-natural sense, deem wine prohibited to the faithful. *Mushallah*—Look alive! [*Door and Scene close.*]

PITY THE POOR BAILIFFS.



TALE of woe is not exactly in *Punch's* line; yet for once in the way, perhaps, our readers will put up with a narrative which is as brief as it is affecting.

The *Hampshire Independent* relates that,

"At Liverpool, a few days ago, three sheriffs' officers boarded the steam-ship *Baltic*, when on the point of sailing for New York. They stated that they were in search of an absconding debtor, and as CAPTAIN COMSTOCK refused to wait till they found him,

they were carried off, notwithstanding all their entreaties to the contrary."

Poor fellows! What must have been their suffering, in being thus severed from their wives and children! A bailiff must be more sensitive than another man to the misery of such a separation, from having been so often a witness of its attendant pangs. Think of the melancholy situation of three men of a calling peculiarly contemptible and odious in nautical eyes, friendless and helpless amongst a set of derisive sailors! Imagine the coarse jests which would probably be made on their features and their persuasion; if both the former and the latter—as is most likely the case—were Hebrew! Unthinking tars do not consider that the employment of a sheriff's officer is a necessary one: they regard as mere baseness the humility which is content to accept it. Children of Israel in the hands of the Philistines, may truthfully be considered to represent the case of these unfortunates; they were as the over-eager hawk that has imprisoned itself in the hen-roost; or the owl caught in the sunshine, in the midst of a flock of sparrows.

MOTTO FOR THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—"*Vive La Ligne.*"



THE CITY BRIGANDS.

IN yonder cart advancing,
A load of Wall's End Coals behold!
Quick by the head the horses hold,
Till we have got the gold.
'Tis vain the horses prancing;
To find the money don't be slow;
Not a coal we allow to go
Till we are paid, you know.
Diavolo!
To every man thus meeting
We always are repeating—
The money, oh! the money, oh!

But while we thus abuse them,
Let justice still at least be done;
Out of the City we get some fun,
With many a jest and pun:
We can't afford to lose them.
But while they take exacting tolls,
We, whose wit the world controls,
Must haul them over the coals.
Diavolo!
Of the City it truly may be said,
Of *Punch* it has a wholesome dread.
Diavolo!

A COUP D'ETAT IN THE STRAND.



ALTHOUGH no admirers of *coups d'état* in general, we really should not be sorry to see a *coup d'état* effected in the Lowther Arcade, by the beadle or President. We are sure that public opinion would second that rather seedy officer, if he were to seize suddenly on absolute power, for the purpose of putting down the barricades which block up that almost nominal thoroughfare. Let him at once dissolve the assembly at the cheap china shops. Let him silence those opposition organs which are always making themselves heard at the gates; and let him serve the true

cause of order, by insisting that the customers should pass on after having given their orders to the shopkeepers. We do not see any quarter from which hostility could be apprehended, as long as the executive has in his hands the whole power of the staff, which has often

struck terror—and something else—into the hearts and jackets of the juveniles. The barricades of omnibuses, coal-wagons, and other articles placed along each side of the Lowther Arcade, may promise sport to the juvenile, but they may be death to the elderly gentleman who tumbles over them in a vain effort to find a thoroughfare. We fear that nothing but a head-lish *coup d'état* can effect the object desired.

Amusements of the Season.

WE understand that MR. BRIEFLESS and MR. DUNUP have paid a visit to the Polytechnic to witness the practical illustration of the rotatory motion of the earth; for it is their only chance of seeing things come round.

A WORD FOR OUR JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER.

WHATEVER LORD PALMERSTON's foreign policy may have been, so long as it lasted we have avoided war. We wish his successor in the Foreign Office could be bound over for as long a period to keep the peace.

The very best Joke of the Season.

TO BE SOLD, IMMEDIATELY, the person who reads this paragraph.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We beg to suggest to the friends of the boa-constrictor, that if the poor creature, since swallowing the blanket, suffers much pain, a counter-pane might be tried as a remedy.

THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT.

THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR—(according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*)—has just performed an act of princely condescension; he has given to the bride of the PRINCE OF SAXE-WEIMAR, who a short while since married our DUKE OF RICHMOND'S daughter, the title of "COUNTESS OF DOMBERG." And for this courtly reason; the lady not being of princely blood "she could only be married morganatically, or with the left hand," and cannot—at least in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar—receive the title of Princess.

We may not in these columns enter upon the arguments of old schoolmen, who have some of them contended that EVE was formed from the right rib, and others from the left, of ADAM: no, we will not pause upon this contest of dexter and sinister; neither will we attempt to club in with the third party (peacemakers though they be) who have suggested that the text might bear the more enlarged interpretation, embracing a little of either side. Nevertheless, we may be permitted to suggest an extension of the morganatic or left-handed principle to other social contracts save that of marriage. If adopted, it might be of great convenience to tender consciences.

Why should not Kaiser, King, or President be allowed to take a morganatic oath to a constitution, holding up his left hand, or with it holding the Book?—So that, time and convenience serving, the oath might cease to be binding.

We would also have a lower fine for morganatic offences. And whereas it may now be charged a pound to deal a blow with the right hand, the assault should pass for half the money, if committed with the left.

Again: if a man accept a bill with his sinister hand, he should only be liable to pay 10s. in the pound; the penalty of the whole amount being only reserved for the dexter fingers.

We might enlarge upon the theme, multiplying instances and illustrations. But we end with a brief suggestive query. Why should matrimony be made a left-handed matter for German princes, and not for the world in general? Have they one side better than the other? Twelve ribs of common matter—twelve of silver; German silver? If the anatomists and heralds will prove this, then they may be allowed to take left-ribbed wives: bone of their bone, but not metal of their metal.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A MARRIED MAN.

1. Not going to sleep after dinner!
2. Never going anywhere in the evening, excepting "to the Club!"
3. Always being good-tempered over the loss of a button, and never wreaking his vengeance on the coals if the dinner isn't ready exactly to a minute!
4. Never finding fault with his "dear little wifey," if she happens to be his partner at whist.
5. Not "wondering," regularly every week, "how the money goes!"
6. Resigning himself cheerfully, when asked to accompany his wife on "a little shopping!"
7. Insisting upon the servants sitting up, sooner than take the latch-key with him!!!

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A MARRIED WOMAN.

1. NEVER having "a gown to put on," when invited out anywhere.
2. Always being down the first to breakfast! always being dressed in time for dinner! and never keeping the carriage (or the cab) waiting at the door a minute!
3. Not always having "delicate health," about the autumn, and being recommended by her medical man "change of air" immediately!
4. Keeping up her "playing and singing," the same after marriage as before!
5. Giving her husband the best cup of tea!
6. Never making the house uncomfortable, by continually "putting it to rights!"—nor filling it choke-full with a number of things it does not want, simply because they are "BARGAINS!"
7. Never alluding, under the strongest provocation, to "the complete sacrifice she has made of herself!"—nor regretting the "two or three good offers," which she (in common with every married woman) had before she was foolish enough to accept *him*!!!—and never, by any accident, calling her husband "A BRUTE!!!"

A Settler for the Cape.

LORD HARRIS, it is said, is to proceed to the Cape to supersede SIR H. SMITH. The Kaffirs have been harassing us for a long while; and everybody says it is now high time for us to HARRIS them.

HINTS FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

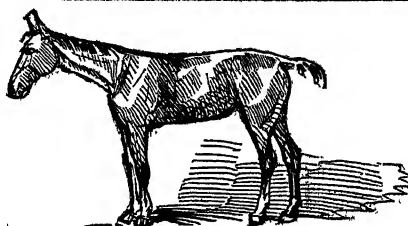
TENDING TO THE REFORM AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE ARMY.

THE following hints towards the more effectual arming and equipment of the British soldier will, it is hoped, not be lost on Head Quarters; if those quarters contain as much brain as they are commonly presumed to be endowed with.

In every engagement, superiority depends upon weight of man and metal; it is therefore of more consequence to load the soldier than the musket, though the latter should be rendered as heavy as possible: accordingly, it might be made six pounds heavier than a fowling-piece, instead of three; and the weight an infantry private marches under should be increased from 60 lbs. to 1 cwt.

The British soldier is surest to earn his laurels in fighting hand to hand, and foot to foot: On this account it is desirable to encourage him to come as soon as possible to close quarters. With that view, so that he may be induced to depend little on his fire, our army muskets are made much wider in the bore, in proportion to the size of the bullet, than they would be, if they were intended to carry straight; and hence, the range of the same piece, with the same charge, and the same aim, varies by some fifty yards. The trigger, also, is made so hard to pull, as to render the soldier unable to draw it with a steady hand. A more efficient plan would be, to load the musket with powder only, and to return to the good old match-lock. Lead and gun-smithery would thus be saved, whilst we should retain all the real advantage of the English musket, which is simply to terrify the enemy. Without intending any offence to a gallant nation, we may say that the French troops, at Waterloo, were, by the firing, at least, of our men, more frightened than hurt.

Firing with powder only would require no skill; and the soldier would therefore no longer need to burn away yearly, in practice, some 30 rounds of cartridge: a quantity great enough to cost money, and too small to be of any use.



POWERFUL £25 DRAGOON, EQUAL TO 22 STONES.

With regard to our Cavalry, a most important alteration is recommended. A Light Dragoon, facetiously so called, weighs, accoutre-

ments and all, 22 stone, and rides a horse, of which the regulation price is £25. The charge of such a horse must correspond to his price, and must be considerably inferior to the momentum with which the rider would be borne against the enemy on his own legs. It is therefore respectfully proposed, that, instead of the horse carrying the man, the man should carry the horse. Hereby the cost, both of the animal and of his keep, would be materially lessened, as there would be no necessity for his being alive; and, in fact, this charger might be the sort of steed that the late JOHN REEVE and his forces used to be mounted on, in the once popular burlesque of *The Quadrupeds*.

We hope this idea of a horse will not be rejected because it is considered a hobby.



DICTIONARY, AS HE APPEARS WITH THE 22 STONE ON HIS BACK. WITH SUCH MEN, AND SUCH HORSES, WHAT CAN STAND AGAINST OUR CAVALRY?

Good Offices at Christmas.

SOME surprise has been expressed at the frequent holding of meetings of the Cabinet at this festive season. The reason is easily explained, when we remember that this is just the period of the year when families congregate.

THE BIRD THAT WAS IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.!

THE bird in Downing Street that heard of the pending resignation of PALMERSTON, and the same bird that, at the same time, chirped the news in the Cabinet of Vienna.



INTERESTING.

Lady. "I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILLS, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (!) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."

A SECRET FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

M. SALVERTE in his *Sciences Occultes* narrates a scientific anecdote that may be of service to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who is claimed by certain parties of the Red Republic as about to become, in due season, as red as themselves. Any way, the President may find the story worthy of his attention. There is peculiar significance in it, when considered in combination with the sausages and champagne that, devoted to the military stomach, found their way to the military heart.

Once upon a time, PROFESSOR BERRUSS, at the Court of the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, had promised that his dress should become *red*, and that *during a repast*. And this change, to the astonishment of the Prince and the guests, took place. Now, SALVERTE tells us how the trick was accomplished. Pour lime-water upon the juice of beet-root, and a colourless liquid is obtained; cloth dipped in this liquid and quickly dried, becomes *red* in a few hours by the current of the air alone. But this effect is much accelerated in a room where *champagne wine* and other beverages, charged with carbonic acid gas, are abundantly supplied.

Punch respectfully presents this story to the consideration of the French President. We know what we are, says *Ophelia*, but we know not what we may be: hence, the story may be useful.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.

THERE is a book with the dangerous title of the *Pocket Lawyer*. We shouldn't like a book with this title much, for we are afraid that if we once got the *Lawyer* in our pocket, we never should be able to get him out again.

DON'T STRIKE, BUT HEAR!—Undoubtedly the most inconvenient time for the operatives engaged in a foundry to strike, is—when the iron's hot.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CHRISTMAS.

I FEEL quite beaten,
Such lots I've eaten
Of every meat in
Good Christmas cheer;
And have, unthinking,
So deep been drinking,
As there's no blinking,
Wine, punch, and beer.

I dared the gout, and
Drank healths about, and
The Old Year out, and
The New Year in.
And now all's ended,
My strength's expended,
I feel distended
All o'er my skin.

My head is aching;
My hand is shaking;
This comes of taking
Too much, you see;
And I've a notion
Blue pill and ocean
Of sable potion
My draught must be!

Clerical Mrs. Bloomers.

SOME one—it does not much matter who—calls Puseyism "THE BLOOMERISM OF THE CHURCH;" for it is trying (he says) to put upon the English Church precisely the same ridiculous habits which Bloomerism is endeavouring to put on the female dress; and as the Bloomer costume borrows a little from the male form, and a little from the female, so is the Puseyite religion made up of a mass (in fact there is too much of the Mass) of Roman Catholic and Protestant forms, till you can hardly tell which is which.

MEAN JEALOUSY.

ALL the Leaders in the French newspapers are suppressed. This is mean jealousy on the part of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He will only tolerate one Leader at a time, in France—and that Leader must be, of course, himself!

TO BE LET, ON LEASE, (including the use of the fixture) the Monument on which PATIENCE sits.

PUTNEY NEW BRIDGE.

THE papers tell us that Putney and Fulham are to be bound together in the new bond of a new and elegant bridge. And we further understand that the BISHOP OF LONDON has, in the handsomest manner, offered to preside at the ceremony of opening the bridge aforesaid upon this most wise and Christian-like proviso;—namely, that double toll shall not (as at present, on the old and mercenary structure) be levied on Sundays. The Bishop very properly asks (or might ask), "Wherefore take a halfpenny on week days, and exact double on the seventh? Is there not the worst Sabbath-breaking (namely, that of extortion) in *two* Sunday halfpence instead of the working-day *one*?"

The North-West Passage.

WE are not usually very savage in our desires, but we really are beginning to wish that a bull, or two, from Smithfield would trot through the Lowther Arcade, now and then, for the purpose of opening, and keeping open, the trade in china.

QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE.

SOME surprise having been expressed at the appointment of an incapable person to an important situation, for no other reason than his family connections. It was urged in defence of his nomination that, "though he might have no abstract pretensions, his relative merits were quite undeniable."

OBVIOUS.

"ELECTION," DR. JOHNSON tells us, is a synonyme for "choice." But, in LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Political Dictionary, we find the significant addendum—*Hobson's understood*.



SOUND ADVICE.

Master Tom. "HAVE A WEED, GRAN'PA?"

Gran'pa. "A WHAT! SIR?"

Master Tom. "A WEED!—A CIGAR, YOU KNOW."

Gran'pa. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. I NEVER SMOKED IN MY LIFE."

Master Tom. "AH! THEN I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO BEGIN."

THE LAY OF THE ARTICLED CLERK,

ON THE ARRIVAL OF HILARY TERM.

TELL me not th' Examination
Is a vain and idle form;
Failure will be ruination,
Wrecking hope without a storm.

To the questions that they ask me
Let me not reply in vain;
Cruel 'tis to overtask me,
And oppress my feeble brain.

Should they speak of an attainder,
What in answer can I say?
If they mention a remainder,
Heart-sick, I must turn away.

Talk to me of civil action,
Brought in ordinary Court,—
Of accord and satisfaction,
I shall answer as I ought.

I have been a midnight reader,
When the moon upon us looks;
I became a special pleader
By the aid of learned books.

OVER STEPHEN I have pondered,
Till my head began to reel;
How I stood I've often wondered,
Whether on my head or heel.

Great the labour, small the pity,
For they held my anguish cheap—
When, upon a page of CHITTY,
I have fallen off to sleep.

'Twas enough to grieve and shock me,
When they sneer'd at legal schools;
Heartlessly they came to mock me,
Calling lawyers rogues or fools.

Ha! ha! ha! my senses fail me;
But I'm better,—aye and betterer—
For I've passed! and now they hail me,
Gentleman, one *et cetera*.

"THE HEAD AND FRONT" OF A WOMAN'S "OFFENDING."
—Appearing at the breakfast-table in curl-papers!

THE HORRORS OF CHEMISTRY.

To Mr. Punch.



OR goodness sake, *Punch*! just read the frightful things in the *Morning Post*, in the account of a chemical lecture by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR. What do you think DR. PLAYFAIR says? He declares that—

"The offal of the streets, and the washings of coal-gas re-appear, carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle."

"How very nasty! But what follows is worse:—

"Or are used by her to flavour blanchmanges for her friends!!!"

"I am sure I never did such a thing, I said, when I had read this; but how shocked was I at learning from our medical man that such was really the case, for that essence of bitter almonds is, in fact, prussic acid, which is prepared from the remains of all sorts of animals. Dreadful as this idea is, however, it

falls short of that which comes next—stated in the coolest off-hand way, with all the *sang froid* of a disagreeable philosopher.

"This economy of the chemistry of Art is only in imitation of what we observe in the chemistry of Nature. Animals live and die; their dead bodies, passing into putridity, escape into the atmosphere, from whence plants again mould them into forms of organic life; and it is these plants, actually consisting of a past generation of ancestors, that form our present food!"

"What a horrid man he must be, that DR. PLAYFAIR! I declare, now I know what there is in the air, that were I not obliged to breathe it, I would not touch it; and I shall never be able to taste the most

delicate vegetable without a shudder. I used to think I should be fond of chemistry, but now I see what a shocking science it is, I quite hate it. It discloses such unpleasant secrets, that they had much better have never been discovered; ignorance of *such* matters is truly bliss, and it is folly, indeed, to be wise, on subjects of so appalling a nature, a knowledge of which is calculated to entirely destroy one's appetite—U-u-u-ugh! I fear I cannot adequately spell the word to express my feelings; but pray, *Punch*, excuse my orthography, and do me one favour. I am going to make a strange request for a lady; but do, there's a dear soul, use all your influence to get the proper authorities, whose business it is, to put in force the *Intramural Interments Bill*, which I believe is a law for preventing burials in the midst of our dwellings; and also the Acts of Parliament with regard to *draining*; for really I should be glad to breathe a little of 'a past generation of ancestors,' and other 'dead bodies,' &c., as possible. Pray see to this, and you will be a duck of a *Punch*, and I shall remain your ever constant and grateful subscriber,

"Belgravia, Jan. 9, 1852."

"ANGELINA."

"P.S. My good-for-nothing husband has just come in, and when I showed him this letter, his remark was, 'Now you see, dear, the truth of the saying, that we must all eat at least a peck of dirt in the course of our lives.' Oh! I declare he is as bad as DR. PLAYFAIR."

The Crown Jewels of the City.

To commemorate the acquisition by the Corporation of London of the privilege of levying a tax upon coals, it is proposed that the LORD MAYOR'S Cap of Maintenance shall be decorated with black diamonds, which would be the brightest jewels of the civic Crown.

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

THIS is literally true in a street near Trafalgar Square, for the Baths and Wash-houses there are next door to a Chapel!

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE PET IS LOST, AND MRS. BAKER GOES IN SEARCH OF HIM, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF JAMES SPRIGGLES.

SCENE 5.—MR. BAKER has gone to the City. MRS. BAKER is surprised that SCAMP does not make his appearance as usual.

Mrs. Baker. Dear me, how very odd! SCAMP hasn't come to bid me good morning to-day. Perhaps MR. BAKER met him in the passage, and kicked him: he's capable of it. I'm sure a man so altered as BAKER, I never did see! (Rings.) Yes; I suppose it's some speculation or other he's mixed himself up with in the City; and then he lays everything on that poor dumb animal.



Enter SPRIGGLES, looking hot and sad.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, JAMES! where's SCAMP?

Spriggles (struggling with the melancholy tidings). Well, 'm—SCAMP, 'm? Why, please, 'm, we 'aven't none on us seen anythink of 'im to-day, 'm.

Mrs. Baker (alarmed). Not seen him, JAMES?

Spriggles. No, 'm, nor 'eard him last night, 'm.

Mrs. Baker (with growing disquiet). Good gracious me! Have you been into the Row, and to the butcher's, JAMES, to inquire?

Spriggles (firmly). I've been everywhere, 'm, and nobody hasn't seen nothink of 'im, 'm; and it's my belief, 'm, he's been and got stole.

Mrs. Baker. Oh dear, dear—stole! But there are no dog-stealers hereabouts, JAMES?

Spriggles (unblushingly). I never knowed of none, 'm, but I've 'eard tell of such things; wich there's one CHALKER, as 'elps about our Guv'nor's mews—'e knows a deal about 'em—'e's so fond of dogs, 'e is.

Mrs. Baker (catching at the straw). Oh, then, perhaps if we asked him, he might be able to find out for us?

Spriggles (simply). Well, 'm, I shouldn't wonder.

Mrs. Baker. And I should be so much obliged to him.

Spriggles. Yes, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. And if he could only get him back for me, I'm sure any expense he was put to—

Spriggles. Yes, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. Do you know, JAMES, I think I'd better see him.

Spriggles. I'll ask him to step down, 'm, from the Guv'nor's.

Mrs. Baker. Well, but hadn't I better go up to him at once, and tell him what SCAMP was like?

Spriggles. Oh, bless you, 'm! 'e knows the dog well enough, seeing on him with me.

Mrs. Baker. But if I could see him, he would feel how anxious I was, and that would make him do his best to find out, you know.

Spriggles. Very well, 'm, you can see 'im if you like; but I don't know if he's at the stables.

Mrs. Baker. But, perhaps, you know where he lives?

Spriggles. Oh, yes, 'm, I know; but it's a queerish place for a lady to go arter him.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! I don't mind; I'm so anxious no time should be lost. So, if you'll get your hat, JAMES, I'll put on my bonnet and shawl, and we can walk down at once. But you think he's likely to know?

Spriggles (violently keeping down a grin). Well, 'm, I think he's likely nor anybody—he knows about most dogs.

Mrs. Baker. Then we'll go at once.

(Exit MRS. BAKER to put on her bonnet and shawl.)

JAMES SPRIGGLES executes a brief dance, expressive of exultation, mingled with contempt.

* * * * *

[MRS. BAKER, guided by JAMES SPRIGGLES, has visited the Mews, and has had the pleasure of an introduction to SPRIGGLES, sen., an odoriferous person, in a short head of hair, garnished with straws, pendant breeches, a seal-skin waistcoat, and high-lows. MR. SPRIGGLES, sen., condoles deeply with MRS. BAKER, but cannot assist her. CHALKER is not at the Mews. They have, therefore, proceeded to his house.]

The SCENE changes to the abode of WILLIAM CHALKER, commonly called "SWEET WILLIAM,"—whether from the sweetness of his disposition, or the atmosphere of anise-seed which pervades him, is doubtful. The room is small, and is surrounded by ferret-boxes, wire rat-traps, pigeon baskets, a cage with a polecat, a fancy pigeon on a nest in an old drawer, two glass cases with stuffed bull-dogs, of preternatural brutality of physiognomy, a pen with game-cocks, several hutches of fancy rabbits, and a breeding cage full of goldfinches. Its occupants are, WILLIAM CHALKER himself, a thick-set man of fifty, with a smooth head, inclining to protuberance behind, large whiskers, a broken nose, and a thick neck, dressed in a suit of very shiny velveteen, with sporting buttons, a bird's-eye handkerchief knotted round his neck, white stockings, and ankle-boots. He is quietly enjoying a pipe, and contemplating his family, biped and quadruped. MRS. CHALKER is invisible. Several MASTERS and MISSES CHALKER are disposed about the room; some engaged in domestic duties towards the birds and beasts; the youngest teaching some bull-dog puppies to fly at each other's throats. There are several dogs about the room, which, as MRS. BAKER enters with SPRIGGLES, set up a furious barking.

Chalker. Down, bitch—'old your row, CRIBB—will yer now, some of yer! (He distributes a liberal allowance of kicks among the dogs, who mitigate their bark into a growl. Two silent bull-dogs approach MRS. BAKER.) Come back, BILLY! 'ere, 'IDY!

[The bull-dogs retire, disappointed. CHALKER rises respectfully, and lays aside his pipe, recognising SPRIGGLES.]

Spriggles. Oh! it's MRS. BAKER, BILL—our missus—as has lost a favourite dog, and I thought you was likeliest to be able to find out for her if he's been took.

Mrs. Baker (eagerly). And I'm sure, my good man—Good gracious! what's that? (A tame ferret appears from under her petticoats.) Ugh!

Chalker (calmly). He won't bite, 'm; 'is mouth's sowed up.

[The young CHALKERS enjoy MRS. BAKER'S alarm.]

Mrs. Baker. Thank you. I was only going to say, that I'm sure if there's any expense—Oh, dear me! (a fancy pigeon having settled itself on MRS. BAKER'S shoulders, begins to coo pleasantly.) Oh! there's something on my shoulder.

Chalker (savagely to the young CHALKER, to whom is entrusted the pigeon department). Now, JIM, you'll be a ketchin' somethin, if you lets them birds out agin, mind yer!

[The young CHALKER silently catches the bird, and replaces him in his basket.]

Mrs. Baker. I was saying, if there was any expense—

Chalker. Well, 'm, there's like to be that, 'm, 'owsumever. When did you lose him?

Mrs. Baker. He was a handsome dog—a spaniel.

Chalker (interrupting). I knows the dawg, 'm—arf-spannel, and the rest cocker-lurcher, bull terrier, and a touch of the plum-pudding dog (winking at SPRIGGLES). Well, he's quite a fancy dawg, missus, there's no doubt of that. But when did you lose him?

Mrs. Baker. Last night, we think; at least he was there when I went to bed, and we never heard him or saw him after.

Chalker (passing his hand over his chin, thoughtfully). Ah! Yes!—that'll be it; they're werry sweet on 'em in France, now.

Mrs. Baker (puzzled). Eh?

Chalker. On them sort of dawg, 'm. 'That dawg's worth five pound to CARROTS JOE—that's the man as speckelates in 'em, Marm, aboard the Oastend, or Antverpun, or the Bulone;—five pound, if he's worth a penny.

Mrs. Baker. Then do you think he's gone to France?

Chalker (shakes his head doubtfully). That depends on who it is. All hasn't got a connection like CARROTS; and then there's his tail, 'm, might be in the way.

Mrs. Baker (still more puzzled). His tail?

Chalker. And his ears? Let's see. I think his ears wasn't boned, 'm?

Mrs. Baker (quite at sea). Boned?—His ears?—I don't understand.

Chalker. You see, 'm, if 'e's took for France, wich I know CARROTS 'as been 'eresabouts lately, 'e'd 'ave to 'ave his tail cut off.

Mrs. Baker (sadly, with much pain). His tail cut off! Poor thing!

Chalker. That ain't nothin'—the tail ain't; but bonin their ears is rayther 'ard.

Mrs. Baker (with a presentiment). Oh! but what is boning their ears? Chalker (in a business-like way). Why, you see, 'm, the beauty of these dawgs—leastways the furriners thinks so—is to 'ave the ears nicely flapped over, not cut, 'm, you understand, but lying over with a turn, like—so.

[He illustrates on the ear of a young KING CHARLES, which howls bitterly.]

Mrs. Baker (who feels that the KING CHARLES'S agonies are nothing to what SCAMP'S may be, perhaps, at this moment). Oh, don't! you're hurting the poor thing.

Chalker. Oh, bless you, that ain't nothing—it's the bonin' on 'em. Strong constitutioned dogs doesn't die of it; and if they lives, is as good as from two to five pounds on a dawg, in forrin parts.

Mrs. Baker (gradually realising the horrible details). But you don't mean to say they've taken that poor dog, and—

[She shrinks, with a sinking of the heart.]

Chalker. Well, it's werry likely they have, if it's CARROTS.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! but I'm sure if you could see them, and say the dog is a pet—

Chalker (shakes his head contemptuously). Bless you! there's the valley of the dog.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! but say I'll pay the value of him. I'll pay anything.

Chalker. Well, 'm, I could inkvire, any way, and see, and let you know.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, please do—directly!

Chalker. 'Cos I knows a party as I think might. In coorse, I don't know nothink about such coves myself.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, no!—they must be dreadful people, I'm sure; but if you only would inquire, MR. CHALKER, I'm sure I should be so grateful.

Chalker (chivalrously). Always 'appy to serve a lady, 'm, as is a lady.

Mrs. Baker. And whatever it costs—

Chalker. There'll be a sov'ran fust, Ma'am, to give the man as knows the party as can give us the office for CARROTS—that's the first thing.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, certainly! here it is, MR. CHALKER.

[Gives him a sovereign.]

Chalker. And then there'll be beer to stand to two or three parties;—must keep 'em in good humour, you know, Ma'am—arf-a-gallon or so—well, say five shillin' for beer, 'm?

Mrs. Baker (gives it). Oh, certainly! any refreshment.

Chalker (modestly). And then there's my day's work, in which I arns three-and-six, and won't charge you no more.

Mrs. Baker (forces a crown-piece into his reluctant hands). Oh, I'm sure that's little enough.

Chalker (overpowered with gratitude). Wich young SPRIGGLES, there, he can tell you, 'm, it's the truth, and as knowed me from a boy about the stables; and all I can say, is, 'm, that if you don't 'ave your dawg, 'm, it ain't WILLIAM CHALKER'S fault, 'm—for I loves the poor creturs.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, I'm so much obliged to you, you can't think—I'm sure I am. And when do you think you can let me know?

Chalker (doubtfully). Well, 'm, I don't know. "CARROTS" is a rum 'un to ketch; but next Toosdayas ever is—I think, 'm—if allvork straight.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, thank you!—I shall be so anxious! Good gracious, to think what that poor dog may have to go through! Oh, it's perfectly shocking!

Spriggles (solemnly). Ain't it, 'm—desp'rate?

Mrs. Baker. That it certainly is, JAMES. Good morning, MR. CHALKER. I'm really so agitated and so much obliged, if you find him.

[She makes her way to the door, followed by SPRIGGLES, amid various obstructions in the shape of bull-dogs, terriers, cages, hutches, young CHALKERS, &c., &c., &c. As they go out, SPRIGGLES turns and catches CHALKER'S eye. A wink of profound diplomatic significance is exchanged between them. The SCENE closes.]

A Pump-Handle for a Joke.

In consequence of the tendency of some of the Government Steamers to leakage, it has been proposed that every vessel should be compelled to carry out an additional pump. Perhaps, if each craft should be ordered to take out a Lord of the Admiralty, it would amount to the same thing. We are, however, fearful that the comparison does not quite hold, for every pump is supposed to have something to do with water—a qualification which a Lord of the Admiralty is not always required to possess.

PLUMAGE OF THE KING-VULTURE.

TYRANTS generally affect the purple; but the royal robes of the KING OF NAPLES are BOMBA—zine.

A CAUTION TO WORKMEN.

THE only Strike Workmen should ever be guilty of, is that recommended to all Englishmen in the song of "Britons, Strike Home."

OLD AND NEW BILLINGSGATE.

WHO can doubt the influence of architecture on the feelings and manners of a people? Fine buildings make refined citizens. We will not go to Athens in her glory for the profound truth of this fact; but take much more modern instances of the elevating verity. The cabmen on the Trafalgar Square stand have become pleasantly celebrated for the suavity of their manners and the lowness of their fares. And wherefore? Why, the refining beauty of the National Gallery has imperceptibly stolen into their minds, and elevated their morals. The soldiers who have done duty, standing sentry at the base of the York Column, Waterloo Place, shine conspicuously throughout the army, as human examples of the most conscientious dealing; as SUCKLING sings,—

"Owing ne'er a girl a kiss, nor e'er a knave a shilling!"

The Germans have called architecture a "petrified religion." Hence, should we wonder when a Dean and Chapter, influenced by the devotion enshrined in stone walls, consent to show their Cathedral gratis, foregoing the time-dishonoured charge of two-pence? However, we will add but one more example to the list of architectural moral triumphs, and that example shall be—Billingsgate!

Our worthy contemporary, the *Builder*, has become agreeably enthusiastic on "the new Market buildings." He also dwells with pleasant pride upon "the river wall of Haytor granite" and other glories of his noble craft, "suggesting notions of respectability, decency, and order." The frequenters of Billingsgate, says the *Builder*, "have, or rather, had a language of their own;" but the characteristic coarseness has departed, refined away by the spirit of architecture. We are fortunately prepared to bear witness to this truth, having, last week, upon a visit of inquiry to the Market, overheard an altercation between two females; vendors of fish. We give the dialogue as

A SPECIMEN OF NEW BILLINGSGATE.

Mrs. Jones (who has been pushed by Mrs. BROWN.) Well, I'm sure! Against whom do you think you're protruding?

Mrs. BROWN. Against whom, mem? Enquire of my elbow, mem.

Mrs. Jones. None of your flowers of speech—you canine animal!

Mrs. BROWN. Canine animal! Come, that is good—you with a countenance suggestive of cribbage.

Mrs. Jones. Cribbage! Well, if I'd the face of some people, I'd only come out with the feline species—and not then when the moon was lustrous.

Mrs. BROWN. The moon, mem! The moon! Let me tell you the moon has a man in it; and far as he is away, he'd turn his nose up at the bare notion of some people, mem.

Mrs. Jones. To be sure. Didn't he once turn his nose into next week, mem; and wasn't it at some person's fresh fish, mem?

Mrs. BROWN. Fresh fish! if you were not indefinitely below my notice, I might observe that I—yes, mem, I—was never up before the LORD MAYOR, for poisoning the Spectacle Makers' Company—every one of whom was blind for a fortnight—with muscles, mem.

Mrs. Jones. Muscles! You said muscles, you aggravating female!

Mrs. BROWN. Muscles! And what is more, mem, muscles picked from the copper stern of HER MAJESTY'S convict ship *Dreadnought*, every one of which had a penn'orth of metal in its inside, which, upon the oath of a chemist, has made the Spectacle Makers green from that day to this. There, mem! Poisoned muscles! What do you say to that, mem?

Mrs. Jones. Say! I have no hesitation in saying,—it is a scarlet hallucination.

Mrs. BROWN. If that is your opinion, mem, I shall, on the present occasion, content myself with merely observing that—you're another. But to return to muscles; I never fed oysters, mem, with hard pease, and then sold 'em to a Jew as oysters with real pearls from Indy in their stomachs.

Mrs. Jones. What I do, mem, I do above-board, without pretence; I didn't get a medal from the Humane Society for skinning eels in their sleep, mem!

Mrs. BROWN. No, mem! Nor, since you oblige me to utter my thoughts—

Mrs. Robinson (a friend of both parties) interferes. Now, my dear, good creatures, why fall out? Life is short: shall we have a drop of something to correspond?

Mrs. Jones. I bear no animosity, and will toss Mrs. BROWN for half-a-pint of alcohol, flavoured with the berry of the juniper.

Mrs. BROWN. With all my heart. You cry.

[Throws up a penny.]

Mrs. Jones. Heads!

Mrs. BROWN. My dear, it's quite the reverse.

Mrs. Jones. So I see; and so I've lost. Where shall we go? To the Grimalkin-and-Bagpipes?

Mrs. Robinson. No, my dear, they water and physician their alcohol.—The Chanticleer-and-Bottle for my money.

[Exeunt.]

"A MAKE-SHIFT EXISTENCE."—Making Shirts at Sixpence apiece!



Mr. —. "So, your NAME IS CHARLEY, IS IT? NOW, CHARLEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

Sharp Little Boy. "OH YES! BUT I DO, THOUGH."

Mr. —. "WELL, WHO AM I?"

Sharp Little Boy. "WHY, YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN WHO KISSED SISTER SOPHY IN THE LIBRARY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, WHEN YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS THERE."

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.

THE immense amount of specie—or wit of every species—in the coffers of the *Punch* Office is still the subject of general conversation; and though the issues of the *Punch* paper still far exceed all former amounts, with a tendency to increase, every demand continues to be honoured with a promptitude calculated to add, if possible, to the confidence felt by the public in the resources at command. The weekly publication, showing a constant augmentation of the values, causes a continual upward movement, and large sums are cleared by those who have speculated for a rise. A slight advance occurred in the lighter kind of witticisms, in consequence of the Government joker having come into the market with an order of a somewhat large amount, on account of articles for a well-known evening paper. The following is a sample of the average quotation of dry goods; any quantity of which could be had at a shade under the previous prices:—

"Why is NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE a good tenant?—Because of course he can pay rents (Corsican parents)!"

Literary Con.

A RATHER more ingenious conundrum than usual has fallen into our possession, and we hasten to publish it. Why are the Whig Ministers in office like human souls in WORDSWORTH'S *Ode on Immortality*? Because their

"Berth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

THE FLESH-POTS OF THE NAVY.

Go, talk to Lord Mayors and Nobs, d' ye see,
About rich turtle-soup, and all that;
Good wholesome salt junk and sea-biscuit give me,
And I won't fret for want of green fat.
I can live without fresh meat; but then, bless my eyes,
Sweet provisions it *won't* do to lack!
There's a set of land-lubbers that's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

You great folks that manage the vessel of State,
Whom the care of the nation employs,
Your duty can't do without dining off plate,
On all sorts of French kickshaws and toys.
We can weather the storm on the roughest of food,
If it don't wholly take us aback;
But a set of land-lubbers there's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

The true British seaman is not over-nice
'Bout the age or the sex of his beef;
How it came by its death he's not very precise,
Hoping 'twasn't by Nature's relief.
But offal and carrion is rather too strong,
And will make even a tar's patience crack;
And a set of land-lubbers there's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

I can't understand, any more than a fool,
Why they give a poor sailor such fare;
He fights like a lion, yet sure that's no rule
For feeding him worse than a bear.
But see how they victual a brave English crew,
To protect you on Ocean's wide track,
And the set of land-lubbers that's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

Your honours, who spare no expense for a meal,
Who lay out such a mint on your keep;
'Tis a fact that I wish you were able to feel
You may cater for sailors too cheap.
They're supplied with worse refuse, more filthy and foul,
Than a vulture or hound would attack,
Through that set of land-lubbers that's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

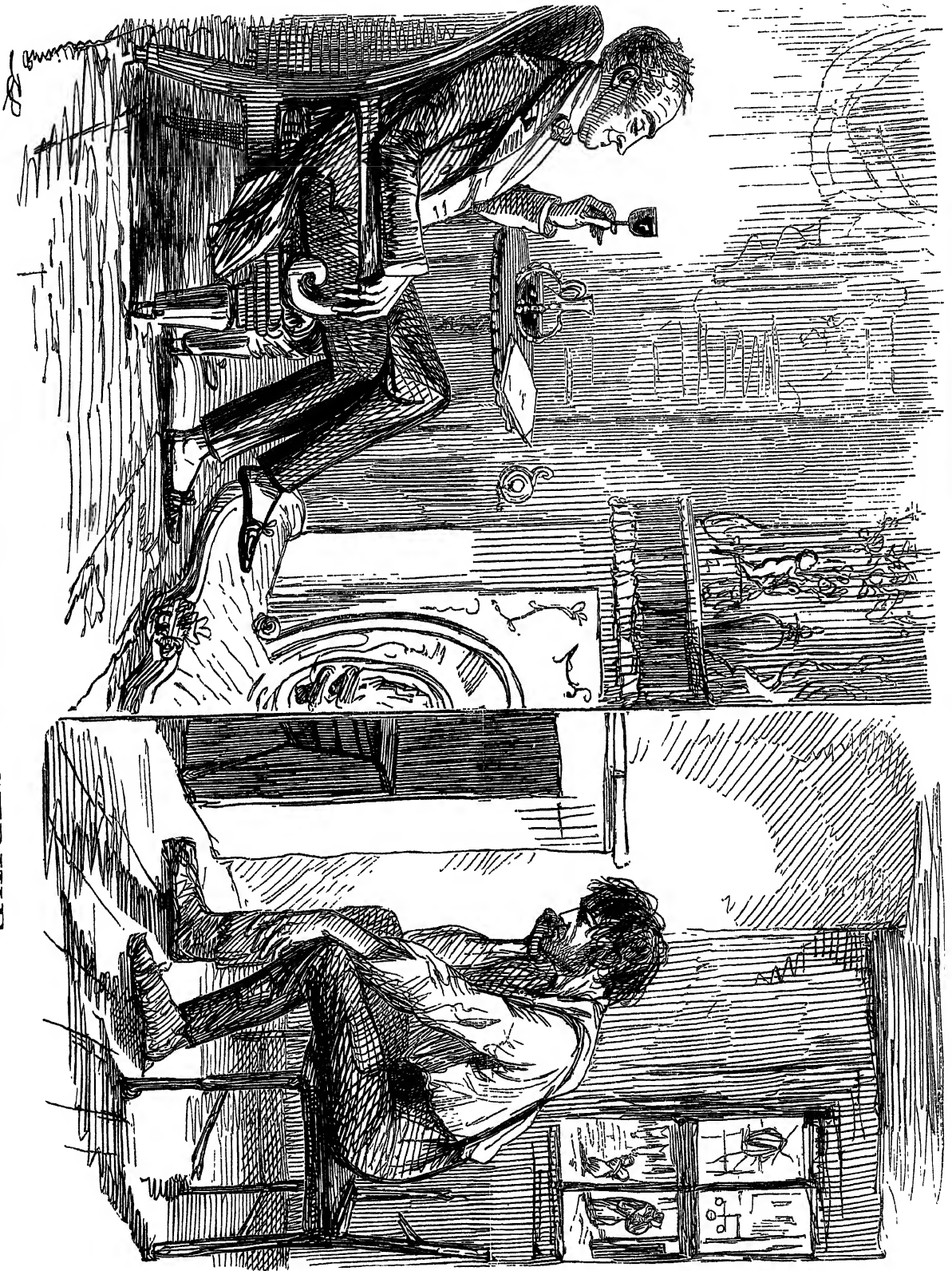
Lords, dukes, and high nobles, prize-cattle that rear,
Upon oil-cake, and turnips, and such;
'Tis a fine breed of seamen you'll raise upon cheer
That a hog would be sorry to touch!
Bone and sinew to mould other feeders require
Than a careless or niggardly pack,
Like that set of land-lubbers that's placed up aloft,
To look arter the prog of poor JACK!

HUMANITY OF FRENCH BULLETS.

SUWARROW was wont to say that the bullet was a fool, and knew not where it went; whereas the bayonet was a wise thing, understanding its mark. The French bullets fired in the late revolution are of another sort than SUWARROW'S despised lead: they must have been cast under the auspices of benevolent fairies, and commissioned to hit wicked people only. Houses were riddled by musketry—bullets were poured into knots of dozen passengers; and yet, upon the official return, we find that "only ten innocent persons were killed!" "There: what think you of that?" cry certain journalists. "Only ten innocent victims?" Our answer is—we think the number shows the liberality of the PRESIDENT. Seeing that he had the ordering of the return, "ten" must be considered handsome. It might have been one; or—none.

A MELANCHOLY REFLECTION.—A very young placeman was heard to remark, "How very soon one grows GREY in the public service!"

HUSHABY BABY.—France is enjoying its LITTLE NAP—!



UPON THE CAPITALIST

AND

UPON THE WORKING MAN.

FRENCH COCKS AND FRENCH EAGLES.



SINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON has added to his glories; he has knocked the French Cock off his perch, and reinstated the French Eagle. The Cock that was heard at Antwerp, Isly, and, rejoicing the religious heart of Pio Nono, crowed an historic cock-a-doodle-doo in the Roman Capitol—*vice* Roman Geese, deceased—is now so much vulgar poultry. In France, the Cock has had his walk; there is to be no more dunghill scratch and strut; but henceforth, soaring and solar gazing. No more barley, but world-splitting thunderbolts!

Poor, cashiered Cock! The *Constitutionnel* squirts cowardly ink at him, degraded bird, plucked and dragged. Tells us that this same Cock, in 1848, had his head cut off—was, in representative brass—"decapitated on a great number of shakoos." Whereas, "the French Eagle may have been conquered, but was never humiliated." Never? No; not even when landed sea-sick at Boulogne,

and—taken captive—sentenced to feed on garbage at Boulogne slaughter-house. LOUIS NAPOLEON at Ham, and his half-plucked familiar at the *Abattoir*.

And now, LOUIS NAPOLEON, moulting for imperial feathers, disgraces the vulgar household thing, to promote the bird of the empire. Cocks cease to crow, and totally disappear. The French army that went to sleep, roosting upon one leg, wake at beat of drum so many eagles! They are no longer to stretch the neck for bloodless corn; are not to follow CERES, the farmer's wife; but are to look about them for lambs and hares, and joyfully acknowledge the shriek of BELLONA.

It is manifest that LOUIS NAPOLEON knows the human heart as it is wont to rub-a-dub under the blue serge of the French soldier. The Imperial President knows the gratitude that must flow upon him from the changed condition of every hero. Not a drummer but is elevated; yesterday he was a mere bantam cock; to-day, he is an eaglet of the sun. He scratched upon a dunghill; and now, from his eyry, he looks abroad upon a Land of Promise—that is, a Land of Pillage.

But, after all, can the Emperor-President—or President-Emperor—award to France a living eagle? Is it the true thing? Can it, upon its own vitality, soar and bear the thunder! We are justified in the suspicion conveyed in the query. For once upon a time, there was a subtle machinist—by name REGIOMONTANUS—who made a Wooden Eagle; and this bird, the Chroniclers tell us, was so like unto the living thing, that it flew forth, making a certain circuit, and at the happy moment, dropped a crown upon the head of MAXIMILIAN, then passing through the City gates, in holiday triumph.

Now, we more than suspect that this very Eagle of the President—seemingly, in full feather, and gazing upon the sun of France with the very brightest of glass eyes—is no other than the old wooden bird, curiously preserved, to assert the sometime luck of human accidents. It is wonderful how old things re-appear when they are wanted. A few nights since, LOUIS NAPOLEON went to the Opera, the performances further patronised by the bayonets of the line. Eagles there awaited him: eagles, preserved—we are assured of the elevating truth—from the days of BONAPARTE. Had LOUIS NAPOLEON required the bees of CROVIS, can there be any doubt of a supply of the living insect, in a direct line buzzing down to 1852?

Therefore, we can only accept the Eagle given by the present ruler of France to his grateful country, as a ligneous bird—a thing of wires and wheels; a bit of capital mechanism, that may serve its turn or two; but with no sustaining life; nothing to keep it up. A dead Eagle, even though in the clouds, and coming at last dumpishly down to earth, like the property Eagle of the play-house, when the man in *Der Freischütz* fires the enchanted bullet.

After all, the Cock is a more rational, a more pleasing emblem for a nation, than the aquiline bird of slaughter. The Cock is the trumpet of the morn; the herald of the life-creating, world-delighting sun. The Cock is generous; for, until made selfish by old age, he will, on the discovery of worm or grain, call his wives about him, show the prize, and strutting forth, magnanimously forego it; a fine lesson this for self-denying rulers. Besides, to the French nation, the Cock should have the most cheering of attributes. Is there not a Lion—a perfidious lion—on the British shore opposite? And is it not an old, old truth—enshrined in many stories—that when the Cock crows, the Lion trembles?

We submit the question to the cabinet (when found) of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Is not a crowing cock better than a wooden eagle? A living thing of the farm-yard of more account than an imperial dummy?

BROTHER JONATHAN ON OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

(From the *Buffalo Stockadoeger*.)

THAT beef-eating old coon, JOHN BULL, is like to be in a fix. He had better look out for squalls. He has had fair warning. SHAKESPEARE says there's a divinity that shapes our ends. That's how Nature made the tail of the rattlesnake. He lets you know he's a-coming your way, the rattlesnake does. He gives you notice to clear off. If he bites you after that, it's your own fault. Just so with JOHN BULL. If he's cotched napping, he'll have nobody to blame but his own self. Nature is uniform. She hoists danger signals wherever there's danger. You may read 'em if you've a mind to attend to 'em, which you had best have. Here's the French flag a-flying at this moment with the BONAPARTE Eagle upon it, larger than life. That's a danger signal to JOHN BULL. It means the Empire over again. It's a sign that LEWIS NAPOLEON intends to play old Scratch *da capo*. Well, what will JOHN BULL do if he is wise? In the first place, he will be civil; anyhow, you can fix it, he will lose money by quarrelling. What next?—always supposing he's wise. Well, everybody best knows his own concerns. If he's a goney, what he'll do is as plain as a speck of white on a nigger. He'll continue to arm his troops with muskets that shoot any way but point blank. He will persevere in mounting his dragoons upon old cab-horses. He will persist in building ships that won't sail, and steamers that won't act; in victualling them with meat in a state of decomposition; in underpaying his sailors, and doing everything that lies in his power to drive all the best hands out of his navy. And he'll take particular care to leave his coasts undefended in every spot likely to give an opening to LEWIS NAPOLEON, in case that possum should ever feel inclined to try a *coup de France* on the British nation. He will believe such an outrage impossible. He will let his self be talked over by his easy friends, who persuade him not to think of such a thing. Oh yes! he'll trust that a loafer who only upset the constitution of his own country, will stick at violating the law of nations. He'll rely on LEWIS NAPOLEON's honour, and his own good luck; he'll shut his eyes and stop his ears against every warning; he'll act like one of his own partridges, that puts its head in a hole, and there stands, thinking itself in safety, because it sees no peril, till presently down comes a poacher, and quietly puts a pinch of salt on its tail.

To a Rich Young Widow.

I WILL not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key?
Those silent notes of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends,
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw thy dividends!

The Trees of Liberty.

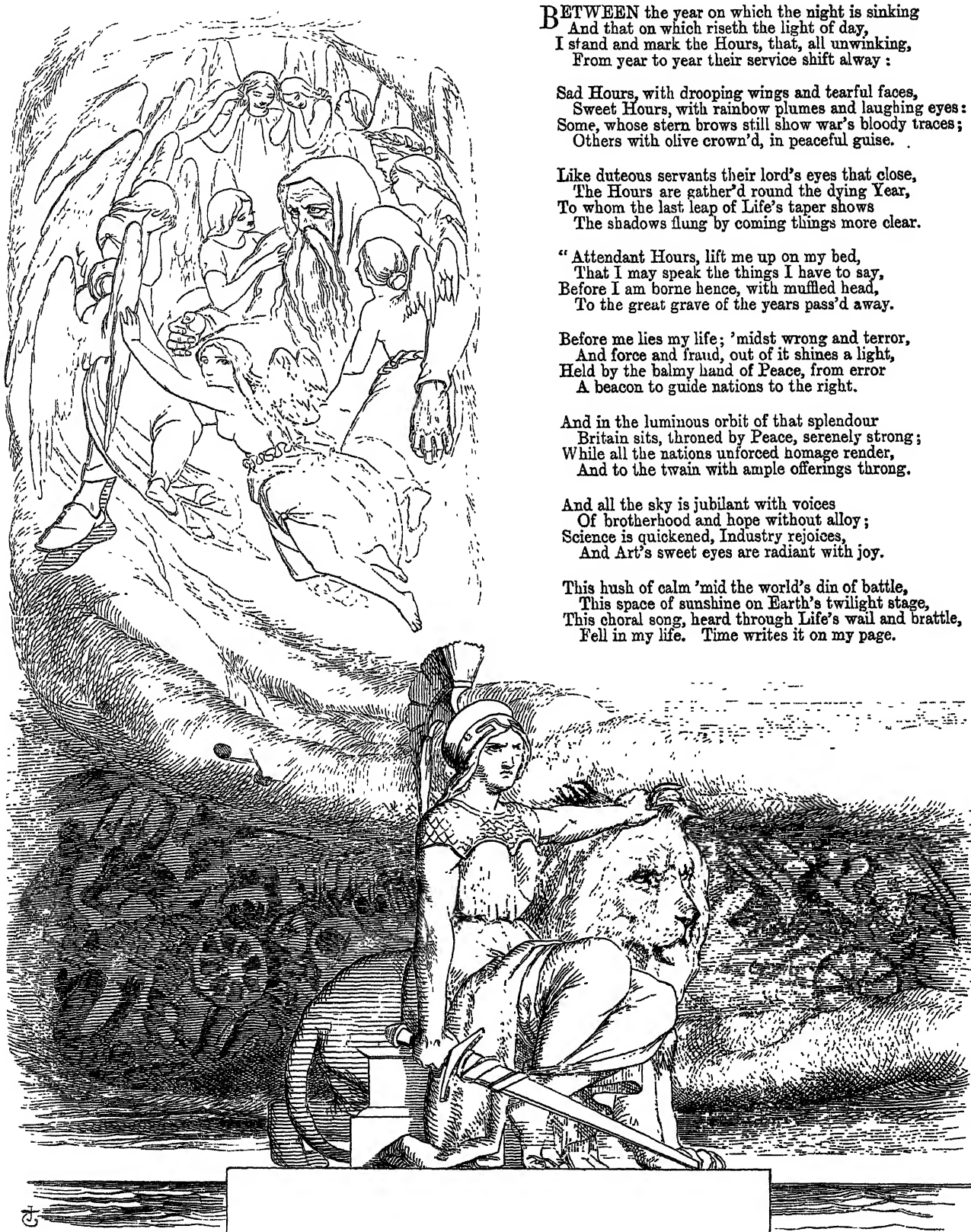
THE French trees of liberty are all to be cut down, and the wood given to the poor for fuel. Thus Frenchmen have liberty to—warm themselves.

THE BEST WARDS OF A LATCH-KEY.—Home-Wards!

AN IMPUDENT BIRD FANCIER.

STRANGE that LOUIS NAPOLEON should have such a predilection for the Eagle. The Kite, by all accounts, is the bird which he has been most used to flying.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT; OR, 1851 AND 1852.



BETWEEN the year on which the night is sinking
And that on which riseth the light of day,
I stand and mark the Hours, that, all unwinking,
From year to year their service shift alway :

Sad Hours, with drooping wings and tearful faces,
Sweet Hours, with rainbow plumes and laughing eyes :
Some, whose stern brows still show war's bloody traces ;
Others with olive crown'd, in peaceful guise.

Like duteous servants their lord's eyes that close,
The Hours are gather'd round the dying Year,
To whom the last leap of Life's taper shows
The shadows flung by coming things more clear.

"Attendant Hours, lift me up on my bed,
That I may speak the things I have to say,
Before I am borne hence, with muffled head,
To the great grave of the years pass'd away.

Before me lies my life; 'midst wrong and terror,
And force and fraud, out of it shines a light,
Held by the balmy hand of Peace, from error
A beacon to guide nations to the right.

And in the luminous orbit of that splendour
Britain sits, throned by Peace, serenely strong ;
While all the nations unforced homage render,
And to the twain with ample offerings throng.

And all the sky is jubilant with voices
Of brotherhood and hope without alloy ;
Science is quickened, Industry rejoices,
And Art's sweet eyes are radiant with joy.

This hush of calm 'mid the world's din of battle,
This space of sunshine on Earth's twilight stage,
This choral song, heard through Life's wail and brattle,
Fell in my life. Time writes it on my page.

But what is in the Future? Onward looking,
I see the light of Peace quenched in her hand;
Britain still sits, but sits alone, not brooking
Companionship of them that round her stand.

Her brow, that still to me was calm and clear,
Is gnarled and knit; and in her stalwart hand,
(Which wont for me the olive crown to rear,)
Behold! undrawn as yet, a mighty brand.

So sits she, hoping peace, but war not fearing;
While over-head looms a black thunder-cloud,
Out of whose bosom, to the startled hearing,
Come cannon-shot, and wail and war-cry loud.

She sees it creep from border unto border,
Sadly she marks the war within its womb;
But, trusting still in Free Speech, Law, and Order,
She sits in light, where all besides is gloom."

OUR CLUB-MAN.

The Fozzle Club, January 7.

TWO O'CLOCK, P.M.—It's all up. GRAHAM has been sent for—is to be made a peer; some say BARON PHILIBEG; some, the EARL OF CUMBERLAND. Title no matter—but the sending for is a fact—a "great fact"—as GENERAL BOLSOVER, five minutes since, with a blow upon the mahogany, and a purple countenance, vociferated.

THE REV. XAVIER POLYCARP—who has just been presented to the new church of St. Dimity—has come in; bland and smiling. Says with SIR JAMES in the Cabinet, we



shall really have religious freedom. Understands that DOCTOR WISEMAN has a banquet on the occasion.

2½ P.M.—JACK RUMPUS, of the Inner Temple—but then he will joke—brings news, that all the Ministers have resigned—forsworn their families—changed their names—and intend to appeal to the country on their anonymous merits.

GENERAL BOLSOVER, very purple, says he does n't believe a word of it. Strikes mahogany, and swears he should only like to catch 'em at it.

3 P.M.—THE HON. HARRY CULPEPPER says—if he is not egregiously mistaken—he has passed PALMERSTON on the Windsor Railway, going down. BOLSOVER declares, "in that case, Europe will be in a blaze; and France in London in a month."

3¼ P.M.—SIR BOOSEY GOTOBED has the best information that NEWCASTLE has refused all offers—GRAHAM will accept nothing—even GRANVILLE begins to tremble—DERBY intends to have a continual fit of gout—RICHMOND doesn't quite see his way;—and in conclusion, SIR B. G. asks, with a despairing look, "what is to become of this devoted country?"

MR. HAMPDEN STUBBS (he got into the *Fozzles* on the foundation, or never could have been admitted,) begs to ask SIR B. G. if it is his matured opinion that "the art of Government is any peculiar secret? Is it, like certain quack medicines, made a mystery to gull the ignorant and the unwary? As there is only one sun and one moon"—(continues MR. HAMPDEN S., putting his right hand under his waistcoat, in the approved platform fashion)—"one sun and one moon to lighten, comfort, and support the world—so also is there only one party, the Whigs—and another party, the Tories—to govern it?"

(GENERAL BOLSOVER, in his loudest manner, gives it as his private and confirmed conviction, that a man who would speak disrespectfully of the sun and the moon—he meant the two parties—was a Radical, and, with his will, should be brought to a drum-head court-martial, and shot, sir—shot!)

MR. HAMPDEN STUBBS (certainly not hearing the General) continues to ask—"if there is no such element in the nation as the people?"

(The General satirically calls for his luncheon—"Cold mutton and small-beer.")

MR. H. S.—"No such element as the people? Are we not in a con-

dition of progress? And are the people—he meant the men of the people—men like COBDEN and BRIGHT?"

(BOLSOVER, adding to his order, roars—"Two devilled kidneys!")

MR. H. S.—"Are such men to bear the mark of exclusion? Are they to be branded, like political CAINS?"

The REV. XAVIER POLYCARP, taking his hat, observes, in a meek yet firm manner, that "he has no wish to interfere with the political opinions of any person—however violent and slightly rabid they may be; but he must protest against an indiscriminate application of *that* name—MR. STUBBS must know the name to which he alludes—to any secular affair soever."

Well, then, MR. H. S. will ask—"Is England to be governed by a couple of families? Are we to be a realm of castes? Are the men of the people never to enter the Cabinet? Are Ministers to beget Ministers for ever and ever? He paused for a reply."

In which case GENERAL BOLSOVER, jumping to his feet, and beating the table, declares that MR. FUBBS or STUBBS shall have it. He (the General) has been in India; he knows what castes are; and the thing works well. A water-carrier begets a water-carrier—a tinker, a tinker—a priest, a priest—a lawyer, a lawyer; and so on to the world's end. And so it is with politics and Governments. Look at the Arab horses. What makes 'em what they are? Why, exclusiveness. What would become of 'em if you were to admit dray-horses, cobs, galloways? It's breed that does it. Don't high politics, like high noses, run in families? Wouldn't the blood of PITT—if you could get it—be the blood for a Prime Minister? It's all blood. Let ELLIOTTS and GREYS beget ELLIOTTS and GREYS for Downing Street—and COBDENS and BRIGHTS, COBDENS and BRIGHTS for cotton-mills. And that's all he has to say in the matter.

The argument of GENERAL BOLSOVER appears unanswerable, for it is now five o'clock, and I've not heard another word about the Ministers. The general opinion, however, is, that—but I *must* be silent for the present, and merely

Remain, Mr. Punch,

YOUR CLUB-MAN.

(*Private and Confidential.*) SIR H**** M**** has just seen one of the Ma**s of Ho**r; and tells me that a certain Illustrious Lady has not been in bed these three nights; but has sat up (with six wax-candles) watching the interests of our devoted country. I say nothing; but this I *must* say—*Vivat Regina!*

QUOD.

(According to "*Gent's Grammar*.")

QUOD is a noun substantive, meaning a *Prison*.—As, for example, the Queen's Bench is a Quod. The different cases of it—and they are generally very hard ones—are gone through in the following manner; though, if a person is wise, he will do much better to decline Quod altogether.—

<i>Nominative.</i>	Quod	A Prison.
<i>Genitive.</i>	Of, or belonging to, Quod	Six Months' Imprisonment.
<i>Dative.</i>	To Quod	Having given a Bill for a friend.
<i>Accusative.</i>	Quod	"Oh! what a Fool I've been."
<i>Vocative.</i>	O Quod	Owe £100, or more, as the case may be.
<i>Abiative.</i>	Generally wanting (money).	

There is no plural to Quod, as a person cannot be in two, or three, or more Quods at the same time; and it is supposed that when Quod has been through once, nobody would be so foolish as to wish to go through it again.

It is not known what is the origin of Quod, but it is strongly believed that idleness lies at the root of it.

Our Naval Progress.

THE Admiralty for ever! The other day, according to the *Times*, the MEGERA steamer

"Put into Plymouth in a thoroughly disabled state, unable to proceed with the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade to the Cape of Good Hope."

No doubt the Riflemen put back again as (see *Lempriere*) they took ship—in a FURY.

Food for Foreign Powder.

THE British troops are all picked men; but since they now-a-days neither know how to ride nor fire, or, if they do, have horses that won't go and muskets that won't carry straight, the circumstance in question will not appear until they get into action and are picked—off by the enemy.

Bather Equivocal.

A MORNING Paper, in an article on the Paris Exchange, says—

"On the Bourse, at the opening, a rumour had been artfully got up that the President had been fired at, and with such success as to have caused a fall."

Of which? President or prices?



BINKS MAJOR (OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD TROOPS) GOES TO SEE HIS "LITTLE BROTHER," WHO HAS JUST TAKEN ORDERS.

Binks, Minor, loc. "AH! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW A FELLA SAVES, WHEN HE GOES INTO THE CHURCH. I USED TO GIVE SNOBBINS THREE GUINEAS FOR MY BOOTS, AND NOW I GET THEM MADE FOR TWO POUND TWELVE."

Binks, Major. "BY JOVE!"

THE GREAT CAB NUISANCE.

WE have heard something of an Economic Cab Company with civil drivers and clean vehicles, but if they ever made their appearance, they were clean gone again before we became aware of their presence in the streets. To judge from the existing state of cab accommodation, we should say that a combination or company had been formed in accordance with a prospectus something like the following:—

METROPOLITAN MONOPOLIST CAB COMPANY,

For Supplying the Public with dirty and incommodious Cabs at about eighteen-pence a mile.

The object of this association is to force upon the public a bad and dear, as well as dangerous vehicle of conveyance, and to promulgate extortion by means of insult, in pursuance of the system at present only partially carried out.

The fare of the company's cabs will be as much as can be obtained per half-mile. Men of determined character only will be employed, and, by a system of mutual accommodation, the drivers will be expected to exchange their badges with each other whenever they meet; so that the vexatious system of summoning, on the part of the public, will be baffled, and eventually got rid of. No one will be received into the Company's service as a driver, unless he has been fined at least three times; and members of the prize-ring will, in all cases, be preferred. Though the profits on the mere fares may be calculated at about one hundred and fifty per cent., it is hoped that, by a judicious working of cracked or broken windows in the vehicles, a still further advantage may be obtained at the expense of the public, in the way of compensation for damage—and thus an old cab may be made to purchase itself over and over again. The projectors intend starting immediately with as many cabs as they can pick up, and the number will be increased to any extent that the public patience will allow.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

THE two parties in France—who are, the one for a King, and the other for a Commonwealth—are easily distinguished by the names of Monarchists and Republicans; but there is some difficulty in finding a denomination for those who are in favour of an Empire—unless we bestow on them the title of Empirics.

LATEST FUN FROM FRANCE.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

THE *Moniteur* publishes the following—

"DECREE."

"In the name of the French People.
"The President of the Republic,
"Considering that the expression of public opinion is altogether dangerous, and ought to be wholly suppressed,
"Decrees—
"That no Leaders shall henceforth be suffered to appear, except those appointed to military commands.
"That all Reviews are interdicted, saving those which may be held by the President.
"That, since whilst, on the one hand, it is undesirable to discourage Poetry, and on the other, verses often contain insidious allusions, the only Songs allowed to be published, shall be such as have been composed on the model furnished by MENDELSSOHN—that of Songs without words.
"The Censor is charged with the execution of these Decrees.
"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, Jan. 12, 1852.

"(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."



EARLY PUBLICATION OF A LIBERAL PAPER IN PARIS. Time—Four A.M.

Inconsistency in the English Character.

THE character of JOHN BULL presents strange anomalies. Appended to advertisements for servants we constantly meet with the intimation that

"No Irish need apply."

It is singular that we English, who are so fond of the Turf, should exhibit so very unreasonable a prejudice against a Race.

WOMAN'S HEART (*A Contradiction*).—Nothing can be so kind as a Woman's Heart, and less likely to inflict a blow; and yet, strange to say, it is never so happy as when it is beating.—*Young Spooney.*

THE APPROACHING SESSION.



OUR readers are informed that *Punch* has in preparation a Bill for the prevention of Cruelty to Quotations, which he means to bring in at an early period. The well-known tribe of quotations from the Latin Grammar and a few other sources have now suffered so long and so much, that advantage ought to be taken of a new session to come to some understanding respecting their better treatment. What can be more necessary than to take some steps about the following?

First of all, there is our very old friend, *Hinc ille lachrymæ*. Let honourable members make up their minds at once to let him alone. Nobody sheds tears on public occasions; why must we persist in this stupid and mendacious old formula?

Again, let us strongly suppress our ancient acquaintance, *Timeo Danaos*, and lay him up in honourable retirement. You don't fear the Greeks—on the contrary, you dun them with line-of-battle ships; and honourable members opposite are not Greeks, if you did.

Human nature can scarcely allude with patience to *Rusticus expectat*. The treatment of him is too bad; it is shameful. You are called on by every feeling of decency to refrain from meddling with him, for one session at least.

Quis tulerit GRACCHOS, &c., is infamously pulled about, 'also. Remember that the use of it is a libel on the GRACCHI, to begin with; and that there are no GRACCHI, either "opposite," or anywhere, within hearing.

It is pleasant to reflect that *Dulce et decorum* has enjoyed a tolerable immunity of late.

Parcere subjectis, &c., has the highest claims on your kind consideration. Don't drag him in, but act on the meaning of him, and spare your audience.

No good man will wantonly offend *Et tu, BRUTE*, in his grey old age, we feel sure.

As for *Quicquid delirant reges, &c.*, we foresee that in the present reactionary state of Europe, he is in great danger. We throw ourselves on your consideration.

Pallida Mors was once very much persecuted. As for *Tempora mutantur*, we are afraid that all the precepts of religion, and all the considerations of philosophy, are unable to protect him!

We hope that public indignation awaits the man who shall next dare to bring *Video meliora proboque* on the tapis.

We have no objection to a moderate use of the services of that sturdy old hack, *Requiescat in pace*, for he has a grave and hatchment-like sound, which tends to inspire decorous feelings.

But, with regard to the above-mentioned old hacks, we implore public compassion for them, and trust that our Bill will be heartily supported.

THE ADMIRALTY REVISITED.

By MR. PEYS his Ghost.

Jan. 12, 1852.—To the Earth and so to the Admiralty, to see how they do Things there, now that with Steam and Mechanics and Chymistry, and the Parliament and Government altogether so much reformed, such great Improvements I hear have been made since my Time; but good Lack! to see what a State their Affairs are in; and very little Alteration, if any, for the better in a single Matter: and in many much worse, and altogether all at Sixes and Sevens in horrid Confusion, mighty shameful. The *Megara*, setting out with Troops for the Cape War, but obliged to put back again, and it is thought that if she had gone to Sea she had foundered and lost all Hands, besides Stores and Ammunition, and SIR CHARLES NAPIER do say she could neither carry her Engines or Armament, and the *Vulcan* as bad, and also the *Sidon*, that after a thorough Refit at Portsmouth, and two Years in Port, did break both her Condensers, and so down, on her Voyage to Cork. In the Dock Yards continual pulling to Pieces and putting together again, especially of Steamers, through the Builders and Engine-Makers working apart, without ever so much as once conferring one with the other, which do seem a great Folly, and incredible, almost. But worst of all, the dreadful Conduct of the Victualling

Office, and to think of the Hubbub there had been in the House and the Country when I had the Office about such a scandalous Business, and thank Heaven we were chargeable with Nothing a thousandth Part so bad! At Gosport Victualling Yard 6000 of the Canisters of Preserved Meat for the Navy, in Store, discovered to be good-for-nothing, and worse, being all putrid, more or less, and not only that, but many, besides, filled with Parts of the Animal unfit for Food, and all Manner of Offal and Garbage too nasty to mention. The Discovery, as I learn, made through the Stench of the Provisions, which was so noisome it alarmed the whole Neighbourhood, and then at last the Board did order a Search, and so the Murder, for it is little better, out. But to think of such Villany and Roguery going on, as it did, ever since 1848-9, and Complaints made from the very first in vain, and that is how they do the QUEEN'S Service! And then to think of Ships on foreign Stations, or Voyages of Discovery, carrying such Stuff for Food, and in Extremity relying upon it perhaps, do make my Heart sick. The condemned Provisions ordered to be cast into the Sea, and taken out to Spithead, and so sunk, and the Sailors do say have killed great Numbers of Fishes. To Gosport, and did see and smell some of the Meats called "GOLDNER'S Preserves," which may be smelled a great way off, and do believe that if I had been a Mortal the Stench would have poisoned me. Back to the Fields, pleased with myself to compare the Office in my Time with what it have come to now: but sorry for the poor Sailors, and vexed at Heart to think how SIR W. BATTEN and PEN will triumph and hug themselves because their Successors are as indifferent and careless as themselves, though indeed not such Rogues. I do expect W. COVENTRY will be mighty grieved when he come to know what a Plight the Admiralty Business is in, and especially of this abominable Job of the Preserved Meats. And good Lack! to think of France in a Fever of Disquiet, with more than four hundred thousand Soldiers, their Fingers itching for Work, as they presently must be, and a Desperado Adventurer at their Head, who sticks at no Villany or Violence, and must, by and by, find them Employment; whilst here are we with our Dock Yards higgledy-piggledy, our Ships half unfit for Service, and our Seamen victualled with Corruption and Carrion; and, while the Country is beset with such terrible Dangers, this is the Way they serve the Navy!



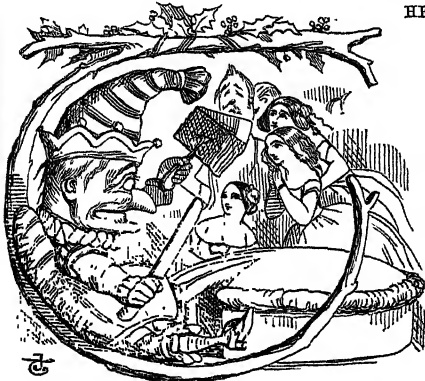
A NEW METHOD OF GIVING A GENUINE CHINESE FLAVOUR TO ENGLISH TEA.

They Won't Mend their Ways.

PARLIAMENT STREET is in such a disgraceful state, and is so full of mud and filth, that it really ought to have its name changed to that of St. Alban's Place; for it presents the dirtiest possible approach to the House of Commons.

A DESCRIPTION OF NIMROUD;

By One who paid his Shilling to go there.



HE View of Nimroud—which, after a lapse of nearly twenty-five centuries, MR. BURFORD has kindly presented to the world again in Leicester Square—may be compared to an historical potato-field, for it is full of diggings, and diggings into the Past, more valuable than any gold ones which have yet been discovered in California or Australia. It is not every day that a city, which has been buried upwards of 2400 years in the earth, is turned up

with the spade of an antiquarian. The "Barrow" (to make use of the technical term) that throws out so valuable a prize is richer than any gold mine. To test its real value, it must be shaken and sifted in no less a cradle than the Cradle of Civilisation itself!—that very cradle in which Nineveh, in its infancy, was rocked—but we are afraid that that cradle was destroyed long ago, when the Popes first attempted to rock the world asleep in it.

Talking of the Popes, one would imagine that Nimroud had been completely put under by a Papal Aggression, as it was intended, a short time ago, that England should have been—only it wasn't. All the temples are defended by enormous Bulls with human heads (crowns on the top of them, not unlike the tiara) and wings like those of *Zameel*. Our temples were to have been barricaded in a similar fashion; but the Papal Bulls, if they had any wings, made very good use of them by flying out of the country again as quick as they could.

The history of Nimroud was written, it seems, on the walls of the City. It is lucky that the History of England is not written in the same way, for it would soon be recommended to "TRY WARREN'S;" or else completely smothered in one of the sheets of JULLIEN'S tremendous posters!

These walls were mostly composed of large slabs of alabaster, each ten or twelve feet in height; and on these were depicted battles, hunts, murders, picnics, and other manners and customs of the ancient Nimrods. These drawings were not only "plain," but "coloured" also, in the most gorgeous colours. In this they only resembled the Nimrods of the present day, who love to compete as to who shall most distinguish himself with "the Brush."

There is another peculiarity about the houses of Nimroud. They have no windows. We are afraid, from this circumstance, that poor Nimroud laboured, as our English cities lately did, under a very heavy window-tax. This must have been all the more burdensome on the Assyrian inhabitants, as from the fact of their houses having no doors either, the Tax-gatherer could have walked in at any time.

We cannot exactly say whether the view of Nimroud is like or not, for we have never been there; but it looks like. At all events, it is extremely like to be popular. It is animated with Oriental groups, all alive with the brightest colours, that seem planted about the fields like rich flower-beds; and it has, besides, a number of bright tents, which remind one strongly of the Chiswick Gardens on a Horticultural Fête day; but there the resemblance begins and ends—for there are no prismatic parasols, no lovely bonnets, no enormous gooseberries, to embellish the beautiful scene!

But there is one great anomaly in MR. BURFORD'S representation, clever as it is, which we cannot help noticing. Every charity boy knows that Nimroud was under ground, not above it. Now, MR. BURFORD'S view is somewhere up in the attics, which gives one but a distant notion of an excavation. A painter's imagination is allowed, it is true, to take a high flight; but six flights are rather too many, we maintain, for the correct representation of a Digging!

However, we may be too fastidious. It is well known that the chase was a favourite pursuit of Nimrod's. So, perhaps, this tremendous chase up stairs was artistically thrown in as a little joke, by way of forerunner to the Panorama—only, of the two, we certainly prefer the Panorama.

A Brief Leader on the Preserved Meat of the Navy.

THE proverb, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," has been remarkably verified in the case of our contractors and our seamen. It is said that the fault lies in the nature of the metal of which the cases were made. Very probably. Most of the corruption in this world is produced by the Tin in it!—*The Weekly Obfuscator*.

THE PRACTICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

THE STEAK.

A.D.—"The Sea."

OF Steak—of Steak—of prime Rump Steak—
A slice of half-inch thickness take,
Without a blemish, soft and sound;
In weight a little more than a pound.
Who'd cook a Steak—who'd cook a Steak—
Must a fire clear proceed to make:
With the red above and the red below,
In one delicious genial glow.
If a coal should come, a blaze to make,
Have patience! You mustn't put on your Steak.

First rub—yes, rub,—with suet fat,
The gridiron's bars, then on it flat
Impose the meat; and the fire soon
Will make it sing a delicious tune.
And when 'tis brown'd by the genial glow,
Just turn the upper side below.
Both sides with brown being cover'd o'er,
For the moment you broil your Steak no more,
But on a hot dish let it rest,
And add of butter a slice of the best;
In a minute or two the pepper-box take,
And with it gently dredge your Steak.

When seasoned quite, upon the fire
Some further time it will require;
And over and over be sure to turn
Your Steak till done—nor let it burn;
For nothing drives me half so wild
As a nice Rump Steak in the cooking *spiled*.
If I've lived in pleasure mixed with grief,
On fish and fowl, and mutton and beef;
With plenty of cash, and power to range,
But my Steak I never wished to change:
For a Steak was always a treat to me,
At breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or tea.

ROASTED SUCKING-PIG.

A.D.—"Soots who hae."

Cooks who'd roast a Sucking-pig,
Purchase one not over big;
Coarse ones are not worth a fig;
So a young one buy.
See that it is scalded well,
(That is done by those who sell);
Therefore, on that point to dwell,
Were absurdity!

Sage and bread, mix just enough,
Salt and pepper *quantum suff.*,
And the Pig's interior stuff,

With the whole combined.
To a fire that's rather high,
Lay it till completely dry;
Then to every part apply.

Cloth, with butter lined.
Dredge with flour o'er and o'er,
Till the Pig will hold no more;
Then do nothing else before

'Tis for serving fit.
Then scrape off the flour with care;
Then a butter'd cloth prepare;
Rub it well; then cut—not tear—
Off the head of it.

Then take out and mix the brains
With the gravy it contains;
While it on the spit remains,
Cut the Pig in two.

Chop the sage, and chop the bread,
Fine as very finest shred;
O'er it melted butter spread—
Stinginess won't do.

When it in the dish appears,
Garnish with the jaws and ears;
And when dinner hour nears,
Ready let it be.

Who can offer such a dish,
May dispense with fowl and fish;
And if he a guest should wish,
Let him send for me!

GRIMALDI v. BREADALBANE.

OF all our Government ships there are none worse managed than the Censor-ship (and this, by the way, is no light assertion, if we are to include the *Megara* in our list). Almost daily there arises new proof of COMMANDER BREADALBANE's unfitness for his post. Almost daily we see fresh reason to fear that *his* will form no exception to the general rule of inefficiency observed in our governmental appointments. Not content with ever steering against the tide of popular opinion, he seems continually on the look-out for some remote rock or other for his unlucky "Ship" to split upon. Certainly, if his Lordship would deign to accept a "bit of our mind," we would advise him instantly to take a few lessons in stage-seamanship from MR. T. P. COOKE, or some other competent professor of the art. A man so little master of his craft is really a disgrace to the service.

We are indebted to the *Daily News* for an account of the latest theatrical piece—of work his Lordship has condescended to play the fool in. The "boards" last honoured with his tread were those of the Theatre Loyal, Marylebone. A scene in the pantomime of *Sir John Barleycorn*, it appears, was the magnet that attracted the censorial metal: a scene representing "The Drama at Home," in Windsor Castle, and one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE discovered, sitting (*et sit perpetua!* say we) at the feet of Royalty, at once the entertainer and the guest;—a scene, be it added, perfectly inoffensive in ordinary eyes, and nightly applauded by the thunder of ordinary voices.

But the eye of BREADALBANE, by some peculiar process of its own, of which it is hoped no one will disturb the patent, at once detected disrespect, disloyalty—nay, peradventure, even High Treason itself, furtively lurking behind that scene—all innocent as it seemed. And the voice of BREADALBANE was not as the *Vox Populi*: for the Breadalbanian wrath was roused; and, lo! on a sudden—SNIP! went the Breadalbanian scissors!

That we should forthwith be flooded with a Niagara of correspondence on the point, was a perfectly obvious and expected *sequitur*. From the proudly pre-eminent position we have assumed as the leading organ of the day in literary, political, social and general matters, we were, of course, naturally prepared for it. And we assure our correspondents, whose synonyme is Legion, that we most feelingly regret our inability to delight the universe with their very able and pertinent remarks. "The present crowded state of our columns" (to use a favourite editorialism) is at once our pride and our excuse.

One exception, however, we *must* make, in favour of a communication which reached us yesterday, through the Dead Letter Office. We were at first somewhat puzzled by the post-mark; but patience and an opera-glass at length enabled us to decipher, singly, the letters S. H. A. D. E. S. On cracking the seal, we read as follows:—

"DEAR PUNCH,

"*Elysian Fields, just after Cock-crow.*

"Anent this Censor—or rather, this In-censor of yours, for your dramatic danders seem to be terribly 'riz' about him—ELLAR and I have been talking it over together, and have come to the conclusion that the only way to get rid of his Lordship is (if it be possible) to show him something as ridiculous as himself. ELLAR suggests that our oldest jokes, and most recognised common-place-ities, should all be introduced with a politely ironic acknowledgment of his Lordship's "kyind indulgence" in permitting them. After this fashion, somewhat:

"The Change Scene: *Clown* jumps out of *Obdurate Uncle*: and after initiatory topple, advances meekly to footlights, and prefaces his Maiden Speech thus: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, By the express sanction of THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, HER MAJESTY's present Lord Chamberlain, I am most graciously suffered to observe that—(*relapsing into Clown's squeak*).

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!!"

"I rather think it would *tell*—eh?"

"Yours in the Shade—*considerably*,

"JO. GRIMALDI."

** We leave the proposed remedy in DR. FLEXMORE's hands—asured that his professional experience will enable him to advise his brethren how best to administer the dose. "Like cureth like," say the Homœopaths; and the prescribed treatment of his Lordship's absurdity will, we think, fairly test the soundness of their principle; "It's a long lane that has no turning"—and we trust that the old proverb may yet be verified in the Lord Chamber-lane.

Carrying it Out.

THE reader is aware that the French President has ordered the erasure of the words, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, all over Paris. And—consistent man—while taking *L. E. F.* from the public buildings, he has been careful, also, to take the *£. s. d.* from the Bank.

OUR BAROMETER OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

As the doctor ascertains the health of the patient by the pulse, so we are guided in our estimate of the health of the public by consulting its hand, as shown in our correspondence; and we regret to say that our report for the present week is not satisfactory.

The malady most prevalent during the last few days has been the Conundrum mania, which has broken out in numerous places; and some of the cases are so peculiar, that we cannot refrain from giving the particulars.

In the district of Sleepy Hollow, A. S. L. has laboured under the following:—

"Why are housemaids and gardeners sometimes idiots?—Because they mop and mow."

This is a very shocking case, but our district joker tells us, that the afflicted person lives immediately over a comic-song shop, to which fact his present condition must no doubt be attributed.

Another sad case of Conundro-mania has been brought under our notice in quite another quarter; but we have ascertained that the sufferer belongs to a family, many of whose members have been victims to the same distressing malady. A great uncle lost a situation in a commercial house, during the last century, by a propensity for punning; and there can be little hope for the prospects of the perpetrator of the following:—

"At what time were salt provisions first introduced into the navy?
—When NOAH took HAM into the ark."

It would seem from the returns presented at our office, that there were, during the last week, 1196 cases of would-be witticism, and which, allowing for the increase of population, is about 40 more than the weekly average of the last five years. We are happy to denote a diminution of those cases, in which the complaint is accompanied by those derangements of the organic principles of orthography and grammar, which were so numerous, until within the last two or three years. It is now very rarely that we have to notice an instance in which the painful operation of italicising is rendered necessary.



THE END OF BLOOMERISM.

Changarnier's Invasion.

NOT long ago, GENERAL CHANGARNIER declared himself ready, with only 10,000 troops, to enter the metropolis. And the old soldier has kept an instalment of his word. CHANGARNIER is in London; but the remaining ten thousand are yet to follow.

AN INTERNATIONAL JOKE.

ENGLAND is sometimes said to have the constitution of a horse, but it would seem that France is just now threatened with the constitution of an ass.

FUSILLADE POLKA.—The French are so prone both to revolutions and capers, that it is expected they will shortly introduce ball-cartridge into the mazes of the dance.



THE TAX-COLLECTOR OF 1852.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

A THOROUGH reform in the nomenclature of our "wooden walls" is loudly called for by many persons, who are of opinion that the principal use of a name is to denote the quality of the thing it signifies, and that the present titles of the ships forming the British navy are for the most part rather imposing than appropriate. Accordingly, it is proposed to give our vessels of war appellations of a more characteristic nature, such as "The Blunderer," "The Bungler," "The Sea-Cow," "The Dodo," "The Apteryx," "The Beetle," "The Slug," "The Dumbledore," &c. Such titles will at least serve to indicate the peculiarities for which our fleet, under the superintendence of its present controllers, has become remarkable, and will in some slight degree redound, if not to the national glory, to the credit which is justly due to the Admiralty for the existing state of naval architecture.

It may, however, be argued, with some show of reason, that a thorough improvement in the construction of HER MAJESTY'S ships would be preferable to any change, however suitable, in their denominations, and would, in fact, go very far to render any such alteration unnecessary.

JOHN BULL TO COLONEL COLT.

OH! COLONEL COLT,
A thunderbolt
I'd buy—for no small trifle;
But that can't be,
And so let me
Get your revolving rifle!

A desperate blade,
By whom are made
No sort of bones whatever
Of any crime,
At any time
The bonds of faith may sever;

Attack my shores,
Surround my doors,
Without a word of warning;
Upon me creep
Whilst I'm asleep
And snoring, some fine morning;

Rob my strong box,
And seize my flocks,
Herds, cocks, and hens, and pullets.
I want your gun,
Instead of one
That fires so many bullets.

To guard our wives,
By six rogues' lives,
Whereof we're each the holders,
If we take care
With skill to bear
Your rifle at our shoulders.

But, COLT, alas!
To what a pass—
To what a sad condition—
Have we been brought,
Who fondly thought
The World's Great Exhibition

Would bid war cease,
And endless peace
With all our neighbours send us,
Whilst its chief boon
Is found—how soon—
Your weapon to defend us!

Loth, loth indeed,
I'd "draw the bead"
On mortal upper story;
But just alarm
Drives me to arm
Against the fool of "Glory."

WISE MEASURES IN THE CITY OF LONDON!!



sufficiently commodious, the worshipful magistrates adopted the sensible step thus briefly described in the newspaper:—

"The Recorder and the Aldermen took seats in the omnibus, to try the effect on themselves."

We do not know the latitude of the Aldermen referred to; nor are we acquainted with the dimensions of the Recorder: and possibly each

of those gentlemen may be fully capable of riding "hodkin" in a HANSON cab without inconveniencing his companions. But we do say, as a general principle, that the very best test of the width of an omnibus seat, or any other, and indeed of the sufficiency of any given space to accommodate any given (human) body, is afforded by the person of a London Alderman. We hope that, in future, in administering justice, the civic magistracy will always approach as nearly as they did in the foregoing case to the sagacity of the procedure resorted to on a memorable occasion by the Hebrew Monarch who was the wisest of mankind.

A Hair-Drawn Constitution.

THE French Constitution reminds us of a certain French Monk, who was wont, among other relics, to show a single hair of the VIRGIN MARY. "Behold," said the Monk to the folks about him, at the same time drawing apart his hands—"behold, and worship." "Worship!" cried a peasant, "why, I can't see the hair." "Can't see it!" exclaimed the Monk, "why, you presumptuous rascal, what would you have? For twenty years I have shown the hair, and never yet seen it myself." LOUIS NAPOLEON shows his hair-drawn Constitution after the like fashion: can he see it himself?

A QUESTION FOR THE SCHOOLMEN.

WHAT requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?—Parting with things as they go.



SCENE FROM "THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS."

(Suggested by HOGARTH.)

THE PATENT MEDICINE HOSPITAL.



"Messrs. N—, G—, Agents for Edinburgh; more of whom are wanted at home and abroad."

Here is a chance for the "philanthropic gentlemen"—and ladies—to whom we appeal. Let them not pooch-pooch us with the put-off that Dr. G— is a quack. What! right have they to call him so? Have they ever tested the powers of his "miraculous recipe"? Was not GALILEO scouted and persecuted, from prejudice, without investigation? Ditto COLUMBUS? &c., &c. If infinitesimal globules are not too difficult for their deglutition, why should they refuse to swallow G—'s pills—aye, by forties at a dose? Dr. G—'s pretensions may be inconsistent with Homœopathy. But then, Homœopathy is inconsistent with physiological, pathological, therapeutical, and pharmaceutical facts. If *Punch* is wrong in stating this, the nobility, gentry, and clergy above alluded to, do not know that he is not right. They have never studied the laws of health and disease. What do those duchesses and other persons of quality of either gender know about the science of medicine? Yet they think no geese of themselves for forming an opinion on that subject, into which they have not inquired, in opposition to the judgment of those who have made its study the business of their lives. Personal recovery, after recourse to an alleged remedy, without reference to the question of *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, is sufficient for them. Then, why not try G—'s pills? They will not take upon themselves more decidedly than they do at present to contradict the Colleges of both Physicians and Surgeons; both of which bodies, by patronising Homœopathy, they virtually declare themselves, to regard as either blockheads or impostors. By all means, then, let them do the same justice to Dr. G— that they do to Dr. GLOBULES, and that the scientific and enlightened EARL OF HOLLOWAY did to PROFESSOR ALDBOROUGH.

THE subjoined advertisement is earnestly recommended to the attention of the nobility, gentry, and clergy who patronise the Homœopathic Hospital, and Homœopathy and Homœopathists at large; and who might just as well patronise a hospital conducted on the principles of Patent Medicine:—

THE PHILANTHROPIC GENTLEMEN who wish to purchase DR. G—'S MIRACULOUS RECIPE, (and make a fortune by establishing the health of the people), can be introduced to hundreds, who, after being given up for death by their medical attendants, are now one, two, three, and four stones heavier, although physicked powerfully every day during their being cured, and using from ten to forty pills each dose. For particulars apply to Dr. G— & Sons, at ——— Street, Glasgow, where they give free advice to their Patients.

THE HAUNTED AREA OF LAMBETH.

(See a recent Police Report in the "Morning Post.")

'Twas past the dead hour of the night;
Through clouds uprear'd in fleecy piles
The stars shone out; the moon was bright:
The cats were on the tiles!

The moonbeam kiss'd the crystal dome,
And pale green lustre faintly threw
Upon the beasts that 'neath it roam,
Caged in the Surrey Zoo.

And o'er a roof the high moon rode,
That rose in Penton Place, hard by;
And slumberless in that abode
A Housekeeper did lie.

He could not sleep; but if he could
Have done so, he would not have slept.
He watched—and there was reason good
Why he this vigil kept.

Strange noises had been heard of late
Below his casement, and about
This hour; and he, at any rate,
Would find the mystery out.

The noise had wrought him little care,
Used to the neighbouring lions' roar;
But emptied was his safe, when'er
'Twas heard the night before!

And, hark! again he hears the sound!
And quick as the electric Post,
He skips below with silent bound,
In time to see the ghost!

A cape-clad figure met his view;
It had a blazing saucer eye,
A glare of horrid light that threw
Full on a rabbit-pie!

And there, that spectre in the cape
Had come, as wont, no doubt, to sup;
And now, in a Policeman's shape,
His pie was eating up!

His step the hungry phantom scares;
It started guiltily, and, lo!
Straight vanish'd up the area stairs,
As fast as it could go!

The features of it 'scaped his sight—
So quick it flew; nor could he gain
The number of the goblin sprite,
To summon it again.

Advice of ELLIOTT, Lambeth's beak,
He craves in this mysterious case,
Who bids him the Policeman seek
On beat in Penton Place.

But trow ye, would that officer
The foul impeachment ever own,
The victuals of the Housekeeper
Even were he wont to bone?

Think, ere that Crusher you traduce,
His garb a burglar might belie;
His form, perchance, the very Deuce
Assumed, to prig the pie.



"I say, Cook, will you ask the Policeman, could he step up—there's a Row in the next Street."

"NAPOLEON'S STAFF."

ALL the accounts of the French President are full of allusions to "NAPOLEON'S Staff."

On the 10th of April, 1848, the "NAPOLEON'S Staff" was a constable's Staff—which harmless weapon, LOUIS NAPOLEON, sworn in (the only public oath he ever kept) as a Special Constable, flourished on the side of Order.

On December the 3rd, 1851, the "NAPOLEON'S Staff" was enlisted on the side of cruelty and lawless oppression, and was changed from an innocent Staff of wood into a murderous one of steel—a Staff of Bayonets!

Of the two Staffs we prefer the "NAPOLEON'S Staff" of 1848. There is no blood upon it!

TOM BOWLING'S PETITION TO MR. PUNCH.

*Her Majesty's Ship Boy-d'ye-see-her,
Spitted, January 17, 1852.*

T'OTHER evening, in the Fokle, Sir, as me and HARRY BLANE, BILLY JONES, and DICKY WALKER, wos a takin' of a drain, Ven we had spun our little yarns, and sung our little songs, Ve natterally turns to talk about our rights and rongs;

And, ses BILLY JONES, ses he—"I can't abear—can you?—Them perwishuns as the pusser 'as purwided for the crew; Them kannisters, perfessing to be full of patent meat, Is crammed with things vich decent pigs on shore would skorn to eat.

"They sez we British sailors is the bulwarks of the shore, That our hearts is hearts of oak, and a lot of gammon more; But they ort to hunderstand that such food would never do, Unless we'd heads of oak, my boys, and oak digestins too.

"They sez of one MOLL DAVEY * they bought this preshus stuff, And if that fact be true, vy the case is clear enough; This MOLL DAVEY as purwides such food as ort to schock 'er, Most natterally wants to send us all to DAVEY's locker.

"Such conduct can't be born—so I'll tell you wot, my men, TOM BOWLING here, as used to be a skollard with his pen, Shall quickly put our grievances all down in black and white, No ceremony usin' in demandin' of our rite."

So I've wrote it all at length, and I've sent it, Sir, to you, As hoping you will do your best to let us 'ave our due; And if you'll kindly print it, Sir, and put it in your log, Be sure we'll drink to *Mr. Punch* whene'er we takes our grog.
TOM BOWLING.

* Query, Can MR. BOWLING mean Moldavia?



MR. JOHN BULL LOOKS UP HIS OLD MILITIA REGIMENTALS.

ORDER OF THE LATCH-KEY.



E would institute a new Order—THE ORDER OF THE LATCH-KEY.

Hitherto, Orders have been of too limited an order. They have been conferred on persons distinguished generally in warfare. They are all refined more or less with blood, claiming in that respect a sweet affinity with sugar. Lately, a few Orders have been given to literary merit; but these shine very faintly, and at long distances, like the lamp-posts at Herne Bay.

But there are other heroes, surely, than military and naval ones? The Army and Navy Clubs cannot, possibly, monopolise all the virtues in the world? Are there not household virtues

that claim honourable distinction just as much as those displayed on a battle-field? Are there not battles fought on the hearth-rug fully as glorious as those of Waterloo and Trafalgar? Yet these pass disgracefully unrecorded! they are not allowed to shine even with the smallest twinkle of a Star!

It is for this purpose we would institute THE ORDER OF THE LATCH-KEY. It should be founded expressly for the encouragement and reward of social heroes and martyrs. Every one who had fought the noble battle of domestic happiness should be entitled to claim it. Every husband who had bled freely at home should receive healing consolation for his wounds, by being presented publicly with the "LATCH-KEY."

We have purposely chosen the title of the "LATCH-KEY," and we think it a very happy one, because, as the Latch-key is the proudest symbol of woman's confidence in man, so the bestowal of it would imply the possession of all the human virtues on the part of him who had proved himself a worthy recipient of it.

None but the Perfect would be entitled to it! The number of the Order, necessarily, would be very limited.

These are the qualifications we propose, as *indispensable* in every candidate for the Order:—He must have been married ten years; but, if married to a widow, five years of service will be deemed sufficient.

During that period he must never have been out of temper once.

He must have given money as often as it was needed, and always in the precise sum that was asked.

He must never have objected to go out shopping with his wife, or to take her to the Opera, or the Theatre, or to a Concert, whenever the fancy seized her.

He must never have accepted an invitation into the country, or to a picnic, or to a breakfast, much less to a supper, unless he was duly accompanied on each occasion by his wife.

He must also prove that he never was known to object to any of the servants engaged in the household; or to express the slightest discontent, at any time, at the way in which the dinner was composed or dressed.

He must never have kept his wife sitting up for him, excepting he had been detained on a Jury.

He must have received and treated his wife's relations with the same cordiality as if they had been his own; and he must never have wondered "how long they were going to stop?" whenever they brought their boxes to "stop a few days."

He must never have entered the hall, or gone up-stairs, without first wiping his feet on the door-mat.

He must never have attempted to read in bed. He must never have poked the fire after he had been requested by his wife not to do so.

He must never have fallen into the filthy habit of taking snuff.

He must never have belonged to a Club!

He must always have respected, with the most unsullied reverence, the Bright Poker!

He must never have expressed a wish for the removal of the child's cot out of his bedroom.

He must never have complained of the washing of his shirts; and must have had a soul so far "above buttons," as never to have "made a rumpus" about the sudden loss of one.

He must never have brought a friend home to dinner "to take pot-luck."

He must never have wondered "how the money goes!"

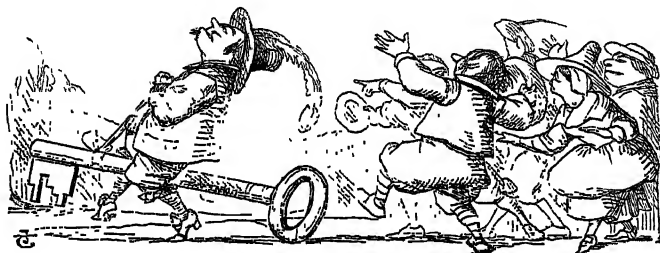
He must have been perfectly free from all petty matrimonial vices, such as cruel sarcasms levelled

at curl-papers, or impatient snarls if he cannot instantly find his slip-pers, or satirical complaints if there are no puddings for dinner, or clever witticisms cut upon the bonnet or velvet dress worn by his wife; or fatherly interference in any way with the dress or education of the children; or unkind objections to birds, cats, dogs, parrots, or gold fish; or undue indulgence in any of the thousand little contrarieties, or social tyrannies, which, on the part of the husband, tend so materially to ruffle the smoothness of the domestic hearth-rug.

And lastly,—for, after all, these are two of the most important domestic qualifications—he must never have smoked in the house, either in his wife's presence, or when she was away in the country,—and he must never have objected to act as warming-pan, by always going in winter to bed first.

The Husband who, after a trial of only ten years, presented himself for election with the above simple qualifications—duly attested by the signature of his wife, and guaranteed by two old maids, whose united ages must amount to not less than 110 years,—would be declared honourably entitled to the Order. And we maintain that the immaculate individual, who walked upright through the drawing-rooms of the world with the silver Latch-key dangling from his button-hole, would command more respect than the proudest General who strutted about with the Garter round his leg, or the craftiest Diplomatist, who illumined the most aristocratic *Salon* with a whole firmament of Stars upon his breast. Women would courtesy reverently to him, and men, when they met him, would take their hats off, as to a superior being.

Depend upon it, the "ORDER OF THE LATCH-KEY" would soon rank as the most honourable and exclusive Order in the World. We should wonder if, after its institution, there was a single Bachelor left in the land. Every one would marry upon the mere chance of belonging to such an Order!



THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

THE President of the Republic is responsible (to the Republic's President).

Being responsible to the President, the President will do as he deems fit.

The President will have Ministers, who will and must be honoured by thinking as the President shall cogitate.

The higher the President is placed, the more has he the need of faithful councillors; and the greater the need the President may have of them, the less the call the President proposes to make upon them.

Thus, the Government is free in its movements, and enlightened in its progress.

A Chamber, to be called "the Legislative body," will vote laws and taxes. This Chamber, to begin with, will be of about 260 members; but the fewer the better, in order to guarantee the calmness of deliberation. History and philosophy having proved that the fewer the number, the less the mobility and ardour of the deliberative body; hence, 60 may be better than 260; 6 better than 60, and 1 better than 6.

The deliberations of the Assembly will not, henceforth, be allowed to run verbosely riot in the public prints, but will be given with drum-head brevity in the President's own newspaper.

The Legislative body will pass laws, but will neither originate nor amend them.

Much time having been lost in vain interpellations, no questions will be asked; or if asked, none answered.

Another assembly bears the name of the Senate. It will be its function to deliberate according to the direction of the President; and will contain all the illustrious names and talent that may not have been transported.

Thus, the people remains master of its destiny.

Such are the ideas, such the principles, that you have authorised me to apply.

A *Te Deum* will be performed in aid of the blessings promised by the Constitution. Amen.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Palace of the Tuileries, Jan. 14, 1852.

N.B. Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the courtesy of the President's English penman, the Editor of the *Morning Post*, for an early copy of the above precious document.

THE GRAVESEND EAGLE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.



Y DEAR LOUIS,

"I am the poor Eagle whom you bought at Gravesend for half-a-guinea. Don't you recollect you carried me in the steamer to Boulogne, when we were both captured—your flight on that occasion being as rapid as my own?"

"I was kept as a trophy for some time at the Caserne. My feet were chained to the Champagne-case, which, you must remember, you also took with you on that memorable occasion, with the view of turning the heads of the Army. Little children came and laughed at me. Strangers pointed their umbrellas and their jokes at my forlorn condition. I was the laughing-stock of the whole place.

"I sickened, of course, during my captivity. My eagle-eye lost all its fire. I could not look at a candle, much less the Sun, without winking. My pinions moulted to a miserable

bundle of quills. I was rapidly dwindling down to a feather. The wonder is I didn't die of the pip. No! the proud thought that I should rise some day kept the godly ichor within me.

"I heard, my dear LOUIS, that you also were imprisoned, and suffered much the same as I did. I felt for you—and I ask you to feel now as much for me.

"I am at present confined in the shambles at Boulogne—fed upon filthy garbage, instead of the heavenly ambrosia I should receive from you. After the soldiers and children had grown tired of ridiculing me, I was sent as a present to the Abattoir of the town. There I have remained ever since—and I now write to you, my dear LOUIS, to demand my liberation. You have restored the Eagle to the *shakos* and *drapeaux* of your brave soldiers. You surely will not allow, then, your favourite bird—whom you introduced, perched on your own imperial shoulders, to France—to pine and perish at a slaughter-house at Boulogne!

"Our misfortunes have hitherto been the same. It is but right that our careers should henceforth continue the same.

"It is evident, LOUIS, that we are birds of the same feather. Our flight, our degradation, our captivity, our griefs, were all precisely the same. You are now elevated—so I am told—into a high position on the dead bodies of your countrymen. Our positions are still the same. Your throne is at the Tuileries; mine, at a slaughter-house; but there is no difference between the two; for the foundation of both is—(there's no mincing the word)—BUTCHERY!

"So, my dear LOUIS, I call upon you—at least I will, as soon as I have regained my liberty—to set me free. Cut this odious chain which holds me by the leg, and, in the words of your 'prophetic soul,' your Uncle, I will fly from steeple to steeple, until I alight on the towers of Notre Dame, there to shelter Paris under my wing, and to watch the fighting that takes place on the Boulevards—your Austerlitz!

"Relying on your princely generosity, and claiming the benefits of the restoration which you have accorded to all other Eagles in France,

"I remain, my dear LOUIS, at the Abattoir,

"Awaiting my liberation,

"Your favourite Bird,

"THE GRAVESEND EAGLE."

"P.S.—If you refuse to receive me at the Tuileries, or the Opera, will you give me a free passage by the first steamer back to Gravesend?"

Revolvers for the Cape.

WE are told by the papers that directions have been given to permit COLONEL COLT to export 450 revolving fire-arms of various sizes "for officers at the Cape." And why not—*Punch* asks—for the common soldiers? Are officers only to be licensed to shoot Kaffirs? Or, are Kaffirs to be still permitted, at a long shot, to bring down common soldiers?

MISSING—and has not been heard of since the 2nd of December last—the Spirit of the French Nation.

ALLOCATION TO THE POPE.



Y DEAR POPE,—I see that you have been expressing your gratitude to the French army for what it has done in France, or rather what it has been employed to do by LOUIS NAPOLEON; and your Jesuits and other emissaries and partisans are every where rejoicing at the support afforded by the military power to your priesthood throughout the Continent generally.

Were I in your place, now, I should take a very different view of affairs. My situation would occasion great grief to my paternal heart, as you say, in your flowery manner. I should consider myself dislodged from the hearts of men, and should regard it as no triumph that I was imposed on their shoulders: a position untenable for any length of time by the help of troops, however numerous.

You would not, my dear POPE, I think, derive very much pleasure from the sight of ST. PETER'S Cathedral shored up with posts and beams of iron and timber.

I cannot see any reason why you should be more happy to behold the See of ST. PETER—as you call the Papacy—leaning on cannon and bayonets.

The secular arm may be used with some advantage to wring the joints or scorch the nerves of individual or isolated heretics. But to be obliged to rest upon it entirely, my dear POPE, is a proof that—if I may address you in the language of your most devoted servants—you have no other leg to stand upon.

I should be afraid, my dear POPE, if I were you, that few now retained any faith in me, except the despots upholding me, and that their sole belief in me was a mistaken notion that I had a hold on the superstition of their slaves. I should fear that the alliance of Tyranny and Popery was a compact between the blind and the blind to render each other that mutual assistance, the necessary result of which you know, of course, although you may keep that information from your votaries. Yes, my dear POPE—slightly to vary one of our juvenile poems—

Hush-a-by! Pontiff, upon the sword's prop;
When the world moves the Popedom will rock;
When the prop breaks the structure will fall,
And down comes Papacy, Pontiff, and all.

And when that catastrophe arrives, don't say that you had not fair warning of its approach from

PUNCH.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.

1. KEEPING her accounts in preference to an Album.
2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.
3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.
4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a-day.
5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."
6. Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.
7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

Switzerland in Danger.

THE *Times* enumerates the many dear obligations owed by the French President to Switzerland. In which case, *Punch* would earnestly advise Switzerland to be prepared for a tremendous instance of the President's gratitude.

"SENTENCED FOR TEN YEARS—"

THE President of the Republic has been elected for ten years. We think that, by that time, not only will the term of the President's power, but the prosperity of France will, also, be—Decade (*Decayed*).

A QUEER QUERY QUASHED.—We have long been puzzled to know to what Book we should ascribe the oft-quoted "Chapter of Accidents." Experience, however, is now daily convincing us, that the Book in question can be no other than *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

A DREAM OF REVOLUTION.

WE dreamt that a revolution had taken place in England; though to dream such a thing, of course, we had a most extravagant vision.

We dreamt that we were not blessed with a VICTORIA THE FIRST, but cursed with a JAMES THE THIRD, who, instead of resisting the Papal Aggression, had backed it by making SIR JAMES GRAHAM Prime Minister, with a Cabinet composed of the Irish Brigade, and had appointed CARDINAL WISEMAN for Lord Chancellor. Then we dreamt a general insurrection had occurred, and JAMES, having shaved off his whiskers had escaped to Paris under the name of MONSIEUR TONSON.

Next we dreamt that a Provisional Government had been formed, consisting of the contributors to *Punch*; that the Chartists had risen and barricaded Cheapside and Fleet Street, but had been defeated with much slaughter. After these events, that the people had unanimously elected SMITH O'BRIEN Protector of the British Commonwealth, and that the hero of the cabbage-garden had been recalled from exile to sit in the seat of CROMWELL.

Lastly, we dreamt that SMITH, not being able to get on with his Parliament, upset the established order of things, at a blow, early one morning, shot several thousands of those who happily are, as it is, HER MAJESTY'S subjects; suppressed the *Times*, and all the other newspapers, except the *Morning Post*; compelled LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, MR. DISRAELI, and all our chief soldiers and statesmen to leave the country; sent COLONEL SIBTHORP and Mr. *Punch* to the Tower; packed off LORD BROUGHAM in a police van to Coldbath Fields Prison; transported MESSRS. BRIGHT, HUME, and CORDEN, with a multitude of their constituents, to Norfolk Island; and concluded by giving old England a new Constitution, creating a House of Lords to legislate with closed doors, and a House of Commons wherein Ministers were not to sit, which was not to originate, or move amendments on, any Act of Parliament, and the debates of which were not to be published, except as doctored by official authority.

We woke, crying, "Oh! oh!" and found that our vision had been a case of what philosophers call "suggestive dreaming"—suggested by recent events in France, the realities of which were even worse than anything we had dreamt of.



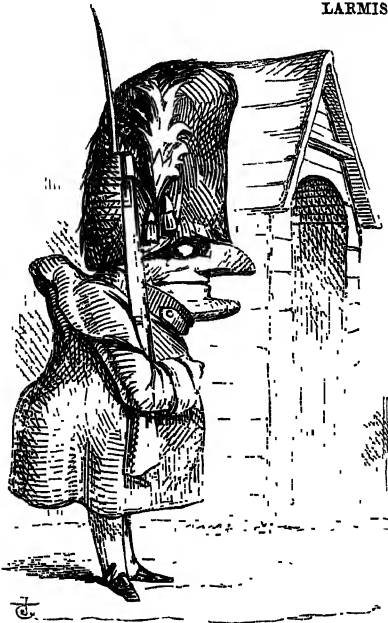
A PUFF OVER THE LEFT.

NO MORE PILLS, NOR ANY OTHER (QUACK) MEDICINE.—Fifty Years' UNINTERRUPTED HEALTH has been succeeded by Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Asthma, Cough, Constipation, Flatulency, Spasms, Sickness at the Stomach and Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Convulsions, Sleeplessness, Deformation of Blood to the Head, Giddiness, Despair, Melancholy, Horrible Thoughts, Aversion to Society, Palpitations of the Heart, Blushing, Bad Legs, and Temptations to Suicide, after trying BOSH's good-for-nothing stuff, called the Health-restoring AMBROSIA OLYMPICA ALIMENT.—SELINA JOLLY GRUNTHAM, Poo, near Shaw, Fiddlesex. Also, similar Testimonials of Cure from LORD REWITT DE QUOTIES; the VEN. ARCHDEACON DUNN, of Jericho; GEOFFREY HUMGUDGEON, Esq., Barrister, Prince's College, Cambridge; and 500,000 other equally well-known and respectable parties. In (ideal) canisters, with full directions to throw behind the fire, at 0 per canister, at *Punch's* Office, 85, Fleet Street, where every variety of patent medicine and universal remedy is disposed of in Numbers, 3d. each, and 4d. with the Government Stamp.

The Suspension of Liberty.

IN honour of the vote for LOUIS NAPOLEON, "the tower of Notre Dame was decorated with hangings." Considering the origin of the present Government, which is based on so many shootings, the decoration by means of hangings is not inappropriate.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.



LARMISTS we are not; but really, when we were at Margate last summer, we could not help wondering what the Beadle—the only visible authority in the place—would do in case of an invasion. Even suppose the Camera Obscura were to be fortified, it would not hold more than a solitary gun; and, as to the few fishing-boats, not all the donkeys that Margate contains could convert the craft into jackass frigates. Besides, we fear the habits of the Margate population, who bow their heads mechanically to every fresh arrival, would induce them, from the mere force of custom, to receive even a foreign foe with the ceremonious politeness usually shown towards arriving customers. We fear that if GENERAL ST. ARNAUD, at the head of an army, were to land upon the Jetty, he would

be invited to take six hot baths before he had marched to the top of the High Street, and that a whole string of flies would be placed at his disposal by the obsequious drivers, amid cries of "Ramsgit," from a crowd of mercenary competitors. We have no doubt that the French general would at once be "asked in" at all the bazaars, and invited to put down his sixpence, as one of sixty in a raffle for a talking doll, or a muffineer, or a set of china jugs, or some other of those watering-place prizes, which are usually won by somebody who has gone away a week ago, and forgotten all about it.

Our Coast defences are certainly not strong at Margate; and, at Brighton, things are not much better; for though the pastry-cook declares in his window that he "supplies Balls," there is nothing apparently from which Balls could be conveniently fired. It is true that, towards the end of the West Cliff, there is a pile of round iron things, which are popularly supposed to be ammunition; and there is a cannon at hand; but we rather fancy that the round things alluded to are considerably too large for the cannon's mouth; and, even if they could be thrust down its rude throat, they would be not unlikely to stick in it. Under all these circumstances, we think it would not be objectionable to make our watering-places somewhat more suitable than they are for firing places in the event of the approach of an enemy.

THE SHARP-SHOOTER'S CHORUS.

TUNE.—"The Huntsman's" ditto.

Oh! who, when our own native land is in danger,
Whatever his disinclination to strife,
Wouldn't learn how to shoot like a wild forest ranger,
For his country, his business, his QUEEN, and his wife?
Oh! pick that JOHN BULL out his cash who'd not pull out,—
Some five or six guineas would be the outside,—
And that little trifle invest in a rifle,
Of any invader to riddle the hide!

La, la, la, &c.

Come all you bold sportsmen, dead certain of dropping
The pigeon so fleet as it soars from the trap;
And you whose delight and amusement is popping
Away at the sparrows—come, every young chap;
The chase in the bushes of blackbirds and thrushes,
The wagtail's pursuit, it is time you should quit;
Young Epping and Tooting, come now give up shooting
The tuneful cock-robin and noisy tom-tit.

La, la, la, &c.

The finch on the palings, the fowl on the railings,
Henceforth must no longer afford you a mark;
Nor sitting or singing must you go on flinging
Your powder and shot all away on a lark.

You slayers of pullets—at targets, with bullets,
Now leaving the poultry alone, must let fly;
The ducks and geese sparing—to muster repairing,
With nobler endeavour to strike the "bull's eye!"
La, la, la, &c.

Abed, after sunrise, no longer lie dozing;
Get up like a Briton and haste to the drill,
Again, too, at eve, when the shops, early closing,
The prentice and foreman release from the till.
Go, surgeons, physicians—all sorts and conditions—
Go, tailors, go, artists who fashion the shoe,
Go, butchers, go bakers, and even, ye Quakers,
For once stretch a point, if you can, and go too.
La, la, la, &c.

Go, lawyers—postponing the business of suitors—
Should foreign aggression on Britain impend;
And leaving sharp practice, the skill of sharp-shooters.
The cause of the nation acquire to defend.
Up trees, behind hedges, 'mid rushes and sedges,
From thickets and brakes, from church-tower and house-top,
Let each hand be ready, determined, and steady,
Unerring of aim, at the rascals to pop.
La, la, la, &c.

MEETING A GAS-METER.



Of all the nuisances of living in a cheap neighbourhood, none is to be compared—not even the organ nuisance—to the one of having to meet on your way home some fifty jets of gas, which rush up to you as if they had something confidential to whisper in your ear. Butchers particularly encourage this nuisance. They cannot turn the gas inside their shops, for then there would be a chance of all the joints which were hanging in its proximity being slowly cooked by gas; so they twist it outside, and roast the public with it.

A Correspondent writes to say that, during the culinary process, he has had a valuable new hat done to a turn, and a whisker completely burnt to rags. As he has to meet this gaseous broadside every night, he is afraid that the other whisker will soon perish under a similar fire, and he wishes to know if he cannot recover damages for the assault, which he modestly values at £500—£250 each whisker. We will lay the case before MR. BRIEFLESS.

Dr. Darling Outdone.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE will continue his Series of Experiments on the People in a Perfectly Wakeful State, who will go down on their knees to him at the word of command; imagine themselves to be Negroes, and M. BONAPARTE their Owner; believe him to be ALEXANDER THE GREAT, JULIUS CÆSAR, the CALIPH HAROUN ALRACHID, &c.; and exhibit, in every particular, the most perfect Subjection to the Will of the Operator.
Palace of the Tuilleries; daily, till further notice.

CREDAT JUDEUS!



S our old friend the "Asian Mystery" has again made its appearance in MR. DISRAELI'S *Bentinck*, we regret that it does not seem to be attracting as much attention as it used to do. And yet it is backed up this time by the "Semitic Element!" This is a pity. In these troublous times, a guide is very much wanted; and we should not neglect a gentleman who, when the public roads to glory are all in confusion, proposes to imitate the Strand omnibuses, in a similar dilemma, and take us there—through Holywell Street.

It must be admitted that Mr. D. is thoroughly national. For as the great art of the modern Jew is to invest aged raiment (or to adopt a phrase borrowed from the language of the

Northern Barbarian—"Ou' clo") with the gloss and loveliness of youth, so doth he endow old things with brilliant newness. The Jews are no longer Jews to him, but "Sephardim" or "Bedouin Arabs," or "conservators of the Semitic Element;" and thus Houndsditch becomes beautiful to the eye by the national art. The Jew, whom we know—the guardian of Chancery Lane—the mild pilgrim of Ratcliffe Highway—when dipped in the patent ink of Mr. D.—comes out glossy and romantic as a Syrian Emir. The art is undeniable.

But how do these creations—wear? Will our theoretical garments fit? do they fly asunder in the seams when tried on by the logical Barbarian? Let us try. Let us stop the gentleman who cries "Ou' clo," and see.

But for Music—quoth Mr. D.—we might say, that in modern times the Beautiful (with a big B) was dead! And the Jews are our musicians. Well, there is nothing like instruction! We did think that the Northerns had done something for the Beautiful (with a big B), in the persons of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson; to say nothing of a painter and a cathedral or two. And we used to have a National music in one or two countries. But no! The Jews did it all. The real music is that of the Jew's Harp!

There was a thing called Progress, in Europe, which meddled a good deal with old institutions. Would you know what it all amounts to—French Revolution and all?—"The revolt of the Celts." Ethnologists have discovered other elements besides the Celtic in the French people. And certain Teutonic writers have helped modern progress a good deal. But no: the Celts revolted, and that's what it all amounts to. Poor Celts! Why, we used to believe—judging from Ireland and Brittany—that they were the most faithful supporters of all "ou' clo" extant in Europe.

Well! The Jews, it seems, are conscious of their ill-treatment. They join Secret Societies. They (for the evils complained of by the Barbarians have nothing to do with it; their leaders are nobodies) topple over thrones with delight. Bless us, what a picture! And what does it suggest? Now, we know why SHADRACH is a Sheriff's Officer! "All is race." What a picture of cool malignity is this! SHADRACH taps us on the shoulder with a fiendish luxury, and exults in dragging off the Northern Barbarian. He luxuriates in locking up the Frank in a sponging-house; he charges him for the "Semitic Element," and sticks it on to the chop and sherry.

A theory so beautiful demands every ornament. No wonder MESSRS. AARON employ a poet. The Hebrew loves the Beautiful. But why does not MR. DISRAELI give the charm of verse to the advertisements of his theoretical "slops?" May we offer him our humble ver-ers in that line; and present him with the Song due to his Race—though he who sings be but the lowly Frank?

We all are now by cold within
The lonely house confined;
'Tis time we all should get some Win-
ter Clothing for the Mind.

B. DISRAELI invites all Gents
To his new stock, so smart,
And will, at very small expense,
Keep warm the youthful heart.

His Hebrew Cloak is fitted so
(With new Semitic Hood),
It hides whatever 's worn below,
And still to turn is good!

Bright Vests, to suit an open breast,
B. D.'s warehouses keep;
And for poor farmers much distress'd,
Protection Buckskins—cheap.

This sort of rhyme would answer very well to the reason we have been dealing with.

A NATIVE AND FOREIGN PROFESSOR.

A CERTAIN PROFESSOR TAYLOR is advertising "Magic, Clairvoyance, and Ventriloquism, Parisian Delusions, Indian and Chinese Feats." However great an adept the PROFESSOR may be in Ventriloquism, Clairvoyance, and Magic, we will back LOUIS NAPOLEON against him in the production of Parisian Delusions that really impose on the Parisians, and in the performance of Feats of Oriental Despotism equal to any ever exhibited in India or China.



A Perfect Character.

The *Daily News* (which, by the way, has been kept out of bad company, by being prohibited in Austria) expresses astonishment that the French Thing-a-mee (otherwise Pre-ident) should determine upon confiscating all the property of the ORLEANS family. Now, where is the matter for surprise? To make the character perfect, the assassin of the liberty of a nation, has only to become the robber of a family.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"GOOSE-CLUBS" have been plentifully prevalent in London this Christmas. But at Paris, we should say, such is the pleasantly existing state of political as well as social liberty, that the "Clubs" are principally "Gone-Goose" Clubs now.

Something Racy.

NUMEROUS important subjects are now before us; but the topic most worthy of our attention, at present, we consider to be that of GOLDNER'S Preserves, since we certainly could not fly at higher game.

OPINIONS OF A CRACK OFFICER ON
MILITARY FIRE-ARMS.

SAID CAPTAIN GANDAW of the Pinks,
As he was laying down the law—
How odd that ev'ry fella thinks
We wun such wisk in case of waw!
Why, shawly, British troops can do
Again what they have done befaw;
We licked the French at Wata'loo,
And what's the use of saying maw?

There's some new wife daily plann'd
By men who go, and wite, and jaw
Of what they cannot undawstand;
What do we want new wives faw?
Oh! they pwetend our shot won't hit;
Our twiggaws are too hard to dwaw;
Our bullets made too small to fit;
Our musketwy not wawth a stwaw.

I don't believe in that new shape
For bullets—which I nevaw saw—
To shoot the Kaffaws at the Cape,
And to pwotcet our native shaw.
Of fiwawms we have lately hawd
Enough to make us sleep and snaw;
Improve their caliba! Absawd!
In shawt, a Caliba's a Baw!

MR. DISRAELI AND THE JEWS.

SOME of our contemporaries have fallen foul of MR. DISRAELI, for certain hardy opinions in his *Political Biography* of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, touching the Jews. MR. DISRAELI justifies the act that made the Hebrews an outcast people. He says:—

"The immolators were pre-ordained like the victim, and the holy race supplied both. Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? which vanquished SATAN, and opened the gates of Paradise?"

Hence, the Jews, by that tremendous act, are the great benefactors of mankind: a fact that MR. DISRAELI is, no doubt, prepared most logically to work out. Now, if the "immolators" were the means of securing to mankind eternal joy—what about the arch-betrayer? Surely we owe a debt to him. Let MR. DISRAELI ponder this, and propose a great recognition of the benign treason. We make him a present of a title for a pamphlet (supplementary to the *Political Biography*). It is this. *Shall JUDAS ISCARIOT have a Statue?*

EPIGRAM

*Induced by the Consecutive Perusal of some few dozen of LOUIS
NAPOLEON'S latest Decrees.*

"Considering" this: "Considering" that:
"Considering" tit: "Considering" tat:
"Considering" how may jump the cat:
'Tis clear enough that LITTLE NAP
Has now put on his "Considering Cap."

Mr. Goldner's Antecedents.

SEVERAL correspondents and others have asked us, "Who is GOLDNER," the purveyor of the celebrated naval preserves? We believe we are correct in stating that MR. GOLDNER is the son of a sea-cook, and that he has followed his father's profession in such a manner as to justify the feeling with which such a parentage is generally spoken of by sailors.

A FRENCH CARD.

A CERTAIN Professor in England advertises lessons in "Dancing and Deportment." PROFESSOR LOUIS NAPOLEON, who gives balls at the Tuileries, and sends French citizens to Cayenne, may be considered as a teacher of Dancing and—Deportation.

"WHAT cannot be cured, must be endured;" as the Keeper of Eddy-stone Lighthouse said of the chimney that would smoke.

PUNCH'S COUNSEL TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Stop, thief!

"WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF."



MR. PUNCH fearlessly challenges the civilised Universe, not excepting even the Editor of *Notes and Queries*:—

To find a present Pantomime without at least a dozen Bloomers in it.

To find a single convert to Vegetarianism among our (oratorically) "Distressed and Starving Agriculturists."

To find a possible excuse for the enormities that followed the late Presidential *coup d'état*.

To find a gentleman of timid temperament, who would enjoy the prospect of a few months' residence at Paris, even now.

To find a "hereditary (Spanish) bondsman" sufficiently sanguine to expect an ultimate sixpence.

To find a certificate of the birth of our modern ME-THUSELAH—WIDDICOMBE.

To find a commonly cautious Insurance Company willing to effect a Policy for a single twelvemonth on

the life of the Little-Great Autocrat of France.

To find, in the present non-proceedings of our Sewerage Commissioners, any possible pretext for assuming that the Thames really WILL cease, eventually, to be the Main Sewer of the Metropolis.

To find an inhabitant of Knightsbridge (publicans and housemaids, of course, excepted) who really does NOT think that the *Times*-suggested banishment of the barracks would be an inestimable blessing to the neighbourhood. And—

To find a ditto ditto (*exceptis nullis*) who really DOES think the SIBTHORP-suggested banishment of the Crystal Palace would be at all the ditto ditto.

To find a better target for an experimentalising Caffre than the bold and brickdust-coated British Soldier.

To find any one of our Almanackio ZADKIELS who will rashly risk his prophetic reputation by predicting that the present year will pass without another "Revolution in Paris" heading the big posters of our weekly contemporaries.

To find a man of such daringly-imaginative disposition as to have ever ventured to entertain the remotest expectation of our ultimate release from the Income-Tax.

To find the British Sailor who doesn't hope most cordially that, for the "Sons of Sea Cooks," through whose contracting che tery our ships' preserves (?) are now in such a pickle, there'll soon be found a rod or two in a thoroughly similar condition.

To find the British Ratepayer who doesn't think that MASTER JOHN BULL has, one way and another, been made to "knuckle down" pretty considerably, with his Marble, at Cumberland Gate.

To find the difference between "President" and "Emperor" in LOUIS NAPOLEON'S own private Phrase-book.

To find an individual of sufficient hallucination to suppose that the hash of the Caffres would ever have been settled under SIR HARRY SMITH'S mis-Government.

To find a single convert to Bloomerism among the "Maids of merry England" (those at the "Public" Bar alone excepted).

To find the *honest* workman who ever yet was bettered by a "Strike."

To find the Philosopher's Stone, or—its twin-brother—a *clean* one in the City streets.

To find upon what innate principle of vitality LOUIS NAPOLEON expects his "Constitution" to maintain its existence.

To find a nicer country than Caffraria for a nervous emigrant to settle in.

And—we reserve our severest trial to the last, of course—

To find a Policeman, or your own Umbrella, when they are either of them wanted.

THE DEFACERS OF THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.—Every new Government ship, whether man-of-war or steam frigate, is always so pulled to pieces, and changed, transformed, and deformed, after its construction, that one would imagine the Lords of the Admiralty were doing everything they could for the complete and entire *break-up* of the British Navy!



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE DOUBLE FOST AND RAILS—A SERIOUS MATTER TO FOREIGN HORSES.

STRIKING REMARKS.



OR a motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" will do. So will "*Nemo me impune lacessit*." "*Dieu et mon Droit*" will also serve; and this latter reminds us of a saying, or maxim, which, *mutatis mutandis*, comes to the same thing: "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

Mr. Punch is the uniform and consistent advocate of early closing; except now and then at an exceedingly pleasant party, when his feelings of gallantry and conviviality get the better of his hygienic principles, and he goes on dancing (after a hearty supper) till three o'clock in the morning. All the logic, rhetoric, pathos, comicality, irony, burlesque, that *Mr. Punch* possesses, and any other abilities or powers with which he may have been endowed, will

therefore always be exerted to induce the employer to concede reasonable leisure for rest and recreation to the employed.

Mr. Punch is disgusted when he hears the Capitalist call himself "Capital" and term the Labourer "Labour," and act towards him as Abstraction to Abstraction, instead of as Man to Man. Nor does *Mr. Punch* ever lose an opportunity of insisting on the short-sightedness and folly of such unwise as well as unfeeling conduct.

But *Mr. Punch*, in enforcing the social claims of the labourer, considers it necessary, not only to limit himself to constitutional

measures, but to confine himself to means which are practical: and, in acting for themselves, *Mr. Punch* would recommend workmen to follow his example.

Hence, it may be surmised, that *Mr. Punch* would deprecate the course of operatives banding together, with a view to coerce employers into adopting such and such arrangements respecting hours or rate of work, and amount of wages. *Mr. Punch* does not question the right to combine: he only says that two can play at that game. The game played at is the game of starvation; and *Mr. Punch* is of opinion that "Labour" would be tired of it before "Capital."

Two pictures present themselves to the mental vision of *Mr. Punch*. One is that of a brawny mechanic returning home tired, indeed, and his paper cap somewhat moist from overwork, and hungry as well as tired; but a supper awaiting him, in some degree, proportionate to his appetite; a good-tempered wife to welcome him; and children who pleasantly remind him of "competition," by struggling to "climb his knee;" or, at any rate, are quietly asleep. The other is that of a poor creature out at heels, and out at elbows—in consequence of being out of work—without any home to return to at all, singing a ballad of his miseries about the streets—with a ragged wife, and children in tatters for chorus—to the tune of "*Portugal*," or "*Adeste Fideles*."

Now, *Mr. Punch* considers it a sad pity that an English artisan who could once sit for the first of these portraits, should ever be reduced to stand for the second: but what makes the pity doubly sad, is that the wretched alteration should have been owing to a mistake in political economy—an abortive attempt to control the labour-market.

The pen is now added to the list of the intelligent workman's tools. He can use his tongue as well as his fingers. *Mr. Punch* would like to see him availing himself to the utmost of these means to bring his cause before the tribunal of public opinion, where it will be justly judged, and the decision of which will sooner or later enforce itself. But *Mr. Punch* would dissuade him from the desperate expedient of quarrelling with those on whom his bread depends; a step which, ten to one, will plunge him, individually, in ruin. The public will not be so chivalrous as to back him in a conflict with the law of supply and demand; it has not even generosity enough to encourage a combination of Poor Law doctors against boards of guardians; or a strike of attenuated curates against bloated pluralists.



NAPOLEON THE LITTLE
AND HIS BROKEN DRUM.

(A PROPHECY FOR THE "PRINCE PRESIDENT.")

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE PET IS FOUND AGAIN, TO THE DEEP DISGUST OF MR. BAKER, WHO FLATTERED HIMSELF THE HOUSE WAS RID OF HIM, AND HAD BECOME QUITE CHEERFUL AGAIN IN CONSEQUENCE.

SCENE 6.—MR. and MRS. BAKER at Breakfast.

Mr. Baker. Another cup of tea, my dear; I have such an appetite this morning—indeed, for the last two or three mornings—I'm quite a new man.

Mrs. Baker (sighs). Yes—I've remarked it—my dear.

Mr. Baker. But you've been in the dumps lately, my dear.

Mrs. Baker (sighing again). Oh—no—nothing!—I feel much as usual.

Mr. Baker (rather gingerly). Now, my dear—you won't be angry with me—but I'm afraid your mind's running on that dog.

Mrs. Baker (with a bitter sense of wrong). Well, MR. BAKER, I hope I may be permitted my feelings without remark—I'm sure I keep them to myself.

Mr. Baker. Certainly—my dear—but—

Mrs. Baker (with continued bitterness). I am well aware that I need not look for sympathy from you, MR. BAKER.

Mr. Baker. Well, but my dear—

Mrs. Baker (with more bitterness than ever). I am quite aware of the nature of your feelings towards that poor animal, from the first moment he came into the house—kicks—and blows—and bad language. Poor thing! I'm sure he has had a happy release.

[Shows an intention of giving way.]

Mr. Baker (who feels this is too bad). Confound it, MRS. BAKER! You forget what I've suffered from the nasty brute; the way he flew at me the very first day; the dreadful manner he howled that night; the nuisance he has been to the neighbours; in short, ma'am, the way he's poisoned my happiness! There—

[Rising indignantly.]

Mrs. Baker (rising in her turn). Oh! by all means, Sir—throw it all on that poor dumb animal—your bad speculations—and your ill-temper—and your neglect of your home, Sir—and of me. But it's very well I should know the worst. The poor dog is gone, and perhaps I may not be long here to annoy you—and—I'm sure—I hope—when—I'm—g—g—gone—

[Gives way to a gush of tears.]

Mr. Baker (forgetting his wrath). Now, MRS. BAKER—now, JANE; don't be so deuced ridiculous. There—you know very well there isn't a better husband in the Row—and I'm sure I'm quite satisfied you're an excellent wife. Don't cry—there—and never mind that d—d dog.

Mrs. Baker (witheringly, through her nearly dried tears). MR. BAKER!

Mr. Baker. Well, then, never mind your pet; you shall come into town with me to-day, and we'll just look in at HOLMES and EVERINGTON'S; there's that shawl you admired so last week; come, get on your things—the bus will be up this instant.

Mrs. Baker (mollified). Thank you, MR. BAKER; but I really don't feel equal to it to-day—in a few days, perhaps—

Mr. Baker. And promise me you won't make a fool of yourself any more about that dog!

Mrs. Baker. Now, MR. BA—(knowing what was coming, BAKER has made a rapid retreat)—His spite against that poor dumb animal is perfectly extraordinary. Oh! I wonder if MR. CHALKER has found that dreadful MR. CARROTS. If they should have boned his poor dear ears, and cut off his poor dear tail—I'm sure I quite feel as if it was my own.

Enter SPRIGGLES (mysteriously).

Spriggles (in a confidential manner). It's CHALKER, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. Oh! JAMES; has he found—

[Pauses, not daring to trust herself with the name.]

Spriggles. Yes, 'm, he 'ave found out where he is, 'm, I believe; but he hav'n't got him, 'm.

Mrs. Baker. Beg him to walk in, JAMES. Oh, say I should so wish to see him!

[Exit SPRIGGLES, who returns immediately, ushering in CHALKER, who wears the costume already described, with the addition of a black eye. He walks with some unsteadiness; but on entering the room smooths down his hair, and tries to look meek and respectable, though with indifferent success.]

Mrs. Baker (clasping her hands). Well?—

Chalker. In regard o' the dawg, marm? Well, sich a job as hi've 'ad, marm! I 'ope you mayn't never 'ave sich a one (sighs at the recollection).

Mrs. Baker. Yes—but you've found him?

Chalker (following out his private train of associations). And beer, marm; bless you, they've mopped up beer enuff to swim a hoss in.

Mrs. Baker. Yes—but SCAMP?

Chalker. And look at this 'ere heye o' mine, marm—there's a heye for a man as 'as his work to go to reglar, and ort to look steady and respectable in the yard. It was CARROTS as gi' me that heye!

Mrs. Baker. Then it was CARROTS?

Chalker. As gi' me this heye, marm. Yes, marm, two or three on 'em,—reglar sharps; all on 'em in the same lay.

Mrs. Baker (impatiently). Yes—but, my good man, I want to hear about that poor dear dog.

Chalker (waving his hand). Wich I'm a-coming to him, marm—all right. Well; they've got him, safe enough, and he's on the pint of hemigratin' to the Continent by the Antwerpen, this blessed night as ever wos.

Mrs. Baker (in agony). Oh! but there will be time, before it sails—

Chalker. Wich CARROTS swore dreadful bad, that over he goes if the reward wasn't paid afore nine to-night—and his ears was to be boned at eight—down at the 'ouse they uses, near the wharf.

Mrs. Baker. Oh dear! how very dreadful! But how much will they take?

Chalker. Well, 'm, five pounds is the valley 'of the dawg, for bonin', so they tells me—wich I don't understand, 'm, myself, marm—dawgs—only in regard o' bein' fond on 'em, poor things.

Mrs. Baker (who has been reflecting how five pounds may most easily be raised out of the house-money). Before nine, you said?

Chalker. Afore nine, marm.

Mrs. Baker. Five pounds? You don't think they'll take four?

Chalker. CARROTS, he wanted seven; but the others was for five; but you're werry lucky to get off so cheap, I'm told. Then, there'll be ten bob more for beer; and there's my heye, marm, wich I ain't fit to stand afore the guv'nor at the yard—it'll be as good as five shillin' out of my pocket, this heye will.

Mrs. Baker (paying him the money, hurriedly). And will they bring him here, or how?

Chalker. Bless you! No, marm! They ain't so green as all that. No; you must go for him, marm.

Mrs. Baker. Me!

Chalker. Yes; they prefers dealin' with principals. At Black Lane End, Kensal New Town, just agin Deadman's Corner, where the dust-heap is, past the pond, agin the brick-fields: that's the office they give me, marm; at height, punctual. You fetches the money, and parties fetches the dawg.

Mrs. Baker. What a dreadfully lonely place! And at eight o'clock! How ever shall I! But you'll go with me, JAMES, and remain in the neighbourhood.

Spriggles. Yes, 'm, I'll be 'appy to protect you, 'm.

Chalker. Well, that's about all, then, I think, 'm; but, if I should lose my place along o' this 'ere heye, marm, you'll remember how I come by it, marm.

Mrs. Baker. Certainly, MR. CHALKER, I shall always be so much obliged to you.

Chalker. Your sarvant, marm (pulling his forelock), wich I wish you joy o' the dawg, marm, when you gits him, marm, poor creater!

[Exit CHALKER, with a quiet wink at SPRIGGLES.]

[A lapse of ten hours has taken place. MRS. BAKER, who has slipped out surreptitiously, is waiting in terror at the rendezvous described by MR. CHALKER—the reality of which is no improvement on the description. It is a muddy lane, with the dust-heap and pond as indicated, plashy with rain; a sodden bit of market-garden on one side; on the other a brick-field, with a kiln in full reek, separated from the road by a forlorn and much gopped hedge, eked out with a rickety paling, horrent with superfluous nails. In the distance is Bellevue Cottages—a settlement of suburban wigwags, consisting of a room below and a room over—whose chief feature is a general want of every accessory that ought to belong to a house; no foundations—no pipes to carry clean water on, no drains to carry dirty water off; no pavement in front of them; no yards behind; in short, a nest of sinks, cesspools, filth, fever, mud, misery, damp, and ditch-water, affording "an unbounded field for improvement," as was very truly stated in the advertisement which attracted to it the enterprising builder who planned, built, and owns the above highly desirable residences. SPRIGGLES is in the remote distance.]

Mrs. Baker (whose feet are very wet, and her nerves very highly strung). A quarter past eight, and nobody come yet! What a dreadful place, to be sure! I'm sure these cottages are just like the place where BISHOP and WILLIAMS burked people, and I haven't seen a single policeman—of course not—and those dreadful Irishmen from the brick-fields! Oh, dear!—what's that?—

[Two mysterious individuals of the CHALKER stamp are seen coming cautiously towards MRS. BAKER. One carries a bag.]

Mysterious Individual No. 1. (passing MRS. BAKER). H'm!

Mysterious Individual No. 2. Yes—if there's any party 'as lost a spannel—

Mrs. Baker. Oh! it's them—yes—they've got him in that bag—Oh! my good men—I'm the lady, if you please—and if you'd just let me have the poor thing—

[SCAMP, excited by the voice of his beloved mistress, indulges in whines and contortions in his bag.]

Mysterious Individual No. 1 (kicking the bag). 'Old your row!

Mrs. Baker. Oh, don't, pray!

Mysterious Individual No. 2. 'And over the tin, then.

Mrs. Baker (takes out her purse, which contains six sovereigns and some

loose silver. MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 1 nudges MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 2) Five pounds, I think it was.

MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 1 (with a tone of contempt). Five pound!

[Prepares to pay that sum.]

MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 2. Six poun' was the money mentioned—besides beer-money; so you'd better fork out, old lady, or the bargain's orf.

[SCAMP howls again.]

Mrs. Baker (under the mingled influence of terror of the men, and tenderness for the dog). Oh, well, I'm sure, whatever is correct, sir, I shall be too happy—

MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 2 (coarsely). Oh, stash that! We don't want no gammon, old lady. Fork out!

[MRS. BAKER pays away all her gold.]

MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL No. 2. Come, we ain't a-goin' without your standing somethin', you know, marm.

Mrs. Baker. Oh, I'm sure I will be happy to stand anything. Here.

[She pays away all her silver. The MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUALS shake the bag. SCAMP tumbles out. The individuals disappear. SCAMP executes a pas, expressive of joy, round his mistress, who, in her delight at finding him again, forgets her terror, and the unmerciful way she has been cleaned out. SPRIGGLES appears with the remains of a grin playing about his features. Scene closes.]



PROCLAMATION BY PUNCH.

WHEREAS it has come to our knowledge that there are many persons in all parts of the United Kingdom, who are desirous of forming themselves into Rifle Clubs, and are only deterred from doing so by the fear that they may be turned into targets for the arrows of our ridicule: This is to give notice to all such persons as aforesaid, that so far from making them the subjects of satire, we shall applaud the excellence of their aim; and instead of administering to them even a playful slap in the face, we shall pat them on the back by way of encouragement.

Be it known to all Men by these Presents, as well as by the past and the future, that we shoot only folly as it flies; but we cannot regard national spirit standing to its guns, as folly of any sort, and certainly not of a flying description.

We therefore promise our gracious encouragement to all persons exercising themselves in the use of arms with a view to their country's defence: and we hereby undertake that not a shot shall be fired against them from any of our batteries.

Given at our Court (of St. Bride's) this 21st day of January, 1852.

The Church.

MR. PUNCH,—I am the Beadle of St. Dimity's, and I wish to ask you a short question. I see it is now the fashion for clergymen to have what I believe is called, "a division of labour" in the marriage-service; that is, when a Bishop, or a Dean, or a Rector, as he may be, pays the compliment of marrying a couple, he is "assisted" in the ceremony by another parson. Now, Mr. Punch, what I wish to ask is this: if the name of the parson who "assists," and does nothing, is printed, why shouldn't they also give the name of

Yours,

THE BEADLE?

P. S.—And the Pew-openers beg me to ask,—and of their names also? Don't we all "assist?"

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM. (Literal Translation). Listen to the other Party.

THE COCK, THE EAGLE, AND THE GOOSE.—A FABLE.

A CERTAIN Eagle, just prefer'd
By France for her Imperial Bird,
Did into hot discussion fall
With the discarded Cock of Gaul,
Which had the better right to brag,
And decorate the Nation's flag.
By way of ending their debate,
They ask'd a Goose to arbitrate:
The Cock recounted all his mains;
The Eagle number'd his campaigns;
Then on their claims of rival pride
The Goose proceeded to decide.
"Neither," said this judicious Goose,
"Founds his pretensions upon use.
Each of you tells the self-same story,
And wholly rests his cause on glory—
To wit, when all is said and done,
Upon so many battles won.
I've listened to your several tales,
And weigh'd your pleas in honest scales.
It seems to me, in equal measure,
That you have both cost blood and treasure:
I say, perpending time and chance,
Each has alike done harm to France,
And blest that wise and happy nation
With death, and pain, and mutilation;
Filled it with sighs, and tears, and groans,
And foreign graves with Frenchmen's bones;
Widows for widows can produce:
I think, as I'm a righteous Goose,
Orphan for orphan, sire and mother,
Bereft, can show, the one with t'other.
And equal gain has been conferr'd
On lucky France by either bird,
Some flags and arms, that is to say—
All else long since has pass'd away.
To use the language of the till,
The profit which remains is nil!
And that—you wish'd for my opinion—
It's either's title to dominion.

One word upon another side,"
The Goose concluded; "I've no pride.
I don't aspire; but still I may
Just let you know what people say—
Your antecedents—they who knew,
Friend Eagle, yet elected you,
A fitting emblem, folks agree,
Could only find in choosing Me."

True Patriotism.

SEVERAL noblemen and gentlemen—whose names we would give with great pleasure, if we were able—have thrown open their preserves to all persons desirous of rendering themselves good marksmen—and thus defenders of their country in the event of invasion—by practising on the hares and pheasants.

EPIGRAM ON THE STATE OF THE NATION.

WE'RE in a hopeful way—says TOM to BILL—
Our bullets won't strike, and our workmen will!

A Military Problem.

GIVEN—A Caffre.
To find—A "regulation" musket that will kill him.

A QUESTION FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

A YOUNG lady presents her compliments to Mr. Punch. She has heard of the *Zündnadelgewehr*, or Prussian needle-gun, and wants to know whether they load it with a thimble.

THE BEAU IDEAL OF A COOK.—One who cooks a rabbit to a hare!

**M. LOUIS NAPOLEON,
PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SLEIGHT OF HAND,
AND SLIGHT OF EVERYTHING ELSE,**



Has the honour (?) to inform the Public that he intends continuing his extraordinary Performances, and playing his unprecedented Tricks, until further notice.

The Programme will be selected from the unrivalled stock of ILLUSTRATIONS and IMPOSITIONS, which he has lately practised with so much success at Paris, assisted by his unrivalled Collection of

MINISTERIAL AND MILITARY AUTOMATONS.

Among the principal Tricks of the present season will be found—

1.—The Inexhaustible Ballot Box.

From which eight millions of white balls will be produced; by a *coup de main*, which defies all detection.

2.—The Celebrated Gun Trick.

(As practised on the 2nd and 3rd of December, 1851, in the Boulevards of Paris.)

In the course of this wonderful experiment, combining the characteristics of a *coup d'état* and a *coup de tête*, the spectators will have an opportunity of catching the bullets in their own heads, so as to leave no doubt of the reality of the experiment.

3.—The Automaton Soldier.

A piece of mechanism of the greatest perfection, which will load his musket and fire it in the face of any person whom M. LOUIS NAPOLEON may indicate.

4. The Ministerial Puppets.

These little imitations of humanity will go through the whole official routine; and though without the smallest intelligence, will bow their wooden heads, and sign decrees, or any other documents, at a mere nod from their master.

5. The Official Second Sight.

M. LOUIS NAPOLEON will, with the aid of a police spy-glass, read the most private papers in the possession of individuals, and not only tell their thoughts, but transport them, before they are aware of it, to Cayenne, and other remote regions, for having entertained the opinions which his police spy-glass has made him acquainted with.

6. The Escamotage d'une Dame.

Consisting of the total disappearance of *La Belle France*, under a dictatorial extinguisher.

The Tricks will be accompanied by all sorts of *Airs*, performed by a Band of Military Instruments.

Places can only be secured by application to M. LOUIS NAPOLEON.

No Money returned.

Vivat Nobody.

CORRUPTION IN THE NAVY.

"SELF-PRESERVATION is the First Law of Nature," and that may be one of the reasons why sailors refuse to touch the "preserved meats" furnished by the Admiralty.

THE FRENCH VULTURE.

NATURAL historians are puzzled to determine what sort of fowl is the bird calling itself the French Eagle. That it belongs to the Eagle family at all, the only indication is afforded by its talons, which are enormous, and exhibit an extent of grasp truly astonishing. But the voracity and greediness for which it is remarkable are rather characteristic of the vulture, or the carrion crow, and its trick of pouncing on the defenceless is a trait of the kite's. Moreover, it displays a wonderful alacrity at feathering its nest, which is foreign to the aquiline nature. This nondescript creature (now in full feather at the Tuileries) has in three years increased its depredations in France to the amount of from £25,000 to £140,000 per annum. It does not, however, prey singly, but divides its spoil with a number of associates, reserving to itself what, if it were a quadruped, might be described as the lion's share. Thus gregarious in its rapacity, it presents another mark of affinity to the vultures; and as the appellation of King Vulture is already pre-occupied, its instincts, which are markedly imperious, suggest that the title most appropriate to the inclinations of this Vulture would be the Emperor.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

TO DRESS RED HERRINGS.

AIR—"Meet me by Moonlight."

MEET me to breakfast alone,
And then I will give you a dish
Which really deserves to be known,
Though it's not the gentlest of fish.
You must promise to come, for I said
A splendid Red Herring I'd buy.
Nay, turn not away your proud head;
You'll like it, I know, when you try.

If moisture the Herring betray,
Drain, till from moisture 'tis free;
Warm it through in the usual way,
Then serve it for you and for me.
A piece of cold butter prepare,
To rub it, when ready it lies;
Egg-sauce and potatoes don't spare,
And the flavour will cause you surprise.

A REAL BLESSING (?) TO MOTHERS.

THE Italian correspondent of the *Times* mentions that, "His Holiness, on the 4th, gave his benediction to a quantity of baby-clothes, which he is sending as a present to the young Princess of Spain."

We should like to know what effects are supposed to result from the papal benediction conferred on baby-linen. Is it supposed to endow the vestments in question with the property of resisting infection and contagion, so as to protect the infant wearer from measles, or to serve the child in lieu of vaccination? Or does it only communicate anti-heretical properties to the long clothes? Or when any ordinary old woman blesses the dear little cap, or bib, or tucker, of any little creature, are not those articles as truly blessed, and the baby, to all intents and purposes, as much a "blessed baby" as when the benediction is uttered, merely with greater fuss, by a POPE?

Good News from Austria.

THE *Times'* Vienna Correspondent writes, that, "since the resignation of LORD PALMERSTON, the relations between this court and the British Embassy have been infinitely more cordial." Well, this is something gained. What a pity it is, that certain prejudices of the English Constitution do not allow of the deportation of the Ex-Foreign Secretary to Vienna, even as other statesmen are sent to Cayenne! We can, in some degree, estimate what we have lost with PALMERSTON, if with him we have forfeited the hatred of Austria, gaining its deadly "cordiality."

A Picture of Dismay.

LOOKING over the portfolio of our Insane Artist, the other morning, we were not the least surprised—though, we admit, considerably disgusted—to find the following:—

"SUBJECT FOR SKETCH.—Consternation of our already-underhorsed heavy-Light Cavalry at the Cape, on hearing that the Government had shipped for them a quantity of COLT'S!!!"

We need scarcely add, that a strait-waistcoat was the immediate sequitur; and our Insane Artist is now safely inhaling his native air in—Bedlam.



A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN BY LADIES, MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL, AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.

SONG FOR THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

ATR—"The Glasses Sparkle on the Board."

THE musket, bayonet, and sword
Assert the sway of Might;
The Reign of Terror is restored,
Of Panic, Dread, and Fright.
The prize is won; the game's our own;
The troops at our control;
If men of brain or worth remain,
We've cow'd them, every soul.

A truthful Press says awkward things;
Then surely it is wise
To gag it, like despotic kings,
Or make it publish lies.
Oppose our power—your streets we'll scour,
Our volley'd fires shall roll,
And roar again until we've slain
Or cow'd you, every soul.

MARIONNETTE THEATRICALS.

SUPERIOR to the mean feeling of jealousy, *Mr. Punch* will say that much entertainment is to be found at the Marionnette Theatre. The puppets are extremely good hands—if it would not be more correct to say, feet—at dancing; and this is the more remarkable, as they certainly do make a decidedly lame affair of walking.

That inability to walk, however, is quite compatible with great ability to dance, is proved in the case of innumerable young ladies, who, although they cannot go one mile on foot, will keep on capering from any hour in the evening to any hour after midnight.

THE STAMP OF A SWINDLER.—One who always carries a Bill-Stamp in his Pocket-Book.

PATENT INDELIBLE INK.—The ink *Punch* writes his jokes with.—*Punch*.

MOTTO FOR A PILOT.—Wheel or woe.

OUR ABOVE-BRIDGE NAVY.

Now that our naval force is becoming a subject of interest, it is satisfactory to know that even our little fleet of above-bridge craft, officered, as it is, by some of the gallantest fresh-water tars that ever smelt smoke—through a funnel—has been lately put into improved condition.

Modern science has been hard at work in applying its discoveries to these little nurseries for our future NELSONS, or cradles for young COLLINGWOODS. Among others, the Chatterton propeller has been fitted to the *Bridegroom*, for the purpose of a friendly trial of speed with that "pretty little twinkling star of the Thames," known to all of us as the *Twilight*, recently fitted with MR. J. L. STEVENS' improved revolvers. Before these alterations, the *Twilight* was renowned as being ten per cent. faster than any other boat; but notwithstanding this superiority over everything else, the *Bridegroom*, with its Chatterton propeller, came in head and head, paddlebox and paddlebox, with the first-named boat, with which it must now share the laurel of championship. Both got up their steam; both spared neither seamanship nor coal; and the fire of competition blazed with such vigour that a dead heat was the consequence.

Natural History for Aldermen.

MR. BRODERIP, in his *Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist*, says:—

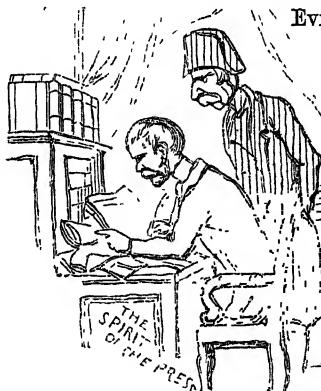
"When CUVIER last visited this country, and was feasted by some of our philosophers, at the Albion, nothing struck him so much as the *tortue*, upon which his memory long dwelt."

No doubt CUVIER had discovered no end of Ichthyosaurs, and Plesiosaurs, and Iguanodons, and Pterodactyles: but we will adventure to say; that no fossil reptile that he ever met with, pleased him half so much as the existing species of Chelonian that he got at the Albion: and that he regarded as by far the most interesting fruit of his researches in Natural History the discovery of real turtle.

Important Desideratum.

WANTED, A GOOD ENGLISH ADAPTATION of the NEW GERMAN PRIMER, to teach the Young Idea how to SHOOT.

THE LATEST DECREES FROM FRANCE.



EVERY now and then we hear of some decree or other, as in contemplation, and only waiting, for its promulgation, the will of the President. We have it from the best credible authority,—which everybody knows is just now none at all—that the President, desirous of bringing the country into accord with the ideas of the Empire, intends issuing a decree, that no carriage, of any description, shall be allowed to exist without an Imperial attached to it. If anyone should attempt to resist this proper respect to Imperial *souvenirs*, his luggage will be seized, and himself, with all his family, will be transmitted to Cayenne, to wait the pleasure of the President.

Another rumour is, that LOUIS NAPOLEON, in order to show the respect entertained by the English nation for the Imperial *regime*, has ordered the seizure, at any convenient place in England, of five thousand pewter pots, for the purpose of distribution among the French, and accustoming them to Imperial measures.

The execution of this, and other equally sensible decrees, will only "wait the pleasure of the President."

"Measures for the Improvement of the City."

We always tremble when we stumble over a paragraph with the above ominous heading; for, in our minds such measures are always associated with COAL-MEASURES.

A NEW TITLE FOR THE "BASE EXCEPTION."—The *Morning Post*.

THE DRAMA IN THE INSOLVENT COURT.



MR. SULLIVAN was, in some degree, an exception to the rule of ignorance.

For <i>Old Love and New</i>	£300
To Manager ANDERSON	100
	£200

MR. SULLIVAN, albeit the author of a comedy, absolutely proved himself capable of the above sum of subtraction: but, when the manager wrote to the dramatist for a receipt for the £100, the "statement puzzled him:" he could not "give a receipt for money which he had not received." He therefore betook himself to the monetary manager, who at once explained the mystery.

"MR. ANDERSON said it was of no importance whatever; his only object being, he said, in asking for the receipt, that he might show it to any one who might assert that he had got it for nothing."

Thus, in demanding the fictitious, or rather poetic, receipt for the £100 not received, the manager was delicately considering the reputation of the author; whose work envy or ignorance might have undervalued, rating its cost at *nil*. Now there is a strong, albeit silent argument, conveyed in a stamp receipt of 1s. 6d.—Such a beautiful bit of writing, in the best vein of fiction of the dramatist, would have been a valuable document in the possession of the manager. "How full is the treasury of Drury Lane! Here is a receipt for £100—absolutely for £100!—given to a mere author!" Consider the startling effect that such a document would have had upon the theatrical world! How, shown in the manager's room, the delighted and perhaps, astonished beholder departs from the theatre, almost awed by a sense of the theatre's riches. Consider that man stopping a brother professional, under Drury Lane Colonnade, and re-awakening in his soul an almost dormant belief in the regeneration of the Drama; for he has seen—yes, his eyes have been at once dazzled and delighted by a receipt for £100. The glad tidings spread. An earnest knot of patrons of the Drama look radiant and hopeful at the Garrick! Astonishment, it may be, not unmixed with envy, seizes upon every green-room. Any way, the Drama must be regenerated, its strength and legitimacy assured in a stamp-receipt for—£100! Next to a Note of Elegance for a Bank Note, a receipt for money *not* received is, we take it, the most ingenious of fictions.

MR. SULLIVAN on oath—

— "declared that no conversation ever took place between him and MR. ANDERSON, that he was to allow £100 for putting the comedy on the stage, either in writing or in word."

Hereupon, MR. ANDERSON'S Solicitor delivered himself of a most valuable suggestion by way of query:—

"He would ask the Court whether it was not reasonable between an author and a manager, that there should be an equal risk? What was more reasonable than that an author should pay £100 towards putting an expensive comedy on the stage?"

The Court thought otherwise; but for ourselves, we think nothing *can* be more reasonable. Why not institute at every theatre the system of caution money; a system that should guarantee managers against all loss in their anxious and unceasing endeavours to delight and enlighten the public? Let it be once a rule that every dramatist, upon acceptance of his play by the manager, shall bank with him £100—not an illusory, moonshiny receipt for the amount, but £100 in note or gold—and what a beneficial check would be placed upon dramatic production! What a wholesome prohibition! Any way, MR. ANDERSON has manifested great fiscal ingenuity. We shall soon be compelled to change our present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ought the Prime Minister to pass over the claims of the ex-manager of Drury Lane?

THE TRUTH TO A HAIR.—Everyone is asking, rather anxiously just now, in what does the strength of the British Lion consist? Our answer is decisive. The strength of the British Lion is in the Main.

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

TO MAKE PEA SOUP.

AIR—"Do you ever think of me, Love?"

Do you like the Soup of Pea, Ma'am?
Do you like the Soup of Pea?
Then I'll tell you how to make it,
If you'll listen, Ma'am, to me.
Steep your peas in clean cold water,
Then boil them in a pan;
Then through a hair-sieve pass them—
You must boil them till you can.
Then tell me, did you ever
Such a nice foundation see—
If you only do it clever—
For the famous Soup call'd Pea?

To some broth that's strong and nice, Ma'am,
The peas you'll please to add;
And a little well-boil'd rice, Ma'am,
Mix'd with it, won't be bad.
Take yolk of egg, and beat it;
But, mark my warning word,
You with the soup must heat it,
Not boil it—or 'twill curd.
Then taste, and say if ever
A better soup you'll see;
And, if you answer, "Never!"
Eat it, and think of me.

TO DRESS EELS A LA TARTARE!

AIR—"The Light Guitar."

Oh! leave the cray—the cray-fish mean,
The brill, the haddock white,
And bring a frying-pan quite clean,
Of polish dazzling bright;
And place it o'er the flickering ray,
Above the grate's top bar,
Then take an Eel, and learn the way
To cook *à la Tartare*.

I'll bid thee first your fish divide
In bits—from tail to head—
Through eggs and flour then let them glide,
And add some crumbs of bread.
I'll tell thee next, the whole to fry,
And on the road you are
To that with which there's nought can vie,
An Eel *à la Tartare*.

I'll tell thee how the sauce to make,
Which gives the dish its name;
Of hard-boil'd egg the yolk first take,
Then two raw eggs the same.
As these you in a basin blend,
Where salt and pepper are,
You'll stir them well—and all will tend
To make the Sauce *Tartare*.

I'll bid thee take a pint of oil,
And slowly let it drop
Into the whole—but it will spoil
If stirring it you stop.
And with the oil alternate pour
A little vin-e-gar;
Your task will then be nearly o'er
In making Sauce *Tartare*.

I'd make it thick, but not in clots,
Then add some gherkins chop'd,
With capers, parsley, eschalots,
If you'll my plan adopt.
A table-spoon of each will do.
French mustard from a jar
You'll add, with Cayenne pepper too—
And there's your Sauce *Tartare*.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is an Autocrat; but MR. LOUIS NAPOLEON is a-Noughtocrat.



THE FRENCH SPHINX.

A Monster, formerly of Thebes, now of Paris, who proposes Political Enigmas, and devours the Unfortunates who are unable to answer them.

THE SONG OF THE SOLD-OUT GUARDSMAN.

ARE—"The Minstrel Boy,"

THE Guardsman fop to the mart has gone,
In the week's Gazette you'll find him;
His sword no longer he girdeth on,
Nor his cartouche-box behind him.
"They talk of wars," said the dandy Guard,
"Which into fright betrays me;
Let him gain honour's bright reward,
Who for my commission pays me!"

The Guardsman felt a coxcomb's pain,
In the act of knocking under,
That his coat he must never wear again,
While his belt he tore asunder.
And said—"A soldier 'tis well to be,
If it don't require bravery;
But if we're to fight—good gracious me!
The thing would be perfect slavery!"

Economy in Projectiles.

THE newspapers teem with suggestions for extending the range of our military firearms; and for that purpose, it is probable that additional supplies will be demanded. Now, with care and attention, our national defences might be considerably improved, without any addition to the immense amount which they cost us at present; and let us hope that Government will try and make our money as well as our bullets go as far as possible.

A. REGULAR CHURCH-STEEPLE CHASE.

THE age of fox-hunting parsons is supposed to have passed; but it would appear that we still have clerical sportsmen, for the Liverpool sporting intelligence contains some right reverend names, indicating that there are ecclesiastics, of rival persuasions, who can run other matches than the race of godliness. Among the weights entered for the Liverpool Steeple-chase, we find no less a personage than "ST. HELIER," put down at 10 st. 6 lb. There is also "ABBOT LAURENCE," 9 st. 10 lb.; and in friendly antagonism with this popish friar and saint, we are gratified to observe the name of "MARIA MONK," 9 st. 8 lb. Under the head of "Handicap for the Spring Cup," we meet with the "PRIOR OF LANERCOST," 6 st. 12 lb.; "CARDINAL WISEMAN," 6 st. 10 lb., and the "ABBESS OF JERVEAUX," 6 st. 8 lb. With these great pillars of the Roman Church, figures "EBOR.," which is short, as everybody knows, for the title of our own ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. This remarkable collocation of names, in a list of patrons of the turf, shows the tendency of sport to make persons of opposite opinions on theology lay aside their polemical differences, and meet in good fellowship on the common ground of the race-course. It is pleasing to find the burning rage of controversy reduced to a gentle heat of a few miles.

The reflecting observer will remark the very moderate amount of the weights of the eminent divines above specified, since, from the apparent bulk of any of them he may have ever seen, he would be disposed to infer them to be much heavier. One would guess that the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK must weigh more than 6 st. 12 lb., the weight assigned to "EBOR.," and we should judge that the physical density of CARDINAL WISEMAN exceeded 6 st. 10 lb. It will be noticed that the CARDINAL is given as 2 st. less than the ARCHBISHOP; perhaps the *Tablet* will assert that the list was compiled by a heretic, and that the difference was forged in order to depreciate his EMINENCE by representing him as inferior to the Most Reverend Prelate in weight. But 6 st. 12 lb. against 6 st. 10 lb., may be said to be little better than six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; and it is clear that neither DR. WISEMAN nor DR. MUSGRAVE can be considered Heavy Dragoons, but, on the contrary, must be regarded as Light Bobs of their respective churches militant.

Of course the above observations are made on the supposition that the weights of the parties have been correctly stated, and that those individuals have not been treated with a degree of levity as inappropriate to their grave profession as it is apparently incompatible with their bodily circumference.

In conclusion, we may express the hope that any canter that may occur in the contest between these sacerdotal sporting characters will be entirely devoid of cant.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.—The same young lady who wrote to us last week, wishes to know whether the Needle-Gun is filled with Gun-Cotton.

A MUSICAL SNUGGERY.

SOMEBODY has advertised to give a series of "Musical Winter Evenings," about which there is an assumed air of snugginess and sociability that is rather unusual. The seats are not spoken of as reserved or otherwise; but the announcements state that "sofas to contain five may be had on application." Five on a sofa savours a little of seven or eight in a bed, and the intimation speaks rather too much of a cram—or, in school language, "a grease"—to be quite agreeable. Why not advertise "chairs to hold three," and "two stools between which one may come to the ground," for the junior members of a musical family? We dare say the "evenings" are very pleasant, but we object somewhat to the half-patronising air with which people are asked to come to them. Instead of its being stated in a straightforward way that the admission is seven shillings, it is hinted in a sort of mincing manner that "members may join"—the real fact being that anybody may join who will pay the money. The treat promised is something quite delicious to the lover of the classical school, for he will get Op. 83, Hummel, and Op. 43, Spohr, on the same evening. Some of those whose love for the classical does not quite jump with all these *Ops.*, may, perhaps, avail themselves of a sofa, not for five, but for one, as a nap may be agreeable.

How are you off for Soap?

"VIA TOR," complaining in the *Times* of the nasty state of the second-class seats in the carriages on the Great Western Railway, observes:

"The British public might have expected, that after the vast intercourse which has recently taken place between foreign nations and ourselves, the Directory would have learned to apply some few of the conveniences and decencies which our more fortunate neighbours enjoy in their railway carriages to those of the second class on their own line."

It appears that our foreign visitors to the Great Exhibition last year, left all their dirt and none of their cleanliness to the Directors of the Great Western Railway. The Railways made a great deal of money by the Exhibition: we are sorry to find that in one instance the profit may be described as filthy lucre.

1848 and 1852.

1848.—In 1848, the name of LOUIS NAPOLEON was simply BONAPARTE!

1852.—In 1852, the name of LOUIS NAPOLEON has become even greater; he is now only spoken of as BON-À-PARTIR!!

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

So desirous is LOUIS NAPOLEON of reviving old associations of the Empire, even in name, that a Decree has recently been issued, commanding the Soldiers all to wear Imperials.

LITERATURE.

A Dictionary of the Landless Gentry. By HERALD HARE, Esq. Hoax and Co.

THIS is a very remarkable and original publication. Encouraged by the success of the "Landed Gentry" of BURKE, MR. HARE has produced a work on that large and important class of gentry who have no land at all. It contains some notices of hundreds of our suburban families, with mention of at least four hundred young gentlemen who have founded branches of them in the metropolis. As it is now-a-days almost impossible to distinguish between "gentlemen" by outward appearances, and, as there are many hundreds of gentlemen, information concerning whose families is (says MR. HARE) but "scantily accessible to the public," (Preface, p. 3,) this work cannot fail to be largely circulated. Our author has to thank the heads of families, and of branches of families, he tells us, for most courteous replies to his communications. He has rarely been refused admission to chambers, lodgings, &c., where he wished to inspect documents—except, to use his own words—"where a disagreeable, yet *perhaps natural*, mistake was made concerning my motives, as a stranger, for penetrating inside." (Preface, p. 5.)

But, we must let the learned gentleman's work speak for itself by an extract or two. So, we will show with what orthodox felicity MR. HARE performs his part, and quote a specimen. Let us remark, that we shall show a proper deference in doing so, by quoting his notice of those distinguished aristocrats of the land-less party, who are far more "nobby" than their landed rivals—who sneer at the "rabble" from the backs of "acks"—whose waistcoats astonish Vauxhall, and who head the mazy dance at the TERPSICHOUREMS.

"HUGSLY OF BLOOMSBURY CHAMBERS.

"It was the opinion of DUGDALE (Red Lion King) that the founder of the family of HUGSLY, of Clapham, of which this gentleman is a cadet, was one WILLIAM, or BILL HUGSLY, who settled in Clapham in 1796, where he got a grant of half-an-acre of land. This he held on the feudal condition of making certain payments in coin quarterly—which he commuted by one large payment in 1798. He then built Hugslly Castle, or house ("every Englishman's house is his castle." JENKINS, *passim*). In 1801, we find him figuring in the roll of witnesses, (*Rec. proc. reg. banc.*) in the petition against a return of the HON. MR. BALDERDASH to Parliament, on account of treating, *propter intoxicationem electorum*, (*old MSS.*) He married ARABELLA, daughter and co-heiress of ASS of that ilk, by whom he had issue:

"ALEXANDER, (Captain in the Clapham Volunteers.)

WILLIAM, m. MARY, daughter of — PEWTER, Esq., of THE TILL, Brixton.

ELEANOR, m. — GRUBBLES, Esq.

"The two sons dying without issue, GRUBBLES, by right of his wife (and with her permission), obtained the Clapham estates; and obtained permission also (from his acquaintances) to take the name and arms of HUGSLY. They had—

"JOHN TOMKINS HUGSLY (*present possessor*).

HENRY DE BURGH HUGSLY (*founder of the branch of Bloomsbury Chambers*.)

"MR. H. DE BURGH HUGSLY's country seat is at Herne Bay. He encourages sporting.

"Wears: A paletot vert; trousers, *chequy*, azure and sable; a waistcoat *sémée de fleurs de lis*. Motto: *Go it, my bricksy-wiicksy*."

"BIGGINS OF PUMP COURT.

"The antiquity and notoriety of the BIGGINSSES (remarks FUNGUS) is proved by an old doggerel rhyme which tradition still repeats in the neighbourhood of their ancestral Peckham:—

"When from ye East there cometh ye Dan,
Then be sure, ye BIGGINS will run."

"It is probable that this scrap of doggerel refers to an old legend, which relates how Castle Biggins was besieged by an army in the days of the Black Prince (Regent; afterwards GEO. 4th.) The army, as the chronicles narrate, encamped in their neighbourhood, and terrible efforts were made to penetrate. This, however, was only effected by a stratagem. The invader chief entered, disguised as a brewer, with an empty barrel.—the proud old BIGGINS was forced to surrender.

"Since this period the fortunes of the House of BIGGINS have not been prosperous. It is recorded among them, that when anything terrible is going to happen to one of the family, a *banshee* appears—in the shape of a hook-nosed spectre with a sharp eye, jingling a chain. This is a signal that the course of the individual is nearly run.

"The Pump Court family (consisting of his brothers) is the most distinguished branch of the old family in question.

Motto. *See Wright*."

Such is the plan of the very excellent work of MR. HARE.

THE EXCLUSIVE IRISH TUTOR.

By Decree of the Synod of Thurles.



THE interesting little note subjoined is a pretty illustration of the kind of religious instruction and secular learning imparted, in combination, by certain pastors to certain flocks in Ireland. It is stated by the *Newry Journal* to have been sent to a local magistrate by post. The writer is evidently a gentleman of strong Riband politics:—

"You bludy heretick take this notice, lore yure land or leve the cuntry we cannot Pay our rent the land is so high and will we tirn our children out beggars for the sake of A heretick receiver you have past a bill against our Clargy now we have past the bill against heretick landlords And against heretick magistrates the bludy heretick lord John russil that past the bill you may blame him for All that is don And will be done in this cuntry we will have Ireland to our selvs we have

our police And you have your Police—so you bludy heretick you see which does their duty best And you will see if you get time which of them will do their duty best if you tirn from this date And live and let live it may be the means of saving yor trowth being magistrate we will have no heretick law in Ireland—sined and seled irish Police—down with hereticks."

In this brief document there are no less than eight distinct allusions to heresy, most of them qualified by an epithet most strongly expressive of the writer's antipathy to erroneous doctrine: an antipathy so violent that it extends to the misbeliever, and may be said, indeed, to assume, towards him, the character of ferocious hatred. The Riband gentleman seems to object more forcibly to the religious opinions than even to the pecuniary claims of the object of his reproaches. Clearly, if he could have called the Protestant magistrate anything worse than a sanguinary heretic, he would. That is the most opprobrious expression he could think of. What exasperates him more than having rent to pay is, that a bill has been "past" against his "Clargy;" and he is as much exasperated with "LORD JOHN RUSSIL" as with his landlord, both of whom he abuses and menaces in the same terms. "You"—qualified—"heretick," and "down with hereticks," are the beginning, middle, and end of his letter. His theological ardour is more intense than his personal malice. Zeal for his Church has eaten this gentleman up. His religious education has not been neglected. See what pious feelings have been instilled into his breast. Observe how indignant he is at the enactment which has been passed to the prejudice of his "Clargy." His orthodoxy is more wonderful than his orthography: can there be a doubt that both are derived from the same source?

Are not "Godless Colleges" rather preferable to a school which teaches such godliness and such spelling?

THE ADMIRALTY PUZZLED.

It seems that much of the time of the Admiralty, and, what is of more consequence, much of the money of the public, is consumed, in the game, or puzzle, of putting ships together and taking them to bits again. We have no objection to amusement under proper conditions; but we really think that our national shipping is rather too expensive a material for the diversion of ignorant authorities. They, not knowing their business, attempt to combine instruction with entertainment, by forming every ship into a practical puzzle, which they alternately pull to pieces, arrange, and re-arrange, in the hope of making something of it at last, though they seldom succeed in doing so. The pupils at Greenwich have a model vessel on their ground, and upon this vessel they have the means of enlightening their ignorance. Now, we would propose that the Lords of the Admiralty should have a sort of toy-ship, capable of being disjointed, and set up again, so that, when any of the Lords required amusement, he might have a sham vessel, instead of a real one, to play his tricks upon. Of course, if, after many years' practice with the toy-vessel, any one of their Lordships more sagacious than the rest should, unexpectedly, appear to have begun to understand naval affairs, he might be permitted to try his hand upon a real ship—beginning, of course, with the smallest craft, for fear of accident.

"FRENCH UNITY."

CERTAIN hiring French writers justify the Presidential policy on the ground of what they term "unity." For "unity," read "Unit."



A PRODIGIOUS NUISANCE.

Learned (but otherwise highly objectionable) Child (log.) "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK? I ASKED MR. — AND MISS — TO NAME SOME OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS FROM THE YEAR 700 TO THE YEAR 600 B.C., AND THEY COULDN'T. BUT I CAN—AND—THE SECOND MESSENIAN WAR COMMENCED; AND—THE POET TYRTÆUS FLOURISHED; BYZANTIUM WAS FOUNDED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MEGARA; DRACO GAVE LAWS TO ATHENS; TERPANDER OF LESBOS, THE MUSICIAN AND POET; THALES OF MILETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER; ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO, THE POETS, FLOURISHED; AND NEBUCHADNEZ—" [Sensation from right and left, during which the Voice of Child is happily drowned.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

WE want a book in which the Curiosities of Justice should be set down in a pleasant, attractive style. We think such a volume would make excellent railway reading. That Justice is blind, is made evident to the meanest capacity by the short weight she is apt to drop into her scales. And, at times, how odd are the commodities she has to balance! Here, at the Middlesex Sessions, she weighs the end of the nose of JOHN COSTELLO, as entirely bitten off by NICHOLAS QUIRK, "a powerful, ruffianly fellow," who pleaded "guilty to the act." Against such offence, justice balances "three months' imprisonment, with hard labour." We have here a beautiful illustration of the rights of property. Had QUIRK picked COSTELLO's pocket of a cotton handkerchief, QUIRK would have undergone an equal penalty; hence, the end of a man's nose is, in the *no* eyes of justice, of no more account than a twelve-penny bit of cotton. This is curious: the more so as a man possesses himself of another handkerchief; whereas, a nose once bitten, does not, like a tree that is pruned, shoot the stronger for the excision. It must be owned that NICHOLAS QUIRK has bought a brutal satisfaction, involving a most grievous injury, dog-cheap. We think noses—nay, even the tips of noses—should bear a higher price. We put it to MR. SERGEANT ADAMS; ought noses not to look up in the market?

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S MOTTO.—Your money AND your life!

THE WARNER RANGE.

WE can sympathise with CAPTAIN WARNER, in whose behalf LORD TALBOT has again appeared in print. His Lordship says,—in a letter to the *Daily News*—with reference to the Captain's annihilating engines, whatever they may be,

"I ask you to publish my solemn declaration as to my belief in their vast importance, and my sense of the folly and danger of rejecting them."

We say we sympathise with CAPTAIN WARNER, agonised and outraged as he must be by daily letters from all conditions of civilians, stock-brokers, lawyers, and other such harmless, peaceful bodies, all smelling of powder—all demanding rifle practice. Rifle practice! And CAPTAIN WARNER has in his heart—even as in the very centre of Vesuvius—a secret of desolation that would defy assault or opposition. Why will not the Lords of the Admiralty give the Captain a fair trial? For these are times, as writes the modest SIR CHARLES NAPIER to the Prime Minister, when even a successful Admiral is not to be snubbed. Suppose their Lordships devote two or three tubs of frigates or seventy-fours—the *Dromedary*, the *Hippopotamus*, or *Donkey*—to the experiments of CAPTAIN WARNER? If he cannot with his long range destroy them, they are quite as good and as bad as ever: if he can blow them to pieces, it would be much better that he should do so, than the French. Besides, who knows? May not LOUIS NAPOLEON attempt to coax or kidnap the Captain? We confess we are not justified in any suspicion of his patriotism; nevertheless, we should not continue to scorn and despise the avowed thunderbolts of a CAPTAIN JUPITER, the while certain folks are giving all their ears—no shortcoming gift—to the pea-shooters of the duck-legged squad.

THE LORDS (TOM NODDIES) OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Fleet is in the Tagus when it is wanted to guard the English coast. But this was sure to be the case with the Admiralty. How could it be expected, when they have such an awful mess with the "preserved meats" of the Navy, that they would be any more successful in preserving "the Chops of the Channel?"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S AIRS.



ATELY the extreme mildness of the weather in the North of Europe has been the subject of remark in the Paris papers, and it is said that even Russia has not been visited by its usual cold. The Paris press may well talk about the weather, there being scarcely any other topic that the French journals can touch upon. The alleged mildness in Russia may be accounted for, perhaps, by the rules of comparison; for after the severity that has existed since the 2nd of December at Paris, and the airs of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the air of St. Petersburg would seem to the Parisians mild in the extreme.

Touching Resignation.

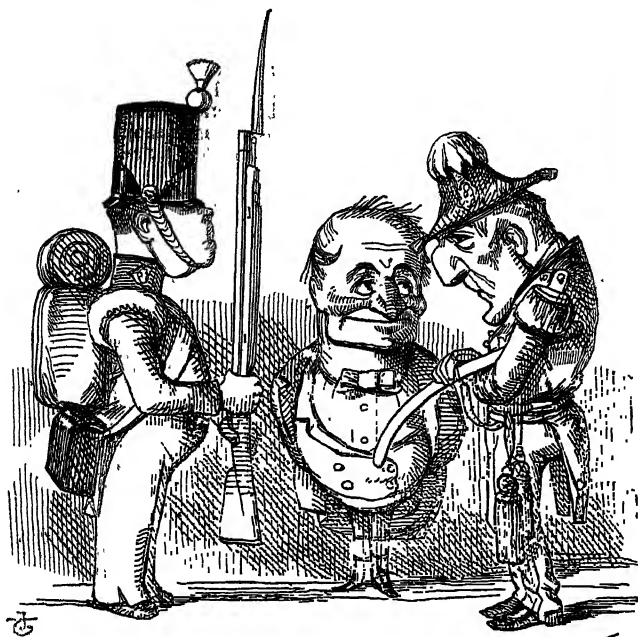
So firm a believer is SIR FRANCIS HEAD in the intensely virtuous principles of his adorable Prince President, that he has lately been heard to express himself "prepared to suffer martyrdom in so just a cause." We must confess we think the sacrifice would be of benefit to society in *one* respect; for, of course, the worthy Baronet would wish to be burnt on his own *Faggot*.



THE HOMŒOPATHIC MINISTER.

"YOU SEE, MR. JOHN BULL, LARGE DOSES OF REFORM ARE BAD FOR YOUR CONSTITUTION. BUT HERE IS A GLOBULE, OR INFINITESIMAL BILL, WHICH," ETC., ETC.

A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE ORDNANCE OFFICE.



THERE was a little man,
And he had a clumsy gun,
And a knapsack, just as heavy as lead, lead, lead;
And he was a splendid sight,
In his scarlet coat so tight,
And shako crown'd with shaving-brush on head, head, head.

In the march this little man
Soon to puff and blow began,
And found it deuced hard to keep in rank, rank, rank;
So ball-cartridge, sixty rounds,
Weighing something like eight pounds,
To steady him kept bobbing at his flank, flank, flank.

And as for want of wind
The little man he grinn'd,
And "bellows all to mend" often sung, sung, sung;
With belts they cross'd his chest,
That so might be suppress'd
The unmilitary action of his lung, lung, lung.

The little man was meant
In a steamer to be sent,
With his regiment 'gainst the Caffres at the Cape, Cape, Cape;
But the steamer was so small
That it wouldn't hold 'em all,
And was forced to run for Plymouth, in a scrape, scrape, scrape.

But though this little man
Has not had his little span
Of life made less by assegai or shot, shot, shot;
Other little men of pluck
Have not had so much luck,
But their gruel from the savages have got, got, got,

For though each such little man
Do all a soldier can,
(And the British troops are anything but muffs, muffs, muffs,)
What with pack, and belts, and gun,
What is there to be done
By the British red-coats 'gainst the Caffre buff, buff, buff?

That bright red-coat of theirs
Makes a target him that wears,
And the shako it is always tumbling off, off, off;
And on coming to hard knocks,
Good-bye belts, and straps, and stocks,
And make haste the British uniform to doff, doff, doff.

Now since a heavy pull
Is made upon JOHN BULL,
To equip and clothe his soldiers for their trade, trade, trade;
And since that trade's to fight,
JOHN thinks, and he is right,
They ought to have a dress for fighting made, made, made.

So he says he won't again
Allow his little men
To be pink'd, or else pick'd off by nasty blacks, blacks, blacks,
Because (that on field day
They may look more spruce and gay)
The Ordnance will put scarlet on their backs, backs, backs.

And as marching is an art
At which soldiers should be smart,
And as troops will march the better with less load, load, load;
He'll take on his pound of tax,
To take six pounds off their backs,
And will have the lighter weight still better stow'd, stow'd, stow'd.

And when these plans are tried,
And some more reforms beside,
Which red tape and officialism would balk, balk, balk;
"Then," says JOHN BULL, says he,
"Let FOX MAULE come to me—
About increase of War Estimates to talk, talk, talk."

LIBEL DE LUNATICO.

THE *Daily News* has been publishing a prodigious libel—a libel immense—according to the proverb—because an enormous truth. Our contemporary states, that, in the late Lunacy Commission on poor MRS. CUMMING, there were employed nineteen jurors, four counsel, and several attorneys: the proceedings occupying sixteen days, at an expense of £350 per day: in all, £5,600. Now, what is the publication of facts like these but the grossest reflection on English Law? A pauper lunatic is consigned to Hanwell at small charges: what is the natural inference from the circumstance, that it takes between five and six thousand pounds to determine the insanity of a wealthy lady? Of course, that the Law of England is a cormorant, a raven, a boa-constrictor, a vulture, a harpy. That the Law is a humbug, and pretends to protect the property of lunatics, only in order to devour their substance itself. Suppose, in one of the pantomimes, an old lady were introduced, carrying a bundle, labelled *E. s. d.*: whereupon the *Clown* exclaims, "Poor creatcha! She's out of her mind. Let's me and you take care of her property!" and then, bonneting the victim, divides the spoil with the *Pantaloon*;—sure we are the Lord Chamberlain would forthwith interdict so audacious a satire on the law of Lunacy. And will the ATTORNEY-GENERAL take no notice of a statement equally calculated to bring the law on that subject into contempt? As it is the majesty of the Law itself, not the dignity of any individual, that has been offended, the Government's mode of proceeding should be, not by prosecution in the Queen's Bench, but by Bill in the House of Commons—tending, we would suggest, to the slight reformation of Commissions in Lunacy.

FUNNY MARKET AND WITTY INTELLIGENCE.

THE great event of the Joke Market has been the recent fact, that several large cases of preserved jokes, intended for exportation, have been found to contain matter utterly unfit for human mirth. Some of these jokes were designed for the Colonies, which rely upon this country entirely for their supply of food for laughter; and it is expected that the result will be most melancholy to the colonists.

The utter absence of anything in the shape of joke-production in Australia has always rendered the inhabitants dependent on the mother country for their mother wit; and there will, therefore, be a sort of facetious famine, unless something is done to supply the deficiency caused by the deplorable badness of the preserved jokes that were destined for the Antipodes. Everything is being done to avert the horrors of utter jokelessness in those remote districts; and several volumes of *Punch* have been already despatched to the places likely to suffer most severely from what has occurred. We had some idea of giving a few samples of the contents of the condemned cases; but we are fearful of contaminating our pages, by introducing into them a kind of matter they were never intended to contain.

Frustrate their Navish Tricks.

THE only mode we can suggest for dealing with those persons who want so much of the public money as riggers of the Navy, is, to bring the rigour of the law to bear upon one or more of them. It would do no harm if a delinquent were to be transferred from a dock at Woolwich or Chatham, to the dock of the Old Bailey.

THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND.



WE have had England invaded so often lately, and in so many different ways—at least on paper—that no method of disembarking the French on our shores seems to be too absurd to talk about. We wonder that the idea has never entered anybody's head, of an invasion by means of balloons, headed by MONSIEUR POTTEVIN. Perhaps the whole French nation might come bodily over through the air, and, indeed, the state of inflation to which France is liable, would greatly favour the experiment. It is strange that no alarmist has suggested the possibility of an invasion by bladders instead of boats; for if an army of 50,000 men were only to be supplied with a pair of bladders for each soldier, and the whole 50,000 were to be fastened together by a rope, they might be towed over by one steamer, quite as well as by any of the other

methods through which an invasion is said just now to be capable of easy accomplishment. Paddles could, of course, be fitted up to the sides of all the horses; and as to the guns, why should they not float across just as well as the iron steamers which pass daily between Boulogne and Folkestone? These suppositions may seem rather absurd, but they are not more so than many of those we have recently been accustomed to. By the way, we wonder that anything has been said about the necessity for an invasion at all, when the French would have nothing to do—according to some wise authorities—but to fire into us by means of the submarine telegraph, and inflict upon us a terrific charge from the powerful galvanic battery that might be opened upon our coast from Cape Grisnez.

Now that probabilities are by universal consent thrown overboard, and everybody seems to be talking or writing as much nonsense as he can on the subject of invasion, we merely follow the fashion in suggesting a few extravagant absurdities, with a view to the thorough raising of that noble but rather peaceful old animal—the British Lion.

A MILITARY SELL.

OUR attention has been lately called to a not very valorous practice which has been commenced, but which we do not expect will be much followed, among the officers of the British army. We allude to the fact of there having been some instances of selling out at a moment when there is a possibility that the Guards might be required for the use of the country as well as for its ornament. We beg to protest against being misunderstood, or misinterpreted, and we therefore say distinctly, that the selling out will, in our opinion, furnish a very insignificant exception to the general rule, by which the officers of the army will be guided; and that they will nearly all stand to their posts like men of honour and courage, all the more firmly because they believe their services may be required. If the Guards were all dandies—which they are not,—and, if they were, a dandy is after all a very good-natured fellow in nine cases out of ten—they are nearly all Gentlemen.

The rumour of war will only have the good effect of winnowing away, by its breath, the few grains of mere chaff to be found amid the solid stuff which will resist to the last the stoutest attempts to administer a thrashing.

There have, however, been some rare instances of selling out, and though in some cases circumstances, with which we are unacquainted, may have justified the act, we shall take the liberty of making a cap—out of a sheet of paper—which, without our meaning to fix it on any particular head, will no doubt be found to fit somebody, who is at full liberty to appropriate it, and wear it.

Curious Chemical Discovery.

AN eminent Chemist of our acquaintance has, by the aid of a highly powerful Chemico-Mesmeric Analysing Apparatus of his invention, lately succeeded in analysing what he terms the "vital circulating medium" of the present Emp—that is, President of France; and finds it to consist almost wholly of *sang froid*, without a particle of *sang pur* about it.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS!

"DEAR PUNCH,

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the blast that blew down the French Republic, will have blown a windfall to me. Had it not been for LOUIS NAPOLEON'S *coup d'état*, there would have been no fear of invasion; had there been no fear of invasion, no call for additional defences; no call for additional defences, no excuse for not reducing taxation. My vocation would soon have gone; at least my commission would be seriously diminished. Whatever injury he may have done other people, the French Dictator will have greatly benefited me (unless you and the rest of the disagreeable Press interfere), by affording Government a plea for granting a new lease of life to the rather unpopular impost which enriches

"THE INCOME-TAX COLLECTOR."

ALARMING ILLNESS OF TWO EMINENT LEGAL CHARACTERS.

ALL who have any reverence for time-honoured names in connection with our venerable system of English law, will learn, with regret, that two celebrated personages, who have long figured in professional antagonism in the Courts of *Nisi Prius*, have been attacked with symptoms giving occasion for the most serious apprehension on the part of their friends. A conviction has gained ground that their services, of late, have tended rather to the complication and delay of proceedings, than otherwise, in the causes wherein they have been engaged; and the general opinion seems to be, that they have outlived their usefulness. The Common Law Commissioners have, accordingly, felt it their duty to recommend that these distinguished characters should in future cease to be retained; and hence it is inferred that their existence can hardly be protracted for a lengthened period. When they shall have left us, it will be said, by many a lover of old forms, that "there hath passed away a glory from" actions of ejectment; and the skirt of many a long robe will wipe away the tear shed in memory of those champions so renowned in the annals of legal fiction—"JOHN DOE" and "RICHARD ROE."



Richard Roe. "FAREWELL, JOHN! OUR WESTMINSTER HALL DAYS ARE OVER, AND NOTHING LEFT FOR US BUT THE ABBEY."

John Doe. "OH, RICHARD, RICHARD! HOW HARD IT IS TO PART AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE!"

The Red-hot Halfpenny.

WE once heard of a mischievous trick played upon a poor organ boy. There was thrown to him a red-hot halfpenny from a window into the mud. He tried to pick it up, but—burnt his fingers.

LOUIS NAPOLEON would seem to be in the like dilemma, with this difference that—he deserves his reward. By the indignation of public opinion, the Orleans property has become even as the red-hot halfpenny.

RIFLE-SHOOTING MADE DIFFICULT.

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR, "I always had a difficulty in keeping my seat on horseback; therefore it would be useless, if not absurd, for me to join the Yeomanry Cavalry. Weighing between thirteen and fourteen stone, I should not do for a light infantry regiment, and not being taller than five feet six, I could not well become a grenadier. I do not possess the agility requisite for the evolutions of the ordinary foot soldier. Corns, combined with liability to gout, incapacitate me to stand a march: and I am too apt to take cold to dare to lie in damp sheets, much less to bivouac, perhaps in a wet turnip field, all night. But, Sir, I think I could handle a rifle. I believe I could shoot a sanguinary invader of my native land from behind a hedge. In that way, at least, I could make some little exertion to defend my premises, and to afford that protection which as a man, a father, and a husband, I am bound to render my country, my daughters, and Mrs. G. That is to say, I could perform this duty with a little practice, whereby I might acquire the skill of a marksman. Impressed with this feeling of my obligations to my family, my fellow-citizens, and my QUEEN, I have invested £5 5s. in a rifle, and an additional sum in powder, copper caps, and ball. But, Sir, how am I to familiarise myself with the use of my weapon? Where am I to learn to bring down my enemy at 1600 yards, as the newspapers tell me the Chasseurs of Vincennes do? I repair to Clapham Common. At a considerable expenditure of breath, I scale the heights of Hampstead. I descend, aided by some public conveyance, into the valley of the Thames, and seek the heath-clad plain of Wimbledon. But in vain do I search for a locality where I could fix a target, which I could fire at without the risk of shooting somebody. If I ask, "Where is a safe spot for rifle-practice?" Echo repeats the interrogatory: or else a notice-board informs me that if I trespass upon that property I shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. Now, Sir, I call these fruitless endeavours, the pursuit of marksmanship, not under difficulties, but under impossibilities. It is all very well to tell us inhabitants of the metropolis that we ought to make ourselves sharpshooters. We can't cast magic bullets, such as the fellow in the blue pelisse and buff boots shoots the turkey with in *Der Freyschütz*. In the meantime, where are we to practise? I repeat, Sir, Where?"

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN GILFINTON."

"P.S.—Is it not strange, Sir, that the Aldermen who supply you so plentifully with butts, cannot furnish us with a target?"

POST-OFFICE REFORM.

[From our own Cabinet Correspondent.]

WE are enabled, we hope, on the very best authority, to lay before the British Empire the most gratifying intelligence illustrative of the new and enlightened determination of the British Cabinet. It has too long been the reproach of the Ministry, that the bigger fishes and the whiter loaves have ever been bestowed upon the born aristocracy, the plebeian projectors being set aside, or at best rewarded with the smallest of sprats, and the coarsest of penny rolls. All this is to be reformed. Hence, the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE, who withdraws from the office of Postmaster General, is to be superseded by ROWLAND HILL. For once in a way, the vulgar working-bee is to have his due reward, *vice* the dignified drone.

Naval Intelligence.

OUR readers will be delighted to hear that England has made a naval demonstration in the very face of the French President. At the ball at the Tuileries, LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE appeared in "his full uniform of Post Captain." We breathe again! "England expects that every man will dance his polka!"

Louis Napoleon's Celebrated Campaign.

THERE is a talk of the military promotion of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The mere rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the National Guards, is not enough for the nephew of an Emperor, who may be Emperor himself one of these lugubrious days. He is to be made *Connétable de l'Empire*. If this be true—and nothing is unlikely, now-a-days, in France—then we mean to say LOUIS NAPOLEON has fairly won his *bâton de Connétable*—in other words, his Constable's Staff, which he handled with such dexterity on the memorable 10th of April, 1848.

AN OLD SAW RE-SET: PRO BONO CAPEICO.—A rifle in hand is worth two Caffres in the Bush.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



OUR Ealing correspondent writes to us in a state of the highest excitement about the order which has just arrived, for the gravel required to be laid down between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament. Every man who owns a spade, feels that he has a trump in his hand, and is preparing to go to work. The state coachman's collar is already in the wash, and

the stockings of the state footmen have been lying in pink saucers since Monday last. It is expected that their legs will be more rosy than ever on the 3rd of February; and the person entrusted with "getting up" the stockings has been instructed to select a pink as near to the well-known "pink of perfection" as possible. The "Cap of Maintenance" has been taken out of its hat-box, and thoroughly brushed after its long nap; and the Usher of the Black Rod has given out his wand of office to be black-leaded for the occasion that is just at hand. The manes and tails of the state horses are already put up in curl-papers, and the air-cushions of the state carriage are being thoroughly aired, so that the ceremony is likely to be quite as imposing as usual.

SHOE-BLACKS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE *Athenæum* has a pleasant social and statistic notice of the young shoe-blacks who have succeeded in London streets; by which it appears that KOSSUTH was, indirectly, productive to them on his visit to the City, when

"People trod unanimously on each others' toes, and the industrial little colony earned a large sum of money."

Seeing that, in the present session of Parliament, certain parties are liable to have their toes "unanimously trod upon," a few of the blacking brigade might be serviceable in the House of Commons. Nay, what a huge polishing brush might come to the aid of the colonial EARL GREY, in the House of Lords.

Turkey in America.

ACCOUNTS from Salt Lake represent polygamy as prevailing to a monstrous extent amongst the Mormons. GOVERNOR YOUNG, one of their leaders, is said to have ninety wives, with sixteen of whom he lately drove through the streets in an omnibus. But we must look around us before we turn up our eyes at the enormities of the disciples of JOE SMITH. If they take more wives than they have any business with, there are others who undertake the cure of more souls than they can attend to: and the distribution of English Church preferment will show that the Mormons are not singular in their pluralism.

NAVAL NAÏVETÉ.

WE understand that the reason assigned by the Admiralty authorities for continually cutting our new ships to pieces, is the impression their Lordships are under that by dividing one ship frequently into two, the strength of the navy must be eventually doubled.

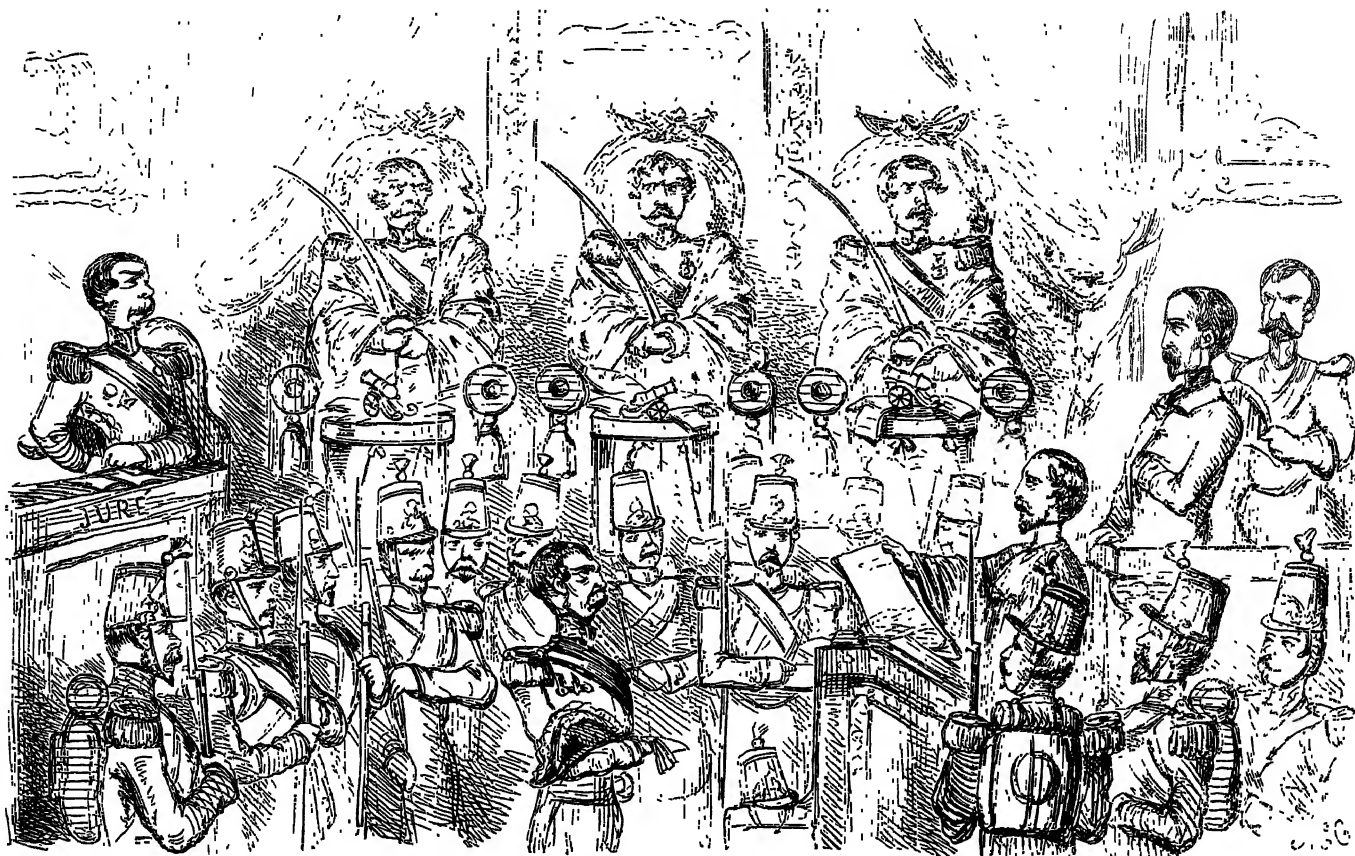
Our National Defences.

(As defined by an Intelligent Cabman of our acquaintance.)

EXTERNAL FORTIFICATION.—Top-coat, Overalls, and Tarpaulin Hat. INTERNAL DITTO.—Pound of Beefsteak, and "Suthan short to keep the cold out."

TWO CELEBRATED ESCAMOTEURS.

THERE is one in Paris, and the other in London. The latter is the celebrated ROBIN; and the former, LOUIS NAPOLEON, who has been lately ROBBIN—the estates of the ORLEANS family.



INTERIOR OF A FRENCH COURT OF JUSTICE, 1852.

RIFLE CLUBS.

A VERY laudable feeling is glowing in the hearts of thousands of the British people—the feeling for rifle practice. The British people have the best wishes, the most disinterested aspirations, for the prosperity of the people of France; nevertheless, if French soldiers are ordered to attempt to jump upon the British beach, British people—deeply regretting the occasion—are desirous to have the readiest means of killing them. We wish France well; but, with the present Notability at the Tuileries, we can only wish her well, with our triggers at full-cock. We hate war; nevertheless, we have a worse hatred of slavery. We do not think it a pleasant, humanising object to contemplate a soldier gashed by sword, or riddled by bullet, stark and dead on the English strand: for all that, we would rather look upon him in that dilemma, “taking his rest,” with the sky for a coverlet, than have him alive and kicking in our conquered streets. We hate martial instruments; but we are free to confess it—we would rather be compelled to give aforesaid French soldier three inches of cold iron than half-an-inch of hearth-rug. Bayonets are very bad, but chains are worse than bayonets.

It is this just and elevating feeling of self-defence—and no vain cock-a-doodle-doo-ing—that has stimulated so many persons, the youthful and the mature, to become desirous of shouldering and cracking rifles. From no hatred of France, but from hatred and distrust of the man who dominates France, paralysed as she is under military nightmare, Rifle Clubs are being formed throughout England; and, though we lament the necessity, we rejoice at the manly spirit that—as although it were a sanative balsam—snuffs gunpowder.

The utility, otherwise the necessity, of Rifle Clubs being admitted, we have to suggest to the various bodies of riflemen, that they adopt various kinds of targets; so that, whilst the aim of the marksman is educated, there is also conveyed a moral lesson. May there not be sentiment in a bull's eye? Let us, in one or two examples, consider the matter.

As every regiment has its flag, why should not every civil rifle corps have its peculiar target? Already, a gallant young stock-broker has called upon recruits; and no doubt from his own class will be gathered an efficient body. Where their practising-ground will be, we know not—but we heartily trust not in Capel Court. The place, however, is not

the matter; but the particular target. What, then, better than the Grasshopper—a green grasshopper in a round of gold—the GRESHAM crest? *Sine sanguine, sine dolore*, poetically clicks the grasshopper. “Without blood, and without grief,” is the very motto for our pacific marksmen, who only learn to shoot the better; that they may the better keep the peace. A spot of gold—no bigger than a sovereign on the grasshopper—might serve as the mark. Is there not in such target-practice a double lesson conveyed? At once a sure eye for an aim, and a sharp look-out for a sovereign?

Why, too, should we not have an Income-Tax Rifle Corps? The target with the 7d. in the centre; the nominal bull's eye the middle of the circle of the d.? Surely, JOSEPH HUMS might raise many hundreds of marksmen; and, possibly, for old political acquaintance-sake, LORD JOHN would permit him to set up his butt in Palace-Yard.

As for the lawyers—and they *did* practise in the last panic—they too have already spoken from the Temple. They are, to a man, prepared for rifle practice; and, unlike our soldiers of the line, have coats of a colour that would deceive even a Kaffir. Very difficult is it to hit a lawyer. But for the legal target. Well, we propose a perfectly spun cobweb, with a Spider in the centre. This target would afford a peculiar opportunity whereby to test the sharpness of the shooters; the spider's lines depicting such nicety of distance, even for those who should miss the spider itself.

With these few notions, we leave the subject to be variously worked out by the various Clubs. We have made the general suggestion; its particular application rests with particular bodies.

“Vox Populi.”

“*Vox populi*” was the flattering construction his Imperial Majesty the President was most graciously pleased to put upon his late so-called “Election” by seven and a half millions of apocryphal votes. “*Vox populi*!”—the empty ceremony is well shadowed in the phrase: for is not experience now daily proving, that in France “*vox populi*” is but another reading for “*vox et præterea nihil*?”

A SMALL SHOT.—If the “calibre” of the British Army is no better than its muskets, the sooner both are discharged the better.

ALPHABET LOZENGES.



SOMEBODY has started, what may be called, with reference to the Alphabet, a CAPITAL idea, by proposing to teach children their letters through the medium of Lozenges. Instead of appealing to the eye, the inventor appeals to the mouth, and thus the sweets of learning are made—not simply a name, but a luscious reality. In these days, when premature cramming is so common, it is something to invent a plan for causing instruction to go down agreeably. A thirst for knowledge is an excellent thing, but the Alphabet Lozenges will encourage not only an absolute hunger, but a right-down greediness, for learning. Some may doubt the propriety of blending instruction with the lollipop, and allowing the influence of the cane to be superseded by that of the sugar-stick. We think that a wholesome effect might be produced by conveying information

in a medical form, and we throw out the hint for combining salubrity with science, by the invention of a multiplication pill, a geographical black dose, and an ointment to be rubbed in for the purpose of rubbing up a knowledge of history.

THE GREAT REFRESHMENT DEBATE.

(From our own Reporter.)

THE first business of the Session, after the "Ministerial Explanations," was a debate on the prices and qualities of the provisions to be had in the Refreshment Room of the House of Commons. We wish Honourable Members would be as solicitous about that which comes out of their mouths, as they seem to be anxious about what is to go into them. Though the debate on the Chop and Steak question included nearly every kind of provisions, there was nothing said about the probable expense of eating their own words—an operation to which many Members will, in the course of the Session, be liable. It is certainly rather a cool proceeding on the part of the Commons, when they ought to be inquiring anxiously into the condition of our Ports, to be asking questions about the price and quality of their own Sherries. When the whole nation is full of anxiety about the Cape, it is rather disappointing to find the House absorbed in the question of its own Madeira. We shall expect to find the notice-book occupied with Motions for a Select Committee to inquire—not whether the Caffres have raised the standard of revolt, but whether the Wine-merchant has raised the price per bottle of the Standard of Natural Sherry.

Since the precedent has been set, we may expect to have it extensively followed; and we shall be having Motions to bring a waiter to the bar of the House, for having served out indifferent grog to an Honourable Member at the bar of the coffee-room. Agricultural Members will be asking questions relative to their chop in town, neglectful of their stake in the country; and Returns will be moved for, to ascertain the number of cooks employed in making the broth, with a view to the punishment of those who may have had a hand in spoiling it. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will, perhaps, be called upon to relieve from duty, cigars smoked by Members; and the Economist party will probably move for the introduction of the "small plate" system, as adopted, with much success, in the cheap eating-houses of the metropolis. On the whole, we cannot congratulate the Commons on their second night's debate; for their hunger for chops contrasted discredibly with the national thirst for information on subjects of larger interest.

Political and Social Prospects.

PARLIAMENT re-assembles, and the season returns. The consequence will be, that parties will pursue their old courses, both in the House and out of it; there will be the usual intrigues: and very late hours will be kept almost every night, with very doubtful benefit to the constitution.

Perhaps So.

OUR Social Reporter informs us, that, from statistics of his own collecting, he is now prepared to show that the quantity of quadrille parties last New Year's Eve was fully 20 per cent. above the average. We suppose this increase is mainly attributable to the fact, that people thought it appropriate to begin Leap Year with a Hop.

EPITOME OF ORDNANCE MANAGEMENT.—All their pieces are farces.

THE PREMIER'S GREAT-GRAND-MOTHER.

THOSE who are always on the look-out to find some family connection between the members of the Government, and who think that office is bestowed less upon abstract than on relative merit, have discovered that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's great-grandmother was the sister of LORD GRANVILLE's great-grandfather. We can agree with the Premier in laughing at the idea of his predilection for relations so very distant, in point of time, as his own great-grandmother and somebody else's great-grandfather. We do not accuse the Minister of having chosen his Foreign Secretary on account of the possibility that the great-grandfather of the one may have taught the great-grandmother of the other to suck eggs, or that there may have been some other little interchange of brotherly and sisterly attentions between a pair, who have been, more than a century back, gathered to a previous batch of still greater grandfathers and grandmothers. These imputations are, however, the result of a long-established character for nepotism, and we should not be surprised if LORD JOHN were to be taken to task for bestowing a place on the merest stranger, and charged with doing so for family reasons, simply because the person promoted falls under the denomination of "a man and a brother."



Noble Lord. "HERE'S THIS CONFOUNDED NEWSPAPER SPEAKING THE TRUTH AGAIN. AH! THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."

The Great Un-Read.

MR. HUME made some remark on Thursday evening with reference to the printing of the papers of the House of Commons, which ought to be of uniform size, and it was ultimately agreed to refer the matter to a Committee. We think the buttermen and waste-paper dealers ought to have a voice in the matter, for they have certainly the largest reversionary interest in the publications of the House of Commons.

FASHIONABLE ON-DIT.

SUCH is the excitement prevalent on the subject of our national defences, that it is said the Lady Patronesses of *Almack's* seriously contemplate giving a series of cylindro-conical balls.



PRESUMPTION; OR, THE FATE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

The Monster. L — N —.

Frankenstein. FRANCE.

MEN OF MARK AND LIVELIHOOD.

"MIST" PUNCH,

February, 1852.

"LOOKY here Sir f yu pleas at this here bit o ritin sined wi a lattn Neam ca VENDO TUTUS as I cut out a the *times* news Pehaper now This is wot i Calls oxford logik sience And filosofy—Read it:—

"There were a number of poachers sent on board men-of-war just before the battle of Algiers. Several were together in one ship. The men suggested to their officers, that if they could be supplied with loaded rifles as fast as they could discharge them, they could pick off many of the enemy that seemed to brave the fire of our marines. The suggestion of the poachers was adopted, and it was soon seen that these men were the marksmen of the ship. One poacher declared that he had singled out and shot 18 of the enemy."

"talk aBout nashnal de Fences gin LEWIS NA POLEON BONYPART Here's your Men. Pochers is the Tru Brittons to Fite for their Natif Land. Now *Mist' punch* if you Pleas sir yu Be so good as to speak to LORD JON RUSSELL and the DUKE o WELLINGTON long Life to em to Do a Way wi Them Game Laws that sends a Pore feler to Gale for techin of is Self How to Destroy the Enemys of His Kuntry and QUEEN VICKTORIA HIS ROYALL HINESS PRINCE ALBERT ALBERT PRINCE OF WHALES and all the Royal family by Pratinis on dum Animles Burds and Beastes Of the Feeld. It's all Tru wots in the *Times*. Wen i gose out wi My pardner larnin and laborin to git my own Livvin in the way it Pleases my lord Byshopp to call Pochin says to 'n i Says now lets you and me sposse were a Shootin at the french Sogers come over here to plunder and to steal among MISTR BIL SIMS's turmutts. so presently i gits site of a patridge. Bang! over he Purls there i Sez goes BONY. After a bit my pardner Twigs a Hare bang! agen nox Him over too so much a sez for ginerall SANTARNOD. And so on til we've Fild our Bagg. Now *mist' Punch* sir i Ask You aint this a rite And proper Way of Ernin our Bredd like a Tru Blu Englishman with a Greeable Divershun. Ile warrand My pardner and Mee bring down cock fezant off his Purch enny distans with in Shott 9 times out of ten. Parlyvoo same. here's yure helth *Mist' Punch* and if you please ile cuple with That tost Suc Cess to Pochin: and if so be as you ever wants a dish o trout or a brase o burds or so Say the Word. Witch will be Immegately attended too by your Honners obegient humbel sarvunt

"BOBB MOODY."

"My direckshun. to be herd of att the ' fox and Duck soke Itchendale."

THE "HYGEIAN" SYSTEM OF POLITICS.

We have been considerably amused of late by observing that the system of politics now dominant in Europe, conforms with marvellous regularity to the "Hygeian or Morisonian System" in medicine. The principles of this last, as contained in a hand-bill which recently fell into our hands, are embodied in a series of "propositions," which we extract from, to prove our view:—

1. The vital principle is in the Blood.
2. Everything in the body is derived from the Blood.
3. All Constitutions are radically the same.
4. All diseases arise from impurity of the Blood, or, in other words, acrimonious humours lodged in the body.

Really, the analogy (though we speak with modesty of the results of our acuteness of remark) is quite wonderful. The "vital principle" of the dynasties of Hapsburg, &c, is clearly the Blood; so is that of the government of our friend the French President. Then, as for the body politic—it derives its "everything," which is little enough, from this sanguinary source; everything, we say—from the Blood—for who supposes that it can derive anything from the—brains? All "Constitutions," again, are radically in the same predicament; the "Blood" lords it over them; and even the sturdy Constitution of our dear JOHN BULL has of late been disturbed by a tendency of the "Blood" to the head—of affairs. And, as for the last of these *dicta*, it is impossible to deny that "acrimonious humours"—very bad humours indeed—prevail in the body politic, everywhere, to a very great extent.

When we turn to the remedy which the genius of MORISON suggests, we find that a "Vegetable Compound" was the real desideratum; and, that this MORISON discovered. We only wish we knew a vegetable compound which would cure the disorders of Europe. The "President," indeed, favoured his body politic with a prescription of the vegetable called grape, some time ago, but the ill-humours have only been going on increasing ever since. The Protectionists, we suppose, could suggest turnips—thoroughly protected from competition. But though all kinds of green things have been abundant of late, in the treatment of affairs, the "requisite energy" has not yet been imputed to the "Blood," which, we are afraid, still causes disease by the impure state in which it is.

Meanwhile *Punch* does his duty, as of old, by his external application of the vegetable birch,—which may, possibly, stimulate the "Blood," and, by promoting activity, improve the "Body."

BALL PRACTICE.—A ST. JAMES'S IDYL.

CAPTAIN HEELBALL (of the Blues).



HAT fools these are that the *Times*' columns fill,
With twash about twoops, uniforms, and dwell!
Here's one muff says the Line should not wear wed,
And wants to give them blue or gween instead.
If the Line's gween, or blue, there's not a doubt,
Our fellows and the Wifes must sell out.

LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN FITZFLUKE (of the Grenadiers).

Of cawse; and here scwibbles another muff,
That of ball pwactice we have not enough.
I should just like to see the snob go through
As much ball pwactice, FWED, as I or you.
Somebody's told him, how to shoot away,
Each Fwench *Chasseur* has his ten balls a day.
Gad, I've a good mind to the *Times* to write,
And say the Guards have their ten balls a-night.

The Sonnambula of Hungerford Hall.

It is not true that MDLLE. PRUDENCE, of Hungerford Hall, has had an offer of marriage from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. The report may have originated from an observation by a desperate punster, that if that young lady can deflect the magnetic needle, she may be expected to attract the IRON DUKE.

OUR ADMIRAL ON HALF-PAY.



ADMIRAL BENBOW HAZY is now living in retirement, or, to adopt the more usual expression, is reposing on his laurels. A little while ago his neighbours of the town of Biddlecumb gave him a public dinner. The Admiral is much respected in his own district, where his family is well known. The HAZYS are supposed (by themselves) to have come over with the Conqueror, and have certainly held the lands of Hazyton for some generations.

The Admiral's present object is to acquire the command of the Channel fleet,

which, we believe, may be obtained in three ways—by living to 120; by Parliamentary agitation; or by marrying into the Ministry. Our friend HAZY is open to either of these courses, though it still remains a question whether either of them is open to him. Meanwhile, he is devoting himself to Polite Letters. He meditates, we believe, nothing more nor less than

A NEW DIBDIN.

There is a certain calm grandeur about this proposal, which we are aware will startle the British tar. DIBDIN, we know, is the singer of the old school; but shall the new school have no singer? A "class has arisen," says SIR CHARLES NAPIER, the Admiral, in his genial, un-complaining way, "which sneers at what they call the old school."

The fact is, we believe that gentlemen of the school of HAZY won't eat "junk" when they can get boiled fowl. This is one symptom of the deadly change which HAZY's contemporary, SIR CHARLES, bewails; and which HAZY proposes to chronicle in literature, and particularly in song, by adapting DIBDIN's well-known chants to the changed state of circumstances.

But our friend HAZY's object is also highly utilitarian. He intends to decorate the odd little ship-building freaks and other graceful fantasies of the Admiralty with poetic grace. Luckily for him, he is on half-pay at present, and free to exert himself in this manner. Our readers are possibly not aware that an Admiralty Regulation—so the gallant officer assures us—forbids all officers on service to write on naval matters in periodicals. For, as they are just the fit people to write—why, of course, the subject would be instructively handled—and what would become of the Service then?

The first specimen which the Admiral has sent us of his performance, belongs to the first of the above-mentioned classes. It is intended to be sung—with deference to SIR CHARLES NAPIER—by the New School. "If ever the sun of Great Britain sets," was the beautiful sentiment of a Captain whom we knew, "it will set in an ocean of Madeira!" He was alluding to the increasing luxury of the midshipmen of the *Timbuctoo*, which he then commanded. He subsequently, by-the-bye, perished on the coast of Africa from a surfeit of tripe, a martyr to his primitive tastes. There is a monument to him—"HOPE comforting a Negro." By HIGSON)—in the churchyard at Sierra Leone. But this is a digression. HAZY's first song, we say, is founded on DIBDIN's well-known "*Nothing like Grog*." But how different the object of this fine-minded writer! His song is as follows:—

NOTHING LIKE HOCK.

A plague of those musty old lubbers
Who said that a mid must not think;
That a gun-room was no place for "rubbers,"
And "grog" was the right thing to drink!
JOHANNISBERG! could they have twigg'd it,
How their vulgar ideas 't would mock!
And, spite of their rules,
The old fools
Would surely, one fancies, have swigg'd it,
And sworn their was nothing like Hock!

My father, when I gave a guinea
For a *bouquet* for ELEANOR B—,
Said, "JACK, never be such a ninny;
You'll ruin your mother and me."
I pass'd round the sunny Rudesheimer,
And bow'd to that worthy old cock:
He was sulky—and mother,
And sister, and brother.
I humm'd from an opera rhymier,
And swore there was nothing like Hock!

T' other day as my uncle was preaching,
From the family pew out I slunk—
The Dean is a good hand at teaching;
But the previous night I'd been drunk;—
So I bolted for soda; out-pour'd it
With some wine for the foundation rock.
It was grand! it was glorious!
Fresh, foaming, victorious!
And I worshipp'd the Rhine as I floor'd it,
And swore there was nothing like Hock!

Then trust me, if you must be drinking,
Let the grape line the way to the grave;
Rum-and-water—at least to my thinking—
Is coarse as the salt of the wave:
As for me, wine's my one only tippie—
—I am just going off to the dock—
Seedy, well, late or early,
To set you up, fairly—
At sea with a bore,
Or at leisure on shore,—
'Pon my honour, there's nothing like Hock!

MODEL ARTICLE ON A CERTAIN PERSON.

(Dedicated to the Parliamentary Censors of the Press.)



WE should be sorry to express any strong opinion on the acts of the PRESIDENT of the French nation. It is a constitutional maxim, that the QUEEN can do no wrong; and we would willingly ascribe the same impeccability to the elect of seven millions of Frenchmen. We are, therefore, inclined to doubt the statements, that he occasioned his soldiery to shoot several hundred French citizens at the windows and in the streets of Paris; that he caused numerous officers and other persons of distinction to be illegally seized, imprisoned, and banished, or that he has deported, to Cayenne and elsewhere, some thousand persons, without a conviction, without a trial, without a crime. We question whether he has enslaved the press, and prohibited the expression of public opinion. We are sceptical as to the allegation that he has decreed any such measure as the confiscation of the ORLEANS property. But, even if he has done all these things, we should not be disposed hastily to censure him. If charity begins at home, it extends to a foreign nation; and it requires us to place the best construction we can on the motives of the man who was a special constable on the 10th of April. Frenchmen are not Englishmen, and though they certainly ought not on that account to be butchered, without good reason, yet there is a difference between the two nations, which in one may reduce to a dire necessity what in the other would be a dreadful crime.

Circumstances alter cases; and these observations will apply equally to the other proceedings imputed, whether correctly or incorrectly, to LOUIS NAPOLEON. The consideration of them will remove much that appears objectionable in the policy which he is said to have adopted, if he has adopted it: which, as we before remarked, we doubt. What seems the most probable of all the allegations made against him, is, that he has destroyed the liberty of the Press: as most of the Parisian journals are, in fact, silent; but we can understand and appreciate the motive which may restrain them from prematurely pronouncing on matters which had better be left to the judgment of the historian. And, for our own part, we should hesitate to say anything that might provoke a powerful enemy: not that the illustrious PRINCE, to whom we allude, is in the slightest degree irritable or vindictive.



BRITANNIA CALLING HER DUCKS HOME.

PROTECTIONIST UNITY OF THOUGHT.

THERE are said to be just now three oppositions; but, though there may be a difference of opinion on the Anti-Ministerial benches, there is a remarkable unanimity of idea; for the two leaders—the EARL OF DERBY in the Lords, and MR. DISRAELI in the Commons—were found making use of exactly the same figure in almost precisely the same words. Both commented on the QUEEN'S Speech, and both suggested that one of its fifteen paragraphs was the production of one of the fifteen members of the Cabinet. Considering that this was almost the only "point" in the speech of the Protectionist peer, as well as in that of the Protectionist commoner, the question will be, whether two great men hit simultaneously on the same thought; or whether one took it from the other; and if so, which is the original, and which the copyist. The matter may perhaps give rise to a controversy similar to that regarding the respective claims of ADAMS and LE VERRIER to one of the recently discovered comets.

The friends of the peer will stick up for the priority of his Lordship, and will attribute to the Earl the early notion; while, on the other hand, the admirers of MR. DISRAELI may perhaps assert that he had the idea cut and dried in his desk for nearly twenty-four hours before the speech was actually delivered. It will be impossible to decide on such a very delicate question; but we can, at all events, have no hesitation in allowing that it looks as if the Protectionist opposition had been animated on the opening night of the Session by one—and exactly one—idea.

The Sibthorp Parade.

COLONEL SIBTHORP boasts that he was never inside the Crystal Palace, and still wants it pulled down. Will no consideration induce him to spare that wonderful building? He could at once preserve an ornament to the Metropolis, and obtain a great personal triumph, by persuading the House of Commons to keep up the Temple of Peace—for the purpose, in wet weather, of drilling soldiers in it for national defence.

A COLOURABLE EXCUSE.—THE reluctance shown by many military men to abandon the red uniform, arises from a natural disinclination they feel to deserting their colours.

THE GRAND EXPLANATION.

THE PREMIER.

NORMANBY said, TURGOT said WALEWSKI said he said—I mean the noble Lord said—more than we said; So I said, did he say what certainly he said—as they said? Then he to what I said, after some three or four days' delay, said, That as to what I said they said he said, he had said so and so; Whereupon I said, that after what he said we couldn't get on; and he had better go.

THE EX-FOREIGN SECRETARY.

With regard to what I said; at least, according to what they have said To my noble—friend—as he said—'tis possible I may have said Something of that nature, perhaps, I in reply said, As soon as I had time; but they had not said quite what I said. Besides, I said, what I said, as aforesaid, He said as well, and they said, and many more said; And what I said, as he said, and they said, I had a right to say, if I chose.

And, after all's said and done, it is I who have kept you from blows.

LORD BROUGHAM'S OPTICAL LECTURE.

HIS Lordship, during his brief sojourn in Paris, on his way from Cannes to London, where he arrives—*Punch* is happy to say—full of southern sunlight, gave a lecture upon Optics, to the delight and admiration of the French Academy. After all, we may say of BROUGHAM as PEELE said of PALMERSTON—"we are all proud of him." Nevertheless, his Lordship's sense of fun—not that *Punch* complains of it; no, no! he leaves that to the over-grave and consequently over-foolish—will get the better of the scientific legislator. It was very proper that LORD BROUGHAM should give his lecture on Optics; but why—why, at such a time, did he propose to give—what he called "the greatest Optical Illusion that ever visited a nation?"—and then, followed up his promise by producing a phantasm of LOUIS NAPOLEON in the cocked hat, *redingote*, and boots of his uncle? We ought to feel at once happy and lucky that our own BROUGHAM is safe in London, and not on his way to Cayenne.



FOOLISH AND IMPUDENT TRICK.

Watering the Editor's Inkstand.

SPEAK, MR. COBDEN!

ON THE CHANCE OF PEACE OR WAR.

AIR—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

COBDEN, oh COBDEN! they talk of invasion
By LOUIS NAPOLEON, that fierce BONAPARTE:
They bid us prepare. Is there any occasion?
Say, RICHARD COBDEN, Peace Man as thou art!
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

COBDEN, oh COBDEN! new rifles we're making,
At nearly a mile which are able to kill;
Whilst thus the old British Lion is waking,
COBDEN, my RICHARD, thou'rt slumbering still.
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

Say, dost thou fear that our coast is in danger
Of being surprised by a sudden descent?
Should we prepare for receiving the stranger,
Or rest with existing provisions content?
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

Conical bullets our foemen to riddle
Deemst thou 'tis needful or prudent to cast?
Regard'st thou the public alarm as all fiddle,
Or thinkest thou the wolf will indeed come at last?
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

Ought we to add to our naval defences?
Wouldst thou advise an increase of our troops
Or, if we go and incur those expenses,
Shouldst thou consider us mere nincompoops?
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

Armaments useless our money to spend on,
Certainly we should be acting like geese;
But have we any sure ground to depend on,
In trusting our neighbours will leave us at peace?
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

As to war's glory, we're nowise more partial
To that sort of nonsense than thou and friend BRIGHT,
Yet, though our humour is not the least martial,
Were we pitched into—just wouldn't we fight?
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

Given as we know ruling powers are to suction,
Glad they may be to encourage a cry
Of danger, to urge against farther reduction,
If not for demanding an increased supply.
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

COBDEN, assist us! we seek information,
We must take due care to defend Britain's shore:
We're scarcely less anxious to bring down taxation
And keep the Collector away from the door.
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

COBDEN! on one hand the Income Tax presses,
The chances of war on the other affright:
We can't tell which evil the greater or less is;
Couldst thou enlighten us—haply we might.
Speak, MR. COBDEN!

A Cabinet Picture.

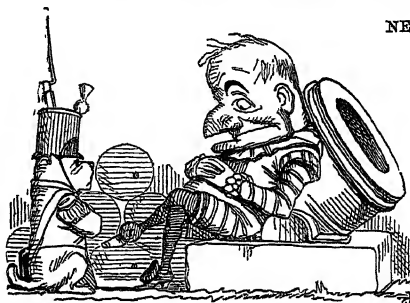
WE always looked upon LORD PALMERSTON as a great politician; but we learned for the first time, on the opening night of the Session, that he is also a great artist. We glean this fact from his announcement to the House, that he would not trouble it with the letter he wrote to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, "nor with the illustration the letter contained." We can only imagine that, as the tone of the letter was rather severe, the "illustration" must have been satirical; and that LORD PALMERSTON sent the Premier a "large cut," as well as a tremendous dig.

A VERY MILD COMPLAINT.

THE EARL OF DERBY complained of the disorderly arrangement of topics in the QUEEN'S Speech. If the noble Earl's party had succeeded in their struggle to perpetuate the starvation laws, the disorder might have been, not in the Speech, but in the country.

A MORBID APPETITE.—May it not be maintained that a vegetarian who eats gooseberry fool is a cannibal?

THE FIRST COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.



NE of the first debates of the Session—as reported—has been a discussion on culinary economy—the affairs of the Kitchen and Refreshment-rooms—in short, provisional arrangements. We are glad to observe—however ill it may augur for Protectionist prospects—that the House is resolved to persist in the policy of cheap food. MR. FRENCH, in reference to the present

parliamentary victualling establishment, objected to sherry at 6s. a bottle; and so do we, at least when we have to pay for it ourselves; and the wine is, like that deprecated by the honourable Member for Roscommon, not worth half that sum. MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEE enlivened the debate by proposing that a Roman Catholic should be placed on the Committee appointed to direct the comestible business of the House,—naming SERGEANT MURPHY: who would be a safe man, and is not, by all accounts, however orthodox, the sort of Roman Catholic who would want roast bishop as well as roast beef. LORD M. HILL also amused the House with a recitation of the bill of existing charges, which he argued were reasonable; saying, that a portion of soup was charged 1s., mutton broth and a chop likewise 1s.; a statement which occasioned "laughter," as if Hon. Gentlemen thought such prices were ridiculously small. If the "portion of soup" of the parliamentary *carte* is equivalent to the one ox, or one muck, of the ordinary *restaurant*, one shilling, even with a penny extra for the waiter, can hardly be considered an exorbitant cost, supposing the ox to be the honest tail, and the muck a decent imitation. The supply of fish, according to the noble Lord, was quite as cheap, as he proved by going into particulars; but though he gave the figure of soles, whiting, mackerel, turbot, codfish, and salmon, he omitted to say how much was asked for a plaice.

That nearly the first discussion in the House of Commons should have related to eating and drinking, promises well. It looks sensible. At any rate, we may hope to have no quarrelling between "the Belly and the Members."

A FAIR TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

THEY manage some things better in Prussia, as well as in France, than they do here. The Prussian Government has imposed on political periodicals a stamp-duty of half a pfenning for every 100 square inches of superficial contents.

It is not for us to boast. We are not going to brag of our superiority to other journals. But if English political periodicals were charged with stamp-duty according to their *superficial* contents, we can only say that we do not know which would have the better reason to be satisfied, the Government or *Punch*.

A Startling Free Trade Question.

THE *Morning Herald* asks—

"Shall we hand over our noble West Indian colonies to the rattlesnake and the naked negro?"

We think not. We are convinced that England will commit no such act of injustice. Or if the rattlesnake and the naked negro are, henceforth, to be the sole proprietors of the soil, confident we are, that England will make due compensation to the scorpions and mosquitoes.

A DRY FACT.

THE Protectionists complain very bitterly of the drain upon the land. But practical agriculturists are always telling us, that a thorough draining is what the land most requires.

Theatrical Intelligence.

WE understand that two new pieces at the Lyceum Theatre have just been suppressed by our ever-vigilant censor, in consequence of their sarcastic titular allusion to the position and prospects of the Prince President of France. The pieces in question are called *The Prince of Happy Land* and *The Game of Speculation*.

CAVALRY REFORM.

How can a horse which costs so very little as that of a British Dragoon's be, with any sort of propriety, called a *charger*?

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

MUTTON CHOPS.

AIR—"Come dwell with me."

Come dine with me, come dine with me,
And our dish shall be, our dish shall be,
A Mutton Chop from the butcher's shop,—
And how I cook it you shall see.
The Chop I choose is not too lean;
For to cut off the fat I mean.
Then to the fire I put it down,
And let it fry until 'tis brown.
Come dine with me; yes, dine with me, &c.

I'll fry some bread cut rather fine,
To place betwixt each chop of mine;
Some spinach, or some cauliflowers,
May ornament this dish of ours.
I will not let thee once repine
At having come to me to dine:
'Twill be my pride to hear thee say,
"I have enjoy'd my Chop, to-day."
Come, dine with me; yes, dine with me;
Dine, dine, dine, with me, &c.

MERELY A MATTER OF FORM.

OPPOSITION to Law Reform has proceeded, and is likely to proceed, from a quarter where it had not been anticipated. A well-known and hitherto highly respected Usher in Westminster Hall has, we understand, determined on presenting a petition against what is threatened to be done for the purpose of "abolishing unnecessary forms in the Courts at Westminster." The position he will take, is this—that no forms can safely be abolished, inasmuch as there is not one unnecessary form in Westminster Hall, and that the public very often monopolise the only form which he, the Usher, has to sit down upon. It is understood that he has consulted MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP, who are disposed to agree in the Usher's views, and are of opinion, that in the event of his form being abolished, as unnecessary, he may claim a compromise.



Flunkey. "APOLLO? HAH! I DESSAY IT'S VERY CHEAP, BUT IT AINT MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"

WHERE IS THE STAGE GOING TO?

BY A DISAPPOINTED DRAMATIST.



I think we have a perfect right to put the above question, and the same right to answer it.

One of the causes of the decline of the Drama (mind, we only say one) is the decline of actors. No one will deny that if our actors were better—and, with three or four honourable exceptions, they couldn't well be worse—the English Stage would be in a far better position. |

This want is about to be supplied. Children and Marionnettes are the sources from which the supply will come.

The *Bateman Children* have made many a big actor look small by the side of them. They seem to understand what they act; and, moreover, to enjoy it. Theirs is not a mere dry mechanical task, as you might expect from children, but a hearty enjoyment—a pastime which, you imagine, they would cry, if deprived of. It is literally "playing" with them. They romp about the stage as naturally as if they were in a Nursery; and, if a Nursery of Actors is ever founded for the British Stage, the *Bateman Children* ought to be the head of it.

The fact is, the majority of our actors ought to be sent to school again—and stop there for ten years—and then come back to the stage when they have learnt what acting is.

From Intelligence to Wood is no such violent transition on the stage. So,

accordingly, we jump, without any apology for so violent a step, from the *Bateman Children* to the *Marionnettes*.

But the *Marionnettes* are not merely wood. It is true that their heads are wood—and so the same may be said of mostly all the heads of our Drama at the present moment. All their actors are wooden, excessively wooden—as wooden and as stiff as the old defunct Telegraph that used to tumble about, and perform extraordinary somersaults *à la* WIELAND, in St. James's Park. And in this, we are pained to admit, lies the great fault of the *Marionnettes*' performance. After all, there is no great novelty in them. It is precisely what we have been accustomed to for years on the English stage.

There is one great charm in the acting of these little dolls—there is no "gagging," which is, in our case, a most heathenish practice, only done to propitiate "the gods,"—and a process which those actors who indulge in it, always deserve to have applied to their own mouths, to prevent them from doing it for the future. The consequence is you hear the author's words, and not the actor's, and the difference is, as might be expected, a wonderful improvement. We do not know who the authors may be, but they have every reason to be grateful to their interpreters.

In short, not to be fulsome in our praise, these little *Marionnettes* realise *Hamlet's* "Advice to the Players" more than many actors we have yet seen.

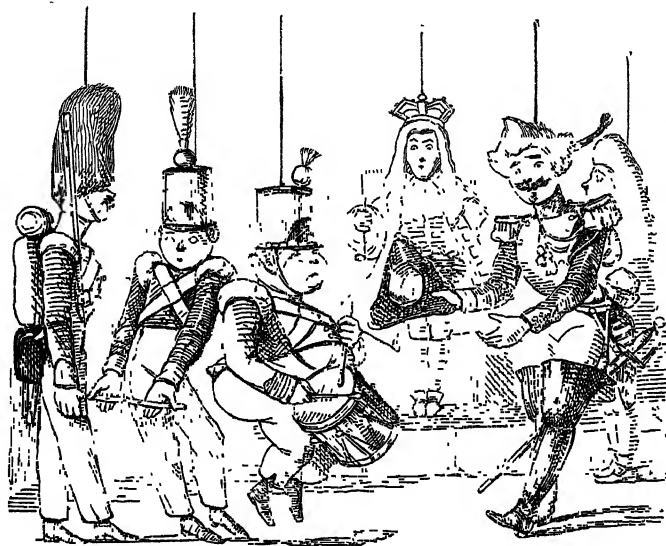
They speak every speech as the authors pronounced it to them, trippingly on the tongue; and they do not mouth them as many of our players do. Nor do they saw the air too much with their hands; but use everything gently. And in the torrent, tempest, and (as we may say) whirlwind of their passion, they have acquired and begot a very great "temperance;" for, though we went behind the scenes, we did not observe a single glass of brandy-and-water.

In short, not to "speak profanely," these wooden players have the accents of Christians, if not exactly the gait of Christians; for it must be confessed they have scarcely acquired a sound footing upon the English boards as yet—and though "nature's journeymen (and carpenters) have made the men" and women, still they have made them so well, that they imitate humanity, as it is generally represented on the stage, anything but abominably.

To praise any one actor where all are so excellent, would be invidious, (we think we have met with this line in theatrical criticisms before)—but, on some future occasion we intend to pay a little more attention to the peculiar style of each puppet, and to use our thunderbolt, or butterboat, accordingly.

As we were behind the scenes, we peeped into the green-room. All was quiet, perfect harmony, and good-nature. There was no jealousy, no black looks, no heart-burnings, or bickerings, or the slightest quarrelling going on. There was a holy silence that spoke (for silence speaks louder sometimes than any speaking-trumpet) of peace within. The little puppets were strewed about the floor, and looked as gentle and as loving as the *Babes in the Wood*.

We do not know whether we have satisfactorily answered the question of "Where is the Stage going to?" but it might go to many worse places than the Lowther Arcade, and take a lesson of the *Marionnettes*.



WHAT THE DEBATES WILL COME TO.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

ON MR. MORGAN presenting a petition from the electors of Monmouthshire for a bill to secure a knowledge of the Welsh language on the part of clergymen appointed to livings in Wales,—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL observed, that there were worse things than a Welsh rabbit. His Lordship then moved the order of the day.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM had a high opinion of Welsh mutton; he also thought a Welsh trout a capital fish.

MR. DISRAELI considered that the Right Honourable Baronet was wrong (laughter) in beginning with mutton and then taking fish. Soup, indeed, always came first—at least in the party which he had the honour to be connected with (cheers).

MR. BRIGHT said, the policy of the Honourable Member for Bucks would reduce the population at large to the level of applicants at a soup kitchen. (Order! and Question!)

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTNEY would ask a question of Government. Did they approve of red herrings? (Hear, from the Irish Members.) If so, all he could say was, he had asked the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS if there were bloaters, and there were none.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was free to confess (hear, from MR. REYNOLDS) that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers had no objection whatever to a good red herring for breakfast (hear). But if it were proposed to dine off the same dish (hear, hear), he was not prepared to say that the Cabinet could consent to that proposition. (Oh, oh! from MR. KEOGH.)

MR. COBDEN had just had a cut off an aitch-bone of beef. It was not quite so well done as he could wish.

SIR C. KNIGHTLEY preferred beef rather underdone.

MR. HUMPHREY said a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce was not a bad thing. You ought to have mealy potatoes.

An interesting conversation of some length then took place, on the comparative merits of snipe and woodcock; after which,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to a question from MR. ROEBUCK, acknowledged that he looked confidently forward to the enjoyment of the usual whitebait dinner at Greenwich, on the conclusion of the

Session. Then would come the grouse: which he liked uncommonly. (Cheers.)

SIR ROBERT INGLIS said there was an observation which, perhaps, he should have made just now, when they were talking of beef. After a good roast sirloin, he would recommend a glass of old, well-seasoned, and, at the same time, full-bodied, port wine. (Hear, hear.)

COLONEL SIBTHORP was as fond of good living as anybody. He could also digest anything—except the measures of Government. He had the stomach of a horse. (No, no!) Parties in that house seemed to be resolving themselves into a dinner party. The house was, indeed, a House of Commons; he might say a Diet. He would move that cold meat do lie on the table. For his own part, he would observe that he was partial to calf's-head. The noble Lord opposite, and those who acted with him, knew what was good for themselves. He wished they had the same knowledge with regard to the country. Salary, he believed, was what they cared more about than anything else. (Much laughter.) He had no confidence in HER MAJESTY'S Ministers; and should now go and have some scalloped oysters. (Laughter and cheers.) The House then, it being 12 o'clock, went to supper.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.

(BY AN ELDERLY M.P.)

Oh, the Old House it was simple, and some might call it bare;
All unadorn'd its benches, and plain its Speaker's chair;
There was no gilding on the roof, and on the honest panes
No Dragons Green, or Lions Red, flaunted their tails and manes.

Oh, cosy were its galleries, where worn-out public men
Could take their well-earn'd forty winks out of the Speaker's ken;
And snug, too, were those benches each side the Speaker's door,
When some long-winded Member had possession of the floor.

Its ventilation REDD had brought at last to such a state,
That the temperature was pleasant—in the heat, too, of debate;
One's head was cool, one's toes were warm, one knew no roasts nor chills;
And the only draughts one suffered from, were sometimes drafts of Bills.

Upon acoustic principles the roof might not be plann'd,
But still one heard what Members said, wherever they might stand:
In short, though art and architects at our Old House might sneeze,
One heard, saw, slept, lounged, listen'd in't, talk'd, sat, or stood at ease.

But BARRY came, and prosed and plann'd, and the New House arose
Leisurely—to the tune of "That's the way the money goes,"
All beflow'd with Tudor roses and portcullises, by scores,
With painting on the windows and gilding on the doors.

Nought could be statelier than the roof, or richer than the walls,
The poppy-heads upon the seats would have graced Cathedral stalls;
The monsters that athwart the panes displayed their colours rare,
Were right Rouge Dragons to a scale, true Blue Lions to a hair.

There was not an inch of surface where an ornament would stick,
But there you had the ornament, laid on, as thick as thick.
The Mediæval lettering was so extremely fine,
None but a Record-office clerk could read a single line.

In short, this grand New House of ours, to take it on the view,
Is what the late GEORGE ROBINS would have called "quite a *bijou*,"
And if, on trial, it be found to have its slight defect—
What odds that it's not comfortable? One knows that it's correct.

'Tis true that finish'd in two years the House was to have been;
Whereas it has been now in hand somewhere about sixteen:
'Twas to cost less than a million, we were told; whereas, 'tis true,
We shall be extremely lucky if we get off for *two*.

In a room meant for debating, some, no doubt, might have preferr'd
That the roof should have been pitched, so that the speakers could be
heard;

But, when one thinks how sadly the style this might have marr'd,
One feels that to insist on't would have been extremely hard.

Unreasonable Members declare it makes them ill
To be kept sitting in a draught, enough to turn a mill:
Of course, they wouldn't say so, if they would just reflect,
Doors must be hung, and archways pierced, not for comfort, but effect.

Some *will* complain of nasty smells, and some of leaking lamps,
Some of alternate heats and chills, engend'ring aches and cramps;
Some *will* contrast the Old House with the New one, just as though
They didn't see that *that* was built for use, and *this* for show.

INFORMATION FOR THE BUILDER.—It is said to be a fact that some of the Heads of Houses at Oxford and Cambridge are thatched.



Ellen. "OH, DON'T TEASE ME TO-DAY, CHARLEY; I'M NOT AT ALL WELL!"

Charley (a Man of the World). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COUSIN—THE FACT IS, YOU ARE IN LOVE! NOW, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW WHO HAS SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF THAT SORT OF THING, AND DON'T GIVE WAY TO IT!"

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WHIP.

To the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

SIRE,

YOUR MAJESTY pays me a very high compliment in applying to me for information. I have the honour to state, that there is attached to the British Cabinet such a functionary as that one about whom your MAJESTY inquires: but the nature of his office has been erroneously represented to your MAJESTY. I humbly hope that, in the plenitude of your MAJESTY'S mercy, you will so far spare the individual who has misled you on this point, that you will not cause him to be thrown to the lions, plunged into boiling oil, broken on the wheel, racked to death, burnt alive, impaled, sawn asunder, or chopped up into small bits. A good flogging, I would venture to suggest, might satisfy your justice, as he only deceived you unintentionally. Having the happiness to be one of your MAJESTY'S subjects, he naturally measured us poor barbarians by your MAJESTY'S Imperial bushel. It is not very wonderful that he should have believed the duties of that same Parliamentary personage to be such as he described them. Let your MAJESTY only be pleased to consider with what a state of things he is familiar, by reason of enjoying the advantage of living under your blessed rule. For instance, the *Times* publishes the following sentence as having been passed the other day on a youth at Vienna, for forgetting to take off his hat to his Most Gracious SOVEREIGN:—

"LOUIS DANZMAYER, shopman, 20 stripes with a rod, and eight days' arrest in a military prison, for inflammatory demonstrations in a public place."

The same paper also records that, in the list of those lately tried and condemned by court-martial, is found

"EVE DEMMELHART, for inflammatory expressions, 20 stripes with a rod, and eight days' military arrest (irons on both feet), during two of which she is to have nothing but bread and water."

Vouchsafe, SIRE, to take notice, that your Royal tribunals not only

FIRST SONG OF THE SESSION.

A CASE OF SINGING SMALL.

OH no! pray, never mention it;
Such things must not be heard;
The Press is very wrong to print
But one unpleasant word.
From crime to crime though hurrying,
He banish others yet,
Because they cannot smile on him—
Be silent and forget!

No matter if he confiscate,
And plunder right and left;
Although your eyes indignant view
The victims thus bereft,
You must not pen the least complaint,
Nor point the mildest joke,
For fear lest such a freedom may
The Autocrat provoke!

And should he then invade your land,
Without a ground or cause;
As he, indeed, appears to be
Not much restrain'd by laws:
You'll then reflect with comfort, that,
His anger to avert,
You did whatever you could do,
By truckling in the dirt!

Heroes and their Highlows.

ARMY clothiers and their employers cannot be expected to be metaphysicians; but they display an ignorance of which anybody ought to be ashamed, as to the nature of the human understanding, and the requirements of the sole of man in supplying the soldier with the most abominable boots. Our troops are shod, apparently, rather with a view to increase the halt, than to assist the march; and in the event of invasion, what can we expect of men thus crippled, but a lame defence?

ROMAN ARTILLERY.

If the Canon Law were introduced among us, the next thing the importers would probably do, would be to institute martyr-practice.

ENGLAND'S BEST SECURITIES.—Her Government Securities.

"whip the offending ADAM out of" LOUIS DANZMAYER, but also the offending EVE (not usually whipped in civilised nations) out of EVE DEMMELHART.

Further, the *Times* says that, out of several ringleaders in a strike,

"Six have received 25 blows each with a stick, one 20, and fourteen 15 blows. Four persons are sentenced to punishment with a stick for opposing the police, and thirteen others, whose names are not even mentioned, are sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, or less severe corporal punishment."

Altogether, therefore, it must be allowed that your MAJESTY'S paternal government smacks strongly of the whip.

It is not strange, then, that HERR BLONDERBOHM (hoaxed, most likely, by some wicked wag) should have formed and communicated to your MAJESTY an incorrect idea of our Ministerial "Whipper-In." That *employé* wields no other whip than the figurative scourge of exhortation. Though sometimes called an understrapper, he does not operate with a real strap; and I may assure your MAJESTY that it is no part of his business to flog Members, or their wives, when Honourable Gentlemen vote in opposition to Government.

I have the honour to remain, not your,

But another, MAJESTY'S

Humble Subject and Servant,

PUNCH.

P.S.—May it please your MAJESTY fully to understand, that when the "Whipper-In" is said to bring his party up to the scratch, there is no reference to the cat.

University Intelligence.

A TUTOR asking a fast undergraduate to give an account of the Judgment of Paris, the rapid student replied, he believed it was unfavourable to LOUIS NAPOLEON.

REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(A Serious Omission in LORD JOHN'S Bill.)



It is an indisputable truth that there can be no such a being as a born legislator. As unquestionable is the fact that there may be a born ass.

We are not proving that fact—only stating it—pace your word-snapper on the look-out for a snap.

But your born ass may be born to your legislator's office, and command a seat in the house of legislators by inheritance, as in not a few examples, wherein the coronet hides not the donkey's ears.

The object of a Reform in the House of Lords, should be to keep the asinines of the aristocracy out of it: so that the business of the country may be no more impeded by their braying, or harmed by their kicking.

Nobody is a physician by birth. Even the seventh son of a seventh son must undergo an examination before he is allowed to prescribe a dose of physic for an old woman.

But any eldest son, or other male relation, of a person of a certain order is chartered, as such, to physic the body corporate: which is absurd.

Now, the Reform we propose for the House of Lords, is, not to admit any person, whose only claim to membership is that of having been born a Peer, to practise his profession without examination.

Examine him in the Alphabet—there have been Peers who didn't know that. In reading, writing, and arithmetic: you already make a Lord—the Mayor of London—count hobnails. In history—for he is to help furnish materials for its next page. In geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes; which, being indispensable to ladies, are *à fortiori* to be required of Lords. In political economy, the physiology of the Constitution which he will have to treat. In medicine, that he may understand the analogies of national and individual therapeutics; and also learn not to patronise homeopaths and other quacks. In geology, that he may acquire a philosophical idea of pedigree, by comparing the bones of his ancestors with those of the *ichthyosaurus*, or the foundation of his house with the granite rocks. In the arts and sciences, generally, which it will be his business to promote, if he does his business. In literature, that he may cultivate it; at least, respect it, and stand up for the liberty of unlicensed printing, instead of insulting and calumniating the Press.

This is our scheme of Peerage Reform, to which the principal objection we anticipate is, that it is impracticable, because it can't be done; and that, warned by the confusion and disorder that has resulted from change in foreign nations, we should shrink from touching a time-honoured institution; which is as much as to say, that because our neighbours have divided their carotid arteries, we had better not shave ourselves.

THE CUP OF PROSPERITY.

FISCAL returns show that since 1842 we have consumed an immense deal of tea; a quantity, the duty on which has contributed £5,970,000 to the revenue. This fact gives rise to various reflections in different minds. As the amount nearly equals the malt tax, the friends of temperance rejoice in observing that we are almost as much tea-drinkers as beer-drinkers, if we are not quite tea-totalers. The philanthropist will be delighted with the evidence of our increasing friendly intercourse with the Chinese: the grocer will exult over his improving trade. For our own part, when we consider what a quantity there has been drunk of what is called tea, we lose ourselves in the endeavour to calculate how many tons of beech, elm, horse-chestnut, willow, hawthorn, and sloe-leaves, of catechu, gum, China clay, turmeric, paddy-husk, Prussian-blue, indigo, black-lead, and silk-worms' sweepings, have been swallowed by HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

THE

COMPLAINT OF THE COUNTRY M.P.

"MR. SPEAKER, if you please, I'll sing a song."
Popular Anecdote.

FROM the mountain, from the fallow,
From the heather's breezy range,
From the wave or fresh trout-shallow,
To this House, ah what a change!
Oh! what an alteration,
From the fox-chase—bless my soul!—
To this Hall of Legislation,
Worse than any badger's hole!

All our walls with damp are wetted,
And within our reeking den,
We are breathing sulphuretted—
What d'y'e call it?—hydrogen,
With acid car—bo—bonic,—
Here's a pretty kind of pass!—
And contracting ill's pulmonic
From free hydrocarbon gas!

Whilst in one place we are stewing,
In another spot you freeze,
Some are puffing, blowing, whewing,
Others shiver, cough, and wheeze;
And this is ventilation
Upon scientific grounds,
Which has cost the British nation
Near a hundred thousand pounds.

As to Chemistry, I doubt it,
And all such-like wild pursuits,
They know nothing more about it,
Any of them, than my boots.
There's just as much reliance
On my breeches to be placed,
As there is on men of science,
Who your money only waste.

Drat your phosphates, and your gases,
And your FARADAYS and BRANDES,
And your LIEBIGS, and your asses,
Who would have us drug our lands
With ammonia, paregoric,
And magnesia, crops to bring;
Hang expansion and caloric,
And all that there sort of thing!

THE CORN LAWS AND THE CROWN.

THE EARL OF DERBY has proved that—The dear loaf is the brightest jewel in HER MAJESTY'S Crown:

The country gentlemen of England are the bulwarks of the monarchy.

They are indissolubly connected with the soil of the country.

To flourish in their natural vigour, they must have high rents.

Protection gives high rents.

High rents protect the monarchy.

Destroy protection, high rents fall—country gentlemen decay—their connexion with the soil is dissolved—the bulwarks are destroyed, and a republic or a despotism ensues.

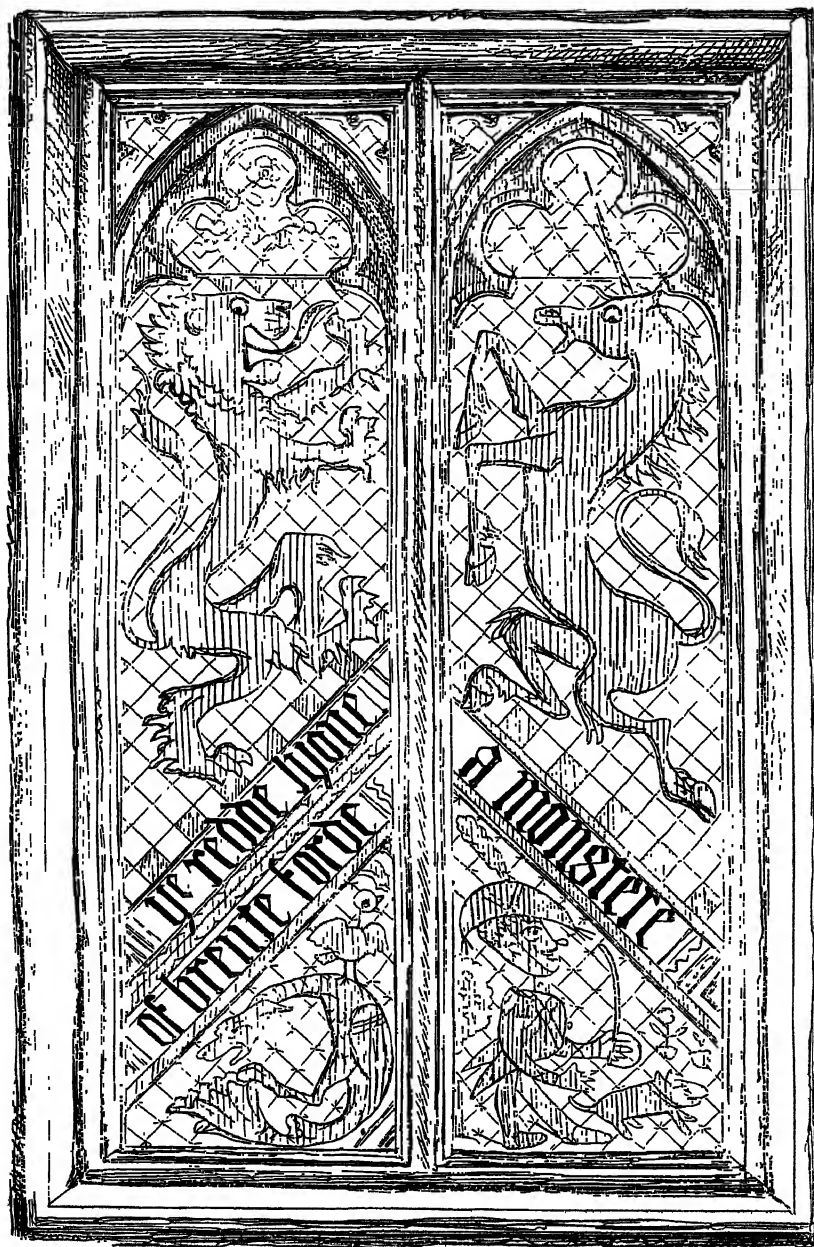
Ergo,—The dear loaf is the brightest jewel in the British crown.

Unwholesome Legislation.

It is lucky that most subjects of importance to the nation are well ventilated out of Parliament before they are discussed in it. The atmosphere of the new House of Commons is so stifling, that it threatens to smother all debate. Under these circumstances, it may be poor consolation to reflect that Parliamentary orators no longer waste their breath, because all the air that issues from their lungs is breathed over again.

MOTTO FOR A MONTHLY NURSE.—"Children must be paid for."

THE HERALDRY OF PARLIAMENT.



NEW WINDOW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AS SEEN BY MR. HUME.

SOME of the windows of the new Houses of Parliament present such fearful features, that those who have been entrusted with the glass for the purpose of staining, would have done better by abstaining altogether. MR. HUME, who has had an opportunity of studying the antiquities of Middlesex, has found a wondrous resemblance to our old friend, the Red Lion of Brentford, in one of the vitreous representations of the animals that have the honour of supporting the heraldic dignity of the Crown of England. Professors of Heraldry tell us that the lion is symbolical of strength; but the creature framed and glazed in the new Houses is a poor broken-legged brute, which seems to have been recently on the rack—an idea that ought not to be suggested by anything within an English House of Parliament. The British Lion has been subjected to much humiliation at the hands of all parties during the last few years; but he was never seen in a more ignoble attitude than that in which he figures at the Legislative Palace. The expression of his countenance, and the frightful contortion of his limbs, can only indicate an excess of pain that would render his roar a subject of pity, rather than a sound of terror.

DRIVING A FEARFUL TRADE.—LOUIS NAPOLEON has been posting about in LOUIS PHILIPPE's carriages, which he has quietly helped himself to. We suggest that, for the information of English residents at least, each time the President travels in one of these purloined vehicles, there be scribbled on each panel:—"CARRIAGE NOT PAID."

GOLD IN SCOTLAND.

THERE is no more doubt in the mind of the unprejudiced Scotchman that the true Ophir was no other than Leith, than that QUEEN SHEBA carried peacocks from Peebles, and monkeys from Montrose. This, we say, has long been known to the philosophic Scotchman. And now does the Isle of Skye burn with red gold, dimming and putting out the auriferous rays of California and Bathurst. "If we consider the geology of Skye, we have every reason to conclude"—writes a correspondent of the *North British Mail*—"that it abounds in rich metalliferous substances." The Cuchullin Hills in Skye are, with some drawback, hills of gold. Gold "may be found near the tract of the Spey—throughout the whole of the great glen of Scotland!" There is gold "on the Banks of the Conon and Carron Rivers;" gold, "in Sutherlandshire;" gold, "especially near the Shin and Oykel Waters!" We believe we must give it up as a humiliating truth, that the first gold that was ever known in England came from Scotland; and consequently from that time to the present, every Scotchman has felt it to be a moral and national duty to travel south in search of it.

THE STORM IN PARLIAMENT.

CEASE, rude DOCTOR VENTILATOR!

List ye Members, if you please:

Hear a brother legislator

Tell the dangers of the breeze.

'Twixt REDD and BARRY they have thrown us;

On one or both the error lies;

Between the two they've nearly blown us

Out of window to the skies.

Hark! the Speaker hoarsely calling—

"This atmosphere I cannot stand;

The heat is really quite appalling:—

Is there no cooler air at hand?"

Now, it freezes—stop the portals;

Now with furnace-heat we glow.

Can they think that we are mortals,

While they chill and roast us so?

Now, all you on chairs reclining,

Seated round a cheerful grate,

After comfortably dining,

Think of our unhappy state.

Round us blow the Doctor's breezes,

With a fierceness that appals;

Till the Speaker, 'twixt his sneezes,

For a warmer mixture calls.

Now, the furnace-fire is roaring;

Coal on coal they frantic dash;

On us burning blasts come pouring,

In our eyes hot gas-lights flash.

Perspiration all around us;

Gusts of cold air rushing by;

Different atmospheres confound us.

Shall we boil, or freeze, or fry?

"The warmth is gone!" cries every tongue out—

The skin receives a sudden check;

They, who for air so lately sung out,

Feel cold and stiffness in the neck.

The cutting wind cuts us to pieces;

From further ventilation hold:

Now, the fearful heat increases—

Now, again, 'tis icy cold.

Overboard let's throw the doctors;

Let them leave us quite alone;

Till by these great air-decoctors

Something definite is known.

Hot and cold, with constant bother,

'Too much the constitution wears;

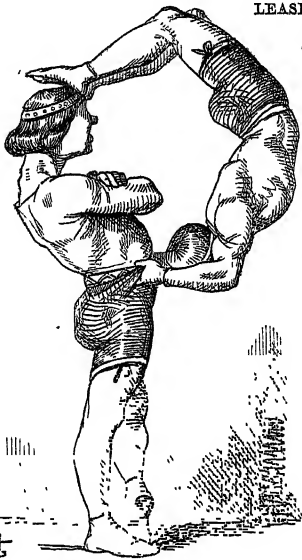
Let them both blow up each other,

If they want to show their airs.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—What shall we have for Dinner? (*See Hansard, Feb. 4.*)

CHEMISTRY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To Mr. Punch.



PLEASE, SIR,—Taking up the *Times* newspaper, I read the following lines in the report of LORD SEYMOUR'S speech about the ventilation of the House of Commons:—

“As to the removal of the products of combustion of lights in the corridors, he (LORD SEYMOUR) had met that by dispensing with gas, and substituting wax candles, that Hon. Members might not be troubled with the escape of gas.”

“If I had known LORD SEYMOUR, I could have told him that the products of combustion are those things that any substance that is burnt changes into by burning. So, as for meeting the removal of those products from the corridors, by burning wax lights instead of gas, he may have ‘met that,’ but he did not manage it. If LORD SEYMOUR would pay a little attention to his chemistry, he would learn that the products of the combustion of wax lights are carbonic acid gas and watery vapour; and those of coal gas, when pure, are just

the same: and therefore, that he would not be able to remove the products of burning coal gas, so as to do any good, by putting the products of wax candles in their place. It is true that he would prevent the escape of unburnt gas, but preventing the escape of gas unburnt, is not removing the products of combustion. I don't know how old LORD SEYMOUR is; but if he has a papa, his papa should take him sometimes, as mine does me, to the Royal Institution, where he would learn all about combustion and its products, and the difference between them and gas that has never been burnt at all. I remain, my dear Mr. Punch,

“Your affectionate young Friend,
“RISING TEN.”

DECREE ON THE COSTUME OF THE FRENCH SENATORS.

CONSIDERING that the Senators and Councillors of State will be the mere lackeys of the President, it is fit that they should be reminded of their flunkeyism by wearing the President's livery.

It is, therefore, hereby decreed, that the following shall be the costume of those individuals who, on entering the service of despotism, deserve, at all events, a good dressing.

THE SENATORS will wear a coat of blue velvet, the softness of the material indicating their pliancy; and they will have stiff standing collars to assist them in holding up their heads,—a task they may find rather difficult. They will have embroidered cuffs at the hands, the gaudiness of these hand-cuffs being emblematical of the salaries for which the Senators will sell themselves.

THE COUNCILLORS OF STATE will wear a light-blue coat of the finest quality, approaching as near as possible to Cashmere, and emblematical of the mere cash, which will be their inducement for accepting their situations. There will be nine gilt buttons in front, with plenty of gold about the pockets. The waistcoat will be white, to enable the wearer to put on the appearance of a clean breast; and the trousers will be also white, to indicate, by a total absence of colour, the negative character of the wearer. The embroidery will consist chiefly of olive leaves, the emblems of peace; and as the Councillors of State will have nothing to do but hold their peace on every topic, the design will be appropriate.

In undress, the quality of the coat is not essential: it is embroidered about the collar and cuffs, for it is imperative that every Senator, and every Councillor of State, should be collared and cuffed exactly in accordance with the will of the President.

In the name of the French Nation; done by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A Modest Remuneration.

MEMBERS complain of the £200,000 spent in attempts at ventilating the new Houses of Parliament. But considering the variety of bad smells in these Houses, we doubt if the architect has received more than his regular £5 per cent.

STUPID QUERY.—Whether MR. REID prepares the drafts of all the Government Bills?—Our Insane Contributor.

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE PET HAVING BEEN RECOVERED AND REINSTALLED, MR. BAKER HAS RESIGNED HIMSELF. BUT, WITH ALL HIS EFFORTS TO CONTROL HIS FEELINGS, AS A MAN AND A HUSBAND, THE PET IS OCCASIONALLY TOO MUCH FOR HIM. IN JUSTICE TO MR. BAKER, IT MUST BE ACKNOWLEDGED THAT MRS. BAKER'S VISITORS INCLINE RATHER TO HIS VIEW OF THE PET THAN TO HERS, AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE FOLLOWING SCENE.

SCENE 7.—MRS. FIDGETTS (of 3, Albert Villas, Notting Hill,) has called on MRS. BAKER, ostensibly to return the polite attention of that lady, in making many kind inquiries after MRS. FIDGETTS, on a late interesting occasion, but really with a view to the triumphant display of the Baby.

Mrs. Baker (muzzling the Baby, and addressing it in the unknown tongue familiar to mothers, nurses, and infants). And was it a tidddy-itty—icketty—icketty—siszy-icksy—tidddy-itty—was it a dear? Yes—I declare, my dear, it's one of the strongest, prettiest, healthiest, little loves of a baby I ever saw. I assure you it is—and so like his papa!

Mrs. Fidgetts. Oh! well—MRS. BAKER—I'm so glad you see the likeness. And he is very strong, bless him!—and the nurse says he's the largest child she ever saw—and quite plump, too—you see—bless him!—(giving MRS. BAKER ocular proof of the fact).

Mrs. Baker. Oh—it's a love!

Mrs. Fidgetts. I'm afraid he's a little hot.

Mrs. Baker. Suppose I was to open the window—just a leetle.

[Rises for the purpose.]
Mrs. Fidgetts. Oh, dear—no—oh! pray don't think of such a thing—the dear baby might catch his death of cold. No—I'll just loosen his pelisse—there.

Mrs. Baker. You must n't worrit yourself—too much—my dear—you know.

Mrs. Fidgetts. Oh—no—as I'm nursing him, you know. But, really, the fright I had, as I came along—just at your gate—a nasty dog leapt up—at baby—and I thought he would have torn him out of my arms!

Mrs. Baker. Dear me!

Mrs. Fidgetts. And I can't bear dogs—you know one never can be sure they ain't mad.

Mrs. Baker (rather stiffly). Oh—I hope you are above such silly prejudices, my dear.

Mrs. Fidgetts. Oh—I assure you—I've heard cases of it!—it breaks out years after. FIDGETTS was telling me of a case in Staffordshire, where an infant was bitten, and it never broke out till he grew up, and got married, and began to bark three weeks after his wedding-day, and tried to bite his wife—and died of it. Quite horrible!

Mrs. Baker. I don't believe such stories. I've had dogs a'l my life, and none of my dogs ever went mad (abruptly turning from the subject). But you'll take a glass of wine after your walk?

Mrs. Fidgetts. Thank you—no wine, as I'm nursing. A very little mild ale—if you had it.

Mrs. Baker. Oh—certainly—my dear.

MRS. BAKER rings. Enter SPRIGGLES—followed by SCAMP (who rushes up to MRS. FIDGETTS, and executes a wild frisk round her and the Baby, leaping up in the direction of the latter).

Mrs. Fidgetts. Oh—it's the nasty dog—that tried to bite him as we came in!—Oh—take him out—the horrid brute!—Oh—MRS. BAKER—pray—I shall faint—Oh—now—

[SCAMP, in a frantic bound, all but attains the Baby, and excited by the vehement terrors of MRS. FIDGETTS, becomes more and more violent in his demonstrations.]

Mrs. Baker. Down, SCAMP! there's a good dog!—Don't be frightened, my dear—he's as gentle as a lamb.

Mrs. Fidgetts. O! the baby! he'll have the baby—oh, dear!—the nasty brute—oh, take him away!

Mrs. Baker (rather nettled at the coarse language applied to SCAMP by MRS. FIDGETTS). Really—my dear—you're quite absurd—I assure you the poor dear dog only wants you to caress him.—Down, SCAMP! down, good dog!

Mrs. Fidgetts. There—he will have him!

[She rises, and flies to the door, pursued by SCAMP, who, imagining that her rapid movement is a challenge to a game of romps, bounds about and upon her more strenuously than ever, wagging his tail, and testifying the greatest pleasure.]

Oh, dear! will you catch the horrid thing? Oh, MRS. BAKER, do you want to see my baby torn in pieces? Oh, how can you? Oh, the brute! [SPRIGGLES makes ineffectual attempts to secure SCAMP.]

Mrs. Baker. MRS. FIDGETTS, I beg you will not speak of my dog in that manner. He's just as incapable of injuring your baby as I am, ma'am, or as you are yourself, ma'am; a great deal less, I am sure; for what with—There, take him out, JAMES—poor thing!—(SCAMP

is secured and borne off by SPRIGGLES)—for what with your cockering and coddling the poor thing, it will be a mercy if it ever gets over its teething.

Mrs. Fidgetts (firing up). MRS. BAKER, ma'am, I'll thank you not to interfere with my management of my baby, ma'am. It is my baby, I believe, ma'am. Not being blessed with a family yourself, ma'am, I don't wonder at your taking a fancy to dogs, ma'am; but I really can't expose my baby, ma'am, to hydrophobia, ma'am. So, if you please, I must wish you a very good morning, ma'am.

[With cutting politeness.

Mrs. Baker (with dignity as cutting). Certainly, ma'am—and I hope, ma'am, the next time you call, you will send me notice, ma'am—that I may send my dog out of the house, ma'am.

[She rings for SPRIGGLES. The door is opened for MRS. FIDGETTS, who is preparing for a majestic exit, when SCAMP, who has been shut up in the kitchen, takes advantage of SPRIGGLES' answering the bell to make a sudden sortie, and encounters MRS. FIDGETTS, with the Baby, in the passage. Delighted to renew the acquaintance, he springs upon them as before.

Mrs. Fidgetts (shrieking). Oh! here's that dreadful dog, again! Oh, my baby!—he'll have my baby! Oh—how can you, MRS. BAKER! Oh!—take him away—do!



TABLEAU.—MRS. FIDGETTS, bearing her Baby, is seen to rush through the front garden, closely pursued by SCAMP; who, in his turn, is pursued by SPRIGGLES, who succeeds in capturing the Pet just as he has got a corner of the Baby's long clothes in his mouth, and is about to improve the opportunity.

THE MONKEY AND THE TIGER.

THE *Bristol Mirror* relates an anecdote of real brute life that does, in a very extraordinary manner, present the animal combination irreverently avouched by VOLTAIRE—namely, the Monkey and the Tiger. MR. WOMBWELL has—or had—his Ark in the jovial city of Bristol; and one of the keepers felt it to be his painful duty to whip one of the monkeys. Now the monkey, having no sense of contrition, and therefore refusing to take the chastisement quietly and kindly, screamed, and yelled, and “ran along the wires of the cages of the beasts, followed by the keeper.” Lions roared, wolves howled, and hyenas laughed: when the monkey was caught by a tiger, as Jocko ran by the den, pulled in a trice through the bars; and—with no more ado than a fine lady would swallow a fine oyster—was immediately consigned to the tiger's maw. Here, at a bolt, was VOLTAIRE's monster incorporate—the Monkey and the Tiger. Nevertheless, the strangest part of this strange story is to be told. The Monkey-Tiger or Tiger-Monkey has become so changed in his countenance that, if he could only be induced to walk upon his hind-legs, and wear a uniform, he would pass in certain circles for a great practical statesman. Already the Monkey-Tiger is known throughout the menagerie as the “President.”

QUESTION FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

CONSIDERING the number of our troops, should you call the DUKE OF WELLINGTON the Commander of the Forces—or of the Weaknesses?

NAVAL APPOINTMENT.

WE are sure everyone will be glad to hear (excepting, perhaps, the Lords of the Admiralty) that SIR CHARLES NAPIER has been appointed to supply all the rigging for the British Navy.

ACTORS FOR THE MARIONNETTES.—MR. and MRS. WOOD.

ARTIFICIAL FLESH.

AN extraordinary compound has been discovered, which will enrich plastic art with new features. Noses, ears, and limbs are made, we understand, by MR. F. GRAY, of Cork Street, out of a mixture of Indian-rubber and gutta percha; which material so nearly resembles the natural skin, both in look and in feel, that it is almost impossible to tell the one from the other. By this invention, of course, science will be enabled to meet such a case as that of the unfortunate Royal lady chronicled in the juvenile poem:—

“The Queen was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
By came a little bird
And snapped off her nose!”

The Taliacotian operation will be superseded, and surgeons will,

“Outdoing TALIACOTIUS, from
Caoutchouc and gutta percha, gum,
Mould supplemental noses—”

If this were all, it would be well; but we fear that the discovery of a substance thus closely simulating human flesh will open a door to gross imposition. Artificial hands coated with MR. GRAY's composition may be grasped and shaken, as we are informed, without their factitious nature being discovered. Caution will now be necessary in receiving the offer of a hand; as there is no knowing what may be palmed off in the shape of one. Hearts as well as hands—such is the progress of science—may come to be made of gutta percha and Indian-rubber before long. To replace a lost feature with the best substitute that can be got, is fair enough; but what end will there now be to the mending of faces? A person with a snub nose will be converting it into an aquiline proboscis by filling up its convexity with gutta percha and caoutchouc: and thus many of that large class of worthy persons who marry out of admiration for externals, will be swindled into matrimony by false pretences. Another, with a small receding forehead, a low flat head altogether, and igneous bristles, will enlarge the upper story in its frontal and coronal regions, and get up a sham development of the organs of the intellect and moral feelings, as the phrenologists say, together with a magnificent head of hair, by means of this deceitful stuff and a wig. *Fronti nulla fides*—a maxim already too true—will be truer than ever. The “House we live in” will be fraudulently stuccoed. Succedaneous beauties of Hottentot VENUS were bad enough, but false faces will be worse than the other falsities.

The Nobility and Gentry may be expected to patronise the new imitation-flesh, not only for the renovation and repair of ancient frames, but for the improvement of that breed of calves which is so largely cultivated in flunkedom.

Scents and Sensibility.

THE Parliamentary whippers-in are astonished that the St. Stephen's Pack don't run better together, considering how very strong the scent lies in the new House.



“NOT QUITE SUCH A FINE CHILD AS THE
LAST !”

THE GREEN-ROOM AT THE MARIONETTE THEATRE.



It is said that actors and actresses are a great deal thrown together in the Green-Room; but no dramatic company can be so thoroughly thrown together behind the scenes as the performers at the Marionettes. What little stiffness they may exhibit before the audience, disappears behind the curtain, where the Marionette celebrities unbend and bend in a manner quite marvellous. Anyone taking a peep into the Green-Room would suppose that the nerves of the performers, which are literally strung up in the sight of the public, are so thoroughly unstrung when the acting is over, that a collapse takes place, and a literal doubling up of the members of the *troupe* is the immediate consequence.

However different may be the Green-Room of the Marionettes from the Green-Rooms of other establishments, the puppet actors are very unlike the "ladies and gentlemen" attached to larger establishments. The puppets are, happily, not liable to sudden indisposition, though there are some excellent singers among them; and a *prima donna*, who, though attached to the establishment by ropes and wires, has a sweet voice, in which nothing like ropiness or wiriness is at all perceptible. The Marionettes must be far easier to manage than a regular company; for there can be no quarrelling about parts; and though the artists have a rather peculiar walk of their own, they never come upon the stage without apparently trying to put their very best leg foremost, for the amusement of the audience. Notwithstanding their shakiness about the legs, we have no doubt of their taking a permanent footing.

FOX MAULE AT FAULT.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the Prime Minister, and begs to call his attention to a speech made by MR. FOX MAULE at Perth. MR. F. M. denounced the Ballot; which F. M. has every right to do: but what did F. M. couple with his idea of the worthlessness of the Ballot? Hear him:—

"Under the ballot we have seen no respect paid to the rights of property, or to the public authorities of the country; and under the ballot we have seen the press trampled to the ground—gagged in a manner such as if I saw the press gagged in this country, I would blush for the country that gave me birth."

Mr. Punch would not, for any mundane advantage, become a tale-bearer (no, nor tail-bearer); would not carry disunion into the cage of any happy family soever; nevertheless, Mr. Punch wishes to know to what or where MR. F. M. alludes? Property—authority—and the press! Violated—outraged—trampled upon and gagged! Gracious goodness! Can FOX MAULE mean France? If so, FOX ought to be more MAULED than ever!

ON THE COMMITTAL OF AN M.P. TO THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

BEHOLD, at last, the Chartists' chosen man,
Taking his place among them in the van,
And pushing forward with a patriot's zeal—
His steps directed to the Common Wheel.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PROGRESS.

OUR progress is "PORTER's Progress of the Nation." LOUIS NAPOLEON's progress may be said to be Deporter's Progress of the Nation.

A MODEL ADDRESS TO ELECTORS

GENTLEMEN,—Her Majesty having dissolved the late Parliament—at least all that was left of it—I beg leave to offer myself as your future representative. My claims (considering the present architectural constitution of the House of Commons) to your suffrages are these:

I am above any atmospheric influence, wherever it may come from.

I can sit above a gas-lamp and despise it.

I am not to be put down by any amount of any cold soever.

I am not to be turned by any wind.

I never took a cough lozenge in my life.

I know not the taste of gruel; and have yet personally to learn what is flannel.

I think that £200,000 for the ventilation of a non-ventilated House of Commons, is a wicked waste of public money; the more especially as it is competent to any Member to have his own castle in the air, without employing BARRY.

Therefore, gentlemen, I am bold to ask your suffrages; feeling that, should you send me as your representative to the House of Commons,—whatever may be the colds and catarrhs of other gentlemen, I shall always be found (wherever I may sit) to have

A VOICE IN THE COUNTRY.

Preparations for War.

GREAT excitement, we understand, has been created in Paris by the announcement, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL is about to fortify the bulwarks of the British Constitution with additional defences, in the shape of a large number of five-pounders.

AN ATMOSPHERIC SHAM.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, and begs to call his attention to the fact, that the House of Commons is not only altogether hard-up for HEROES, but has now not even a WINDBAG to provide it with the means of respiration.

THE NEWSPAPER DUTY.—Not to speak the truth when it is likely to prove offensive to a foreign despot.—*The Prime Minister of England.*

THE CORPS OF THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

THE subject of bullets has attracted much attention lately; but none whatever has been paid to powder. There is no doubt that great advantage would result from the reduction of the charge with which, in so many aristocratic establishments, the male domestics are obliged to prime their locks. It might safely be diminished to an infinitesimal quantity; which would be quite sufficient for purposes of duty. No impediment whatever would be opposed, in case of necessity, to discharge.

The uniform of these household troops ought to be much altered. It is quite as conspicuous as the scarlet of the line; and its motley character is more suitable to clowns than to well-ordered footmen: its varieties of plush, moreover, present so many distinct marks to ridicule.

A Nice Man for a Large Party.

THOUGH LORD PALMERSTON may have been snubbed by his former colleagues, the unprecedentedly long list of illustrious persons present at his *soirée* the other night, shows that if he has no considerable party in the country, he can get together a very strong party in town.

RAPID PASSAGE.

MR. MIKE O'LEARY (of Bunhill Row) started from the St. Martin's end of the Lowther Arcade at 5 minutes to 12, and reached the Strand end at precisely 23 minutes to 1. This is supposed to be the most rapid passage on record. It is but fair, however, to state that MR. O'LEARY was accompanied on the occasion by a couple of spirited bull-dogs.



RATHER SEVERE.

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"

TAILORS' HERALDRY.—THE FRENCH SENATE.

M. DE CASABIANCA has the dressing of the French Senate. Considering that the senators will be little other than state dolls, like dolls they should be as fine as possible. They are to have—

"Palm or olive leaves embroidered in gold on the collar, cuffs, pockets, and breast. The coat is to be bordered everywhere with an ornament of waving lines in gold, which, in the language of this half-heraldic art, characterises the highest functions."

Palm or olive leaves are very significant; the palm for its sustaining fruit—(dates being even more nutritious to a commonalty than bullets)—and olives for peacefulness and durability. For the olive is of slow growth, like the President's free Constitution: whilst the olive wood SOLOMON carved his figures for the Temple. The "waving lines in gold" characterise, it seems, "the highest functions." We are afraid so; especially at the present day in France. There, we fear, for some time to come, a straight line is not to be thought of.

Bribery and Corruption.

THEY say "the worth of any thing is just as much as it will bring." If "voters at five pounds" we quote, How much will be the voter's vote? We pause for a reply from MR. EDWARDS.

THE FRUITS OF USURPATION.—For what fruit does 'M. LOUIS NAPOLEON's mouth water?—Orleans plums.

THE REFORM BILL SPICED.

LORD JOHN'S Bill does want character. It seems to have been raised under—what historian NAPIER calls—"the cold shade of the aristocracy." Hence, certain clauses are about to be moved by certain Members, by way of an amending zest to the measure. We have been favoured with an exclusive copy of these amendments; and here the clauses are. Their peculiar character will, we think, reveal the several authors:—

And be it enacted, That every or any Female Subject obnoxious to every or any of the subjoined Misdemeanours, Accidents, or Misfortunes, shall be disqualified for Voting for any Member to serve in Parliament:

Any British Female Subject unmarried at the Age of Thirty, unless she can give satisfactory proof that "the Question" has never been put by Word of Mouth, by Look, or even by so much as a Squeeze of the Hand.

Any Strong-Minded British Female Subject who can be proved to have taken it upon herself to say that Woman is the legitimate Lord of the Creation, and the Creature, Man, a Sham and a Usurper.

Any British Female Subject being married, has no Vote, such Privilege being merged in the Privilege of her Husband. This Disqualification, however, does not apply to Widows, or to Women whose Husbands are Abroad; Abroad, being taken in a sense applying to and comprehending the Sea, the Colonies, the Public-House or Club-House; when, upon all such Occasions, it shall be lawful for all such Widows and all such Wives, in right of Themselves and dead or absent Husbands, to proceed to the Polling-Booth and give a Plumper.

And be it enacted, That at no future Election for Bedlam, shall it be lawful for any Person who has heretofore represented any disfranchised Borough to be eligible to be returned as Member for that Hospital. This Enactment is deemed necessary to protect the Voters from the Influence of Bribery and indiscriminate Treating. And be it further enacted, That any Two Patients (for the fitting Representation of the popular Mania, whatever it may be) are from Time to Time eligible as Representatives, and, when duly elected, may take their Seat with their Keepers, and on fitting Occasions (to be ruled by the Speaker) to pair off with other Members. And be it enacted, That every in-door Patient shall be eligible to vote, if capable of distinguishing the relative Value of Money; namely, if He or She can immediately detect Ten Sovereigns from Ten Sixpences, or a Bank

Note from a Note of Elegance. This Clause is especially enacted in Order to place the Voters of Bedlam on a just, political, and social Equality—in so far as a Right of Franchise is concerned—with all and every unconfined Lunatic throughout England and Wales.

And be it enacted, That any Member of the Company of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Astley's Theatres, is eligible to be returned as Representative; Eligibility applying equally to Elephants or Horses; such Individuals being deemed fitting and proper Depositaries of the Interests of the British Stage.

And be it enacted, That any Two Lay Figures and any Two Royal Academicians shall be eligible as Representatives of the Royal Academy, to be voted by Plumbers of R.A.s; and single Votes of A.R.A.s. (No Voice to be permitted to models.)

And be it enacted, That every benighted Foreigner, dwelling upon any Door-Step, or possessing any Street-Crossing, or in any Manner or Way having a Whereabouts within the Bills of Mortality, shall be eligible to represent Exeter Hall. And it is further enacted, That every Person, Male and Female, upon paying One Shilling of the current Coin of the Realm in the Plate at the Door or Doors of the said Exeter Hall, shall be entitled, by Virtue of the Shilling, to Vote for the Foreigner or Alien aforesaid, of any Caste, Creed, or Colour, as it may be. And it is further enacted, That the Beadle shall be Returning Officer of the Hall aforesaid.

And be it enacted, That there shall be, from and after the End of the present Parliament, a Ladies' Gallery, for the especial Comfort and Accommodation of the Wives of the Members who may trebly wish to hear the Debates, to bring their Work with them, and to take their Husbands in a straight Line to their domestic Chintz when the House shall have adjourned.

Mr. Punch need scarcely add that this last clause is the offering of a gallant officer and—bachelor.

Night Charges.

At an Hotel:—Two Shillings.

At a Station House:—Five Shillings.

N.B.—If you sleep at the latter, you avoid the fee that is usually given to the Boots and Chambermaid, and have nothing to pay for wax candles.—Our Fast Young Man.

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

BROILED BEEF-STEAK.

Air—"The Maid of Llangollen."

THOUGH humble the dish, or I should say the plate,
I hear without envy of banquets of state;
Contented and proud on my table to see
A Beef-steak and onions all ready for me.

My meat from the butcher I cheerfully take,
At morn, when in excellent cut is the Steak;
Then I go to a shop, where an onion I see,
And ask them to put it in paper for me.

My neighbour genteel passes scornfully by,
But pride cannot make him so happy as I;
And prouder than even the proudest I'll be,
When I've cooked my Beef-steak in the way you shall see.

Till the gridiron's hot, I will patiently wait,
Then rub it with suet, till greasy its state;
All smokeless and clear shall my coal fire be,
Then I'll put on the Steak that's intended for me.

When a delicate brown it's beginning to take,
'Tis the critical moment for turning the Steak;
And when on the other side brown'd it shall be,
I'll have a hot dish waiting ready for me.

Of Dorset's rich butter, a piece standing by
Shall furnish a slice 'twixt the layers to lie;
Then with pepper most thoroughly dredged it shall be,
Till the Steak is sufficiently season'd for me.

Though thoroughly dredged, for my Steak I must wait,
As at present but partially cook'd is its state,
And put on the fire, again it must be,
Ere 'tis done to the nicety relish'd by me.

My onion I now from its paper bag take,
And slice it and fry it, to serve with my Steak;
And sit down as hungry as hungry can be
To the Beef-steak and onions all smoking for me.

ROMAN CANDLES IN HAMPSHIRE.

We extract the following joke from the Winchester intelligence of the *Hampshire Independent* :—

"NEW LIGHTS ON THE PATH TO ROME.—The large candles which the Rev. J. KEBLE, of Hursley, keeps burning on the altar of the Parish Church during Morning Service. Perhaps the BISHOP of WINCHESTER will look in to be enlightened on the subject some Sunday morning."

Since however, our Southampton contemporary and conjoculator publishes this statement as a piece of actual news, and considering that there is nothing to hinder the truth from being told in fun, as HORACE implies, and somebody else, who for modesty's sake shall be nameless, exemplifies; we suppose the thing stated is put forward as matter of fact. Nevertheless, taking the fact for granted, we cannot take it quite seriously, because it suggests some conceptions which are somewhat ludicrous. We imagine the hiant visages of the Hursley rustics—Hampshiremen—staring at their clergyman's fireworks; and the broad Doric accents wherein, doubtless, these honest countrymen exclaim, "What the plyague be they there canduls vor?" The inutility and extravagance of burning daylight must be even more obvious to the swains of this Hampshire Tempe than to the more cultivated, but, especially on foggy days, less enlightened inhabitants of Pimlico. We would recommend MR. KEBLE, if he is in such a state of mind as to have lights in his church of a morning—in order that the unnecessary illumination may do good to one, at least, of his parishioners—to appoint the parish simpleton his candle-snuffer. Such a functionary would be quite a suitable accessory to provincial church-theatricals. We dare say a proper person could be found to fill the office. In almost every parish there is a simpleton: where the parson is a Puseyite, there are usually two.

We don't say that MR. KEBLE is a Puseyite—unless he burns matutinal candles. But if he does patronise the tallow-chandler in that superfluous manner—why, he affects a Popish fashion. Now—we would speak to a Puseyite as to an old lady—is not Popery improper? Will you—a respectable gentlewoman—adopt a fashion strikingly peculiar to those whom you regard as improper people? If, in your opinion, Papists are not such, follow their fashions altogether; be cochineal all over: don't burn candles only, but burn MR. CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER too, if, as the *Hampshire Independent* suggests, he

should venture to exert authority in a diocese legitimately "governed" by ARCHBISHOP WISEMAN, or one of his suffragans.

On the supposition that the reverend gentleman really pins his faith and practice to the mould of mediæval superstition, whilst holding preferment in the English Church; it would be advisable for him to take due care that his candles are composite, in order that they may correspond to the pinchbeck Popery which Puseyism may be defined to be. It is, we believe, a custom, more or less general, in the Romish Church, to put skulls upon the altar on the 2nd of November. Let the pastor of Hursley feed his flock with turnips instead of skulls. Let him burn his candles in turnip-lanterns; not, however, on the 2nd of November, but on the 5th; and instead of sticking them up in the Church, let him place them in the churchyard.

PARLIAMENTARY ARRANGEMENTS.

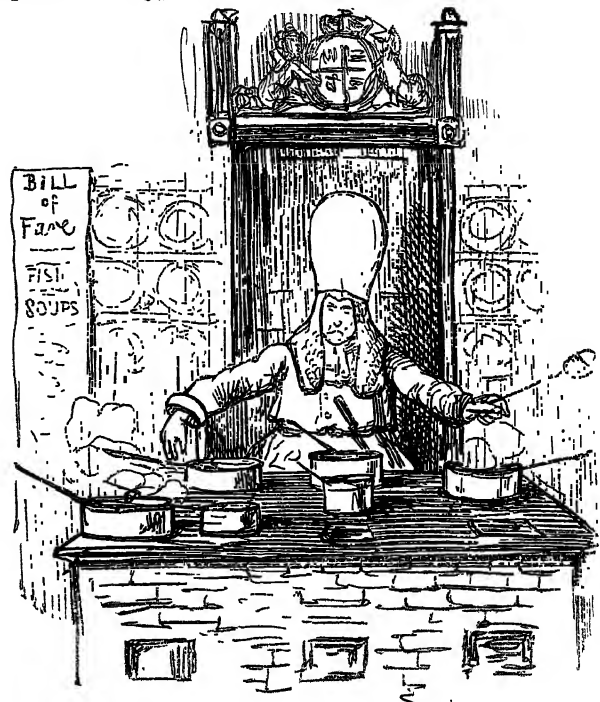
THE famous "Rump Parliament" will have a rival in celebrity, and partly in name, in the present House of Commons, which, in consequence of its memorable debate on the subject of dining, will go down to posterity as the Rump-Steak Parliament.

The Arms of the Sergeant-at-Arms will henceforth be a knife and fork.

The Table of the House will be supplied with all the delicacies of the Session.

Bills of Fare will take precedence of all other Motions.

We intend shortly to publish biographies of the leading Members, with plates.



THE SPEAKER OF THE NEW HOUSE OF (ANYTHING BUT SHORT) COMMONS (*Cries of Oh! Oh!*).

A Pious Fraud.

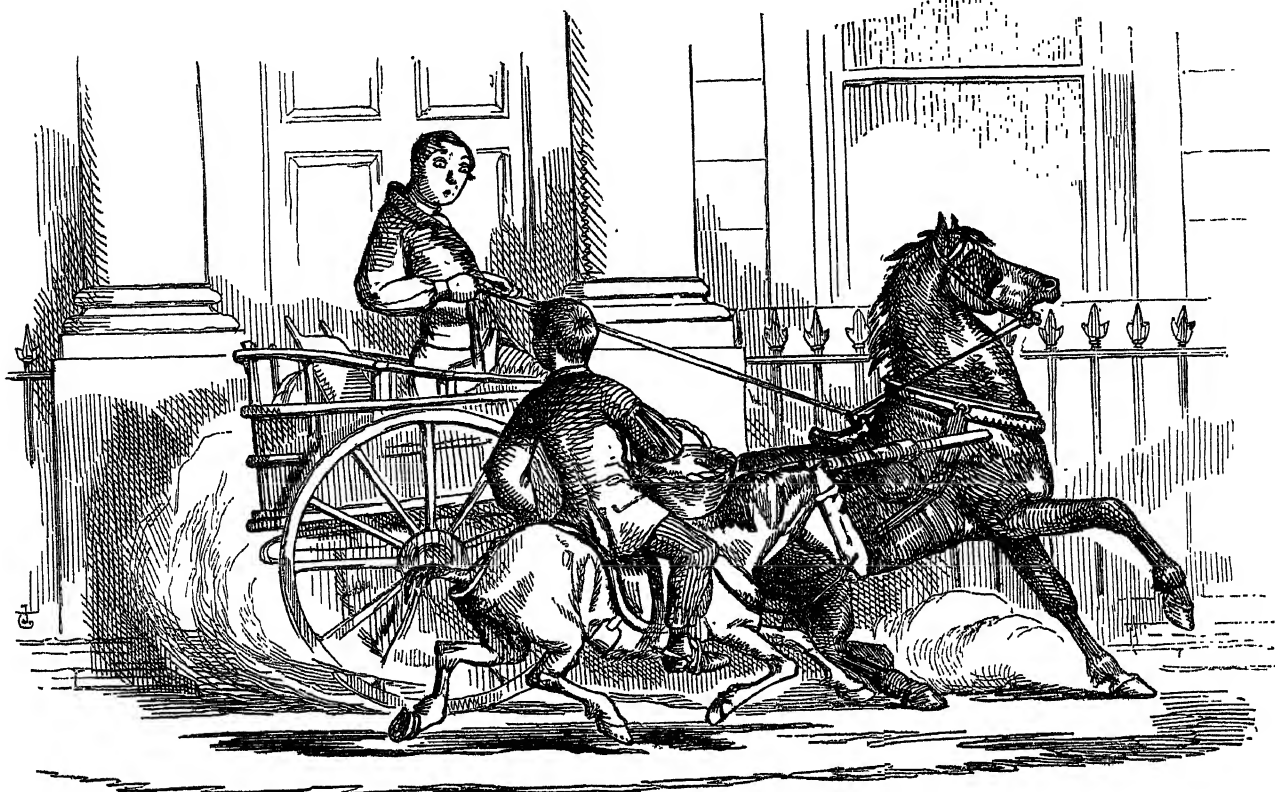
A CORRESPONDENT writes to complain of the French authorities having seized a mince-pie he had despatched to his children in a copy of *Punch*. We do not sympathise with the sender, who deserved to lose his pie for having made our publication the medium for containing any matters at all minced.

THE BREEZE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We are sorry to perceive that the difference between MR. BARRY and MR. REID about ventilation, has actually amounted to an exchange of blows!

THE BAR MILITANT.

THE lawyers are about to form themselves into a rifle corps, for which they are well fitted by their peculiar practice, and their quickness in discovering the objects that are worth powder and shot.



HORRIBLE SUSPICION IN HIGH LIFE.—SCENE, BELGRAVIA.

FIRST ARISTOCRATIC BUTCHER-BOY. "Hullo, Bill! Don't mean to say Yer've come down to a Pony?"
 SECOND DITTO DITTO. "Not dezactly! Our Cart is only gone a-paintin'."

A SMASH FOR A SUBURB.

READER, did you ever send your wife, or go yourself, to Mitcham? Everybody has heard of the place, but no one we ever met with has been to it. There are half-a-dozen railways professing to go to it, and putting down passengers at the nearest station, which is two miles away from it. Every road out of town leads to Mitcham; but Mitcham leads to nothing. You may go to it over any one of the ten bridges, and you'll get to it just as soon by one as by the other. Nearly all the houses in Mitcham are to let, and there is nobody to show them, though keys, which will not open the doors, may be had at all the house-agents'. Some of the houses that are to let have rooms detached on the other side of the way, and gardens, a long way off, with another house—to be let by itself—in the midst of them. The omnibuses to Mitcham have eighteen-pence written inside as the fare, which is in reality one shilling; and the driver and conductor will often quarrel with each other when a passenger asks what he is to pay, when it becomes optional with the latter to pay what he pleases. The man at the booking-office demands eighteen-pence as the fare, and when told of somebody having been charged the lesser sum, he is always very indignant with the proprietors and everybody else for "not letting him know, as it makes him look as if he wanted to cheat people;" and, indeed, appearances are not always in his favour.

Mitcham has a quantity of inns, with a large collection of all sorts of heads and arms on their sign-boards. There are several libraries, at one of which the word "Newspapers" is written up in large letters; but if you go in and ask for one, you are stared at, and a child calls "Mother!" who emerges from an inner apartment, wiping her hands, and exclaiming, "We never have any newspapers." There are several post-offices, but when we went to post a letter at about six, we were told that the post left at five; that it had just gone, though the clock of the establishment stood at four: and we were further informed that there would be an express at seven, which being an additional post for extraordinary despatch, would sleep for the night at Streatham. On our requesting to be furnished with a few pennyworths of postage stamps, the official intimated that there was one we might possibly have, if the person who bespoke it did not call for it. In justice to the Mitcham branch of our great postal establishment, we ought to add that our inquiry was made at what was perhaps only the receiving house of the village, where a

mother and child were engaged in the divided duty of attending to post-office inquiries and selling cheap valentines.

We throw out these observations in a spirit of kindness towards a village, upon which we were thrown in the course of a day's fishing—for a dinner.

MAMMAS AND MILITIAMEN.

HEAR a fond Mamma appealing:—

Must my VINCENT go to drill?

If ye have a spark of feeling,

Stop that dreadful horrid Bill!

Shall poor VINCY march together

With—oh, Goodness knows who with!—

Cobblers, smelling all of leather—

Tinker—tailor—coppersmith?

Comrades fitter for his station

Grant, oh! grant him, I implore;

Could he not defend the nation

In a decent rifle corps?

No One is Safe.

As if the temptations for robbery were not already quite sufficient, we see some MEPHISTOPHILES of an individual, who evidently has been studying the weakness of human nature with the view of turning it to large profit, has been inventing a *Pocket Umbrella!*

"IMPOSSIBLE, SIR? THAT'S NO REASON, SIR."

COLONEL DUNNE (need we say a respected Irish Member?) demanded last week certain Parliamentary information; and the Honourable and exigent Member added, "the reasons for not giving any of the above information when it is found impracticable to do so."

MAXIM OF NAPOLEON (THE LITTLE).—In political discussions there is nothing like coming to the (bayonet's) point.



THE RIVALS; OR, A MILITARY POSITION.

After WATTS.

THE NEW LAW OF THE FRENCH PRESS.



ART 1. No journal or periodical publication relating to anything or anybody, or relating anything to anybody, can be started without a condition, enough to make any one start; namely, the consent of the Government. Such consent will only be given to a French subject, in the enjoyment of civil and political rights; but as there are no civil or political rights in France, a few of those who "enjoy" the system of civil and political wrongs will be allowed to set up a journal.

Whenever any change takes place in the administration of the journal, the Government sanction will be required; and the printer must not change his "devil," unless it be for one of the "devils" in league with, and approved by, the Government.

ART. 2. As the truth, though suppressed in France, may circulate or come round through a foreign journal, none will be permitted to enter that country unless authorised—which may include the selection and payment of authors—by the Government. Any one introducing a foreign journal not thus authorised,

and any traveller having amongst his luggage any article wrapped up in an old newspaper, shall be punished by imprisonment, of from one month to one year, and a fine of from one hundred francs to five thousand.

ART. 3. The proprietors of any journal, treating of political matters, or social economy, will, by way of preliminary treat, pay into the treasury, in cash, a sum, which, unlike the contents of his paper, will be allowed to bear some small interest.

ART. 4. As no paper, such as the Government will permit, can possibly pay after it has been commenced, it will be required to pay before it appears. If published without the caution-money having been paid in full, a fine of not more than 2000 francs, with imprisonment of not more than two years, in respect of each number published, will be imposed on printer and publisher. A paper reaching forty numbers, under these atrocious circumstances, will subject the miscreants, who print and publish, to eighty years' imprisonment.

ART. 5. Journals and periodical publications will henceforth bear the various stamps of oppression, despotism, and servility, in respect of which a duty of six centimes will be payable. This duty will be collected, with the understanding that the journals owe all their duty to the Government.

ART. 6. Foreign journals will be liable to the French stamp; but no English journal, of any respectable stamp, will submit to any other stamp abroad than the stamp of independence.

ART. 7. Postage-rates, on the transport of newspapers, will be reimposed; as the Government cares more about the facility of transporting the editors, writers, publishers, and printers, than about the convenience of transporting the journals.

ART. 8. As the Legislative Body is intended to consist of a collection of nobodies, their proceedings can be of importance to nobody, and the publication of them will be punished by a fine of from 1000 to 5000 francs.

ART. 9. It is forbidden to the press to publish the report of its own trials; so that whatever trials it has to endure, it must bear and say nothing. The journals will, however, be permitted to write freely one sentence—namely, the sentence pronounced against any one of themselves.

ART. 10. Every journal shall be bound to insert, free of charge, every advertisement of the Government; and the puff and paragraph principle will be rigidly enforced, except that there will be no paid puffs and no paid paragraphs.

ART. 11. In no case shall evidence be allowed of the truth of a complaint against the Government appearing in any journal, as the truth would be dangerous to the existing power.

ART. 12. As the previous articles may not be sufficiently strong, the power of suppressing, when he likes, and as often as he likes, any journal he likes, or does not like, will be exercised by the President.

In the name of the French nation. Done by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

X. DE CASABIANCA,

Minister of State, in the present state of the Ministry.

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

BOILED CHICKEN.

ATR—"Norah Creina."

LESBIA hath a fowl to cook;
But, being anxious not to spoil it,
Searches anxiously our book,
For how to roast, and how to boil it.
Sweet it is to dine upon—
Quite alone, when small its size is;—
And, when cleverly 'tis done,
Its delicacy quite surprises.
Oh! my tender pullet dear!
My boiled—not roasted—tender Chicken!
I can wish
No other dish,
With thee supplied, my tender Chicken!

LESBIA, take some water cold,
And having on the fire placed it,
Add some butter, and be bold—
When 'tis hot enough—to taste it.
Oh! the Chicken meant for me
Boil before the fire grows dimmer;
Twenty minutes let it be
In the saucepan left to simmer.
Oh, my tender Chicken dear!
My boil'd, delicious, tender Chicken!
Rub the breast
(To give a zest)
With lemon-juice, my tender Chicken.

LESBIA hath with sauce combined
Broccoli white, without a tarnish;
'Tis hard to tell if 'tis design'd
For vegetable or for garnish.
Pillow'd on a butter'd dish,
My Chicken temptingly reposes,
Making gourmands for it wish,
Should the savour reach their noses.
Oh, my tender pullet dear!
My boiled—not roasted—tender Chicken!
Day or night,
Thy meal is light,
For supper, e'en, my tender Chicken.

Louis Napoleon's Next.

CONSIDERING that printing is a dangerous art, and liable to be greatly abused,

The PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC decrees the seizure and appropriation to the Government of all Presses except those necessary for the manufacture of wine and cheese.

TRUE SONS OF GUNS.

SOME of the spirited young men "liable to be drawn for the Militia," are angry at the supposition that they will be anxious to shirk it. They say they have no right to have their courage in any way challenged, and that to call them out is the best way to give them satisfaction.

Latest Intelligence

Up to Saturday Night.

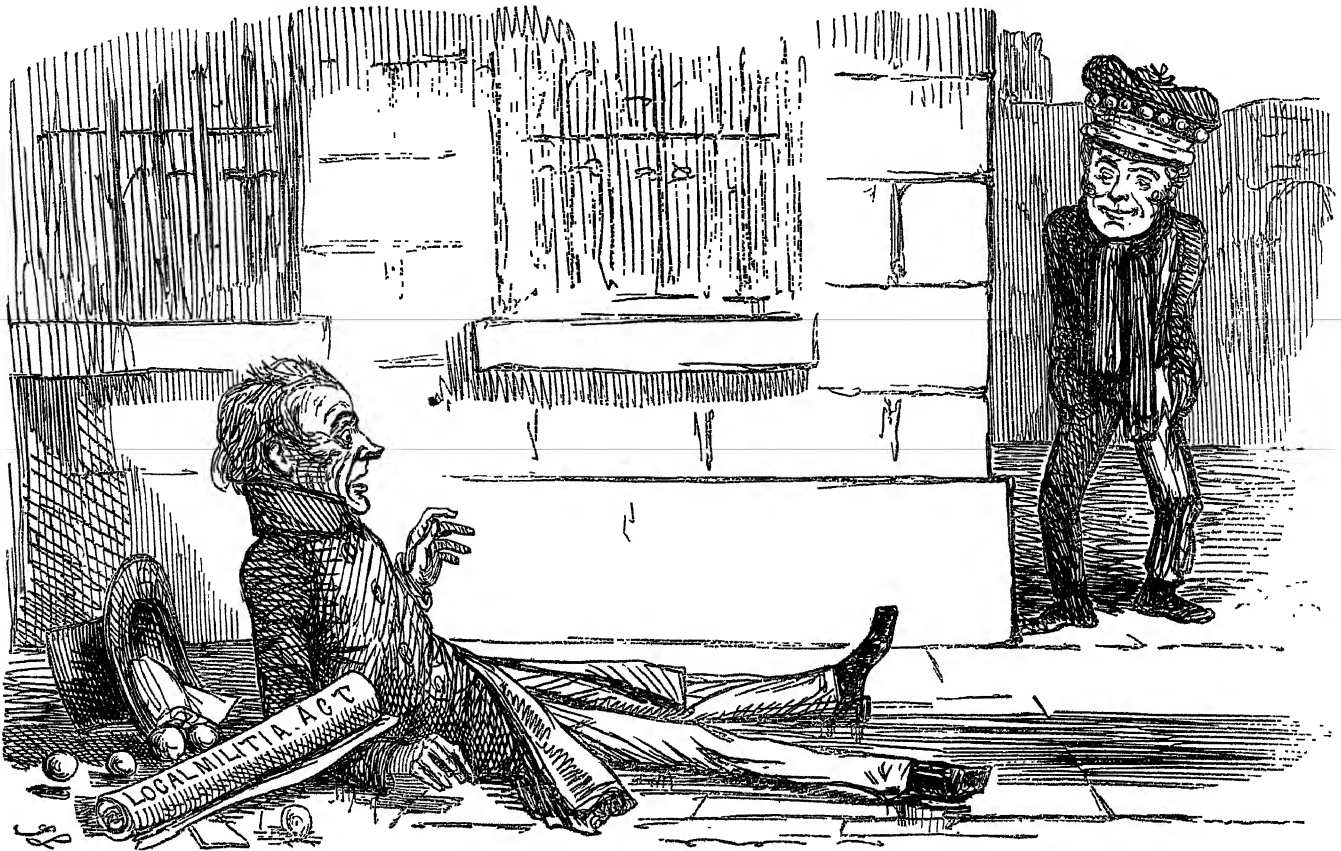
WE've the Whigs out at last—some say not without trickery;
My LORD JOHN has resigned, and we've got rid of CHICORY.
GEORGY GREY and LORD DITTO are both in like case,
And I wonder what Sticks we shall have in their place.

GREAT LOVE FOR THEIR NATIVE LAND.

IF a landlord means a lord who has always remained upon land, then the Lords of the Admiralty are three of the greatest Land-lords this country can boast of, for not one of them, we believe, has ever been further out to sea than Chel—sea.

CONFISCATION OF THE ORLEANS PROPERTY.—A "Little Bird" tells us, that this act of spoliation is called at Paris—"Le Premier Vol de l'Aigle!"

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.—When a member is sick of Parliament, he always calls out for the "Steward!"



A SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT.—UPSET OF A "STATESMAN!"

PENALTIES.



THE Penalty of buying cheap clothes, is the same as that of going to Law, the certainty of losing your suit, and having to pay for it.

The Penalty of marrying, is a Mother-in-law.

The Penalty of remaining single, is having no one who "cares a button" for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirts.

The Penalty of thin shoes, is a cold.

The Penalty of a pretty cook, is an empty larder.
The Penalty of stopping in Paris, is being shot.
The Penalty of tight boots, is corns.
The Penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you, is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.

The Penalty of popularity, is envy.

The Penalty of a baby, is sleepless nights.

The Penalty of interfering between man and wife, is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows, from both.

The Penalty of a Godfather, is a silver knife, fork, and spoon.

The Penalty of kissing a baby, is half-a-crown (five shillings, if you are liberal) to the nurse.

The Penalty of a public dinner, is bad wine.

The Penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamt of, and of a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

The Penalty of lending, is—with a book or an umbrella, the certain loss of it; with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, the lamest chance of ever seeing it back again sound.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF PLUSH.

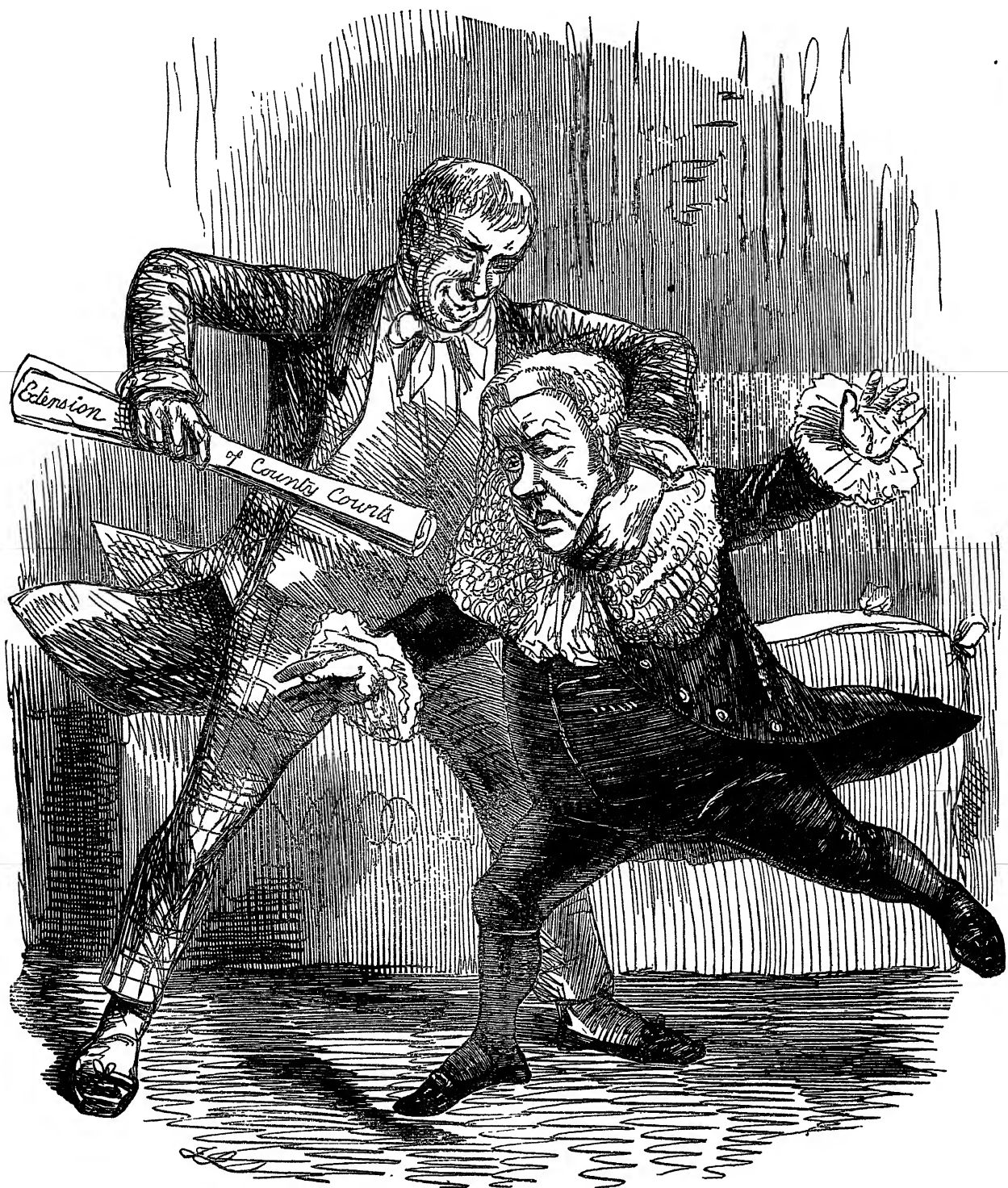
A NUMEROUS, if not important, meeting of the Livery, including most of the footmen in situations under the Government and Legislature, assembled last night at the Coach and Horses, to discuss the provisions of the Reform Bill now before their masters. The £5 clause was unanimously condemned as low; but some doubt was expressed whether that allowing a vote to payers of 40s. in the way of direct taxation, would not fix the qualification so high as to exclude many of the perfectly free and decidedly independent gentlemen present, whose salaries might not be quite liable to income-tax. My LORD DUKE said he believed that payment of assessed taxes to that amount would qualify: did anybody know what assessed taxes was? This question having been settled by reference to an almanack, it was agreed, on the motion of SIR HARRY, to appoint a deputation to wait on the PREMIER, and solicit him to reduce the 40s. franchise to the figure of the powder-tax, which, by an easy arrangement with regard to salary, might be charged on the individual wearer; thus conferring a voice in the representation on any gentleman connected with a respectable family. The EARL suggested that if Ministers would not consent to so very large a reduction, perhaps they might be prevailed upon to come down to the united amount of the powder-tax and the duty on armorial bearings: and then any gentleman of the service could participate in the privileges of a Briton, by wearing a ring or a watch, and having his own crest engraved on the seals.

Fellows to Haynau.

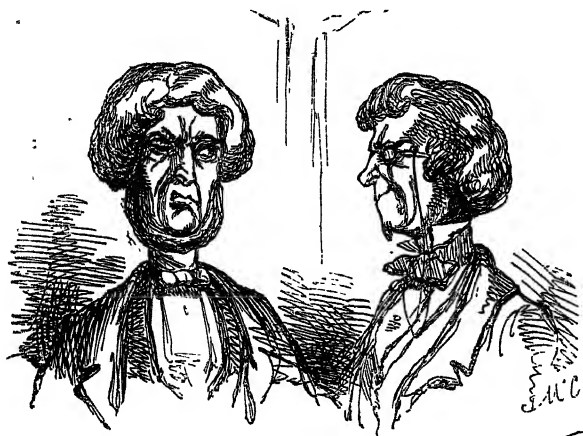
J. W., in a letter to the *Times*, states that in the prison at Nether Knutsford, Cheshire, there is a pretty, intelligent-looking little boy, only seven years old, committed by sentence of some magistrate or magistrates, for *stealing a mug*, with a sentence of *solitary confinement under the Pentonville system for three months*, and at the expiration of that term to be *well flogged*.

If the magistrate or magistrates alluded to will forward their names to *Punch*, *Mr. Punch* will use all his influence to procure them an order to see the brewery of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS.

A BIT OF STIFF.—The Soldier's Stock is the worst of investments.



A CHANCELLOR IN CHANCERY.



Awful Contortion of the Face produced by the constant Use of an Eye-glass.

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE PET ON AN EXCURSION.

SCENE 8.—MR. BAKER, having a week's holiday, has gallantly proposed to MRS. BAKER a pleasure excursion to the Isle of Wight. He has been gradually becoming hardened in the matter of the Pet, who is still, however, generally kept out of his way by MRS. BAKER. MR. and MRS. BAKER are proceeding to the Waterloo Station, in the omnibus, which is inconveniently full.

Irritable and Elderly Gentleman (at the door). Any room, Conductor? Conductor. Jump in, Sir.

[The misguided Old Gentleman is coaxed on to the step, lugged into the door, and hustled, hoisted, jostled, thrust, handed, and precipitated into the uncomfortable cross seat at the extremity of the 'bus, where MR. BAKER is his neighbour on one side and MRS. BAKER on the other.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (to MR. BAKER). Sir, your knees are in my breeches pocket.

[In the rattle of the 'bus the words are indistinctly heard; but there is a general impression that the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN has found MR. BAKER's hand in his pocket.

Nervous Female (with baby and basket). Oh, gracious! a pickpocket in the 'bus! Stop! Conductor!

[A general uneasiness is produced by everybody's simultaneous effort to get his or her hand into his or her pocket, to see if his or her money is safe.

Mr. Baker (to IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN). How dare you, Sir, charge me with anything of the kind, Sir?

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. I didn't—it's these asses of passengers—I said "your knee."

[The passengers are not at all sure that MR. BAKER is what he ought to be; but, as no purse is found missing, the matter drops, and MR. BAKER is left to devour his wrath silently.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (to MRS. BAKER). If you could, conveniently, take a little of your weight off my shoulders, Ma'am?

Mr. Baker. Sir! the lady is as much inconvenienced by the crowding as you are.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. I and the lady are the best judges of that, Sir. Perhaps you'd better let her speak for herself.

Mr. Baker. The lady is my wife, Sir!

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Is she, Sir? (Between his teeth.) Can't say much for your taste, Sir. (Sharply to MR. BAKER.) You're treading on my boots, Sir!

[N.B.—Bright boots are this generally sore Old Gentleman's sorest point.

Mrs. Baker (to IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN). I think, Sir, in a public vehicle, a little mutual accommodation—

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Well, Ma'am, I've accommodated you with a pillow all the way, and you might have accommodated me with a little more room for my legs, Ma'am. But, thank goodness, here we are!—(the 'bus pulls up).

Conductor (opening the door). Wart-loo—stash'n!

[As the door opens, the faithful SCAMP—who has followed the 'bus all the way from Bayswater, through very muddy streets—rushes in, and effects a passage to his beloved mistress, over the legs and feet of the passengers, leaving well-defined prints of his paws on the bright boots of the IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

Mrs. Baker (overjoyed). SCAMP, poor fellow!—down, sir—down!

Mr. Baker (sotto voce). That infernal dog!

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Er, you brute, get out!—(makes wild stabs at him with his umbrella). There, Sir! (to MR. BAKER)—Do you see that, Sir? (pointing to his boots)—all your nasty dirty beast of a dog, Sir.

Mrs. Baker (appealing to MR. BAKER's self-respect). MR. BAKER, do you mean to take notice of this language, Sir, or not?

Mr. Baker. It's not us he's abusing, my dear, it's the dog; and I must say—

Mrs. Baker (contemptuously). Oh! of course, I am to be insulted with impunity! Of course—Oh, the horrid old man! He'll kill my dog!

[IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, baffled in his attempts on SCAMP's life by the agility of the Pet, is reduced to shaking his umbrella at him impotently, and calling him bad names.

Mr. Baker. Stop—I must get the tickets—you see to the luggage.

[MRS. BAKER leaves the luggage to take care of itself, and devotes her energies to the protection of SCAMP from the infuriated Old Gentleman; at last she succeeds, and concealing the Pet beneath her shawl, hurries on to the platform, where she is rejoined by MR. BAKER.

* * * * *
Interior of a first-class carriage, with the train in motion. By one of those strokes of good fortune reserved for pleasure excursionists, MR. and MRS. BAKER and the IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN find themselves occupants of the same carriage.

Mr. Baker (aside to MRS. BAKER, confidentially). You see, my dear, the sort of thing you will always be exposed to, if you travel with that dog of yours.

Mrs. Baker. Now—Mr. Baker! as if it was I who gave the poor thing such an affectionate heart—that it must follow the omnibus all the way from Notting Hill!

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (who is one of those pleasant persons who, having hit upon a raw, insists on irritating it.) Yes, Sir—there ought to be a law, Sir, that people carrying those nasty dirty dogs about with them ought to be sent to the treadmill.

Mr. Baker. Once for all—Sir—I tell you—it wasn't my fault if my wife's dog jumped into the omnibus, and dirtied your boots.

[SCAMP's tail suddenly protrudes from under MRS. BAKER's shawl, wagging violently.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (perceiving it). There, Sir! and I suppose you'll next tell me it's not your fault if your wife brings her infernal nasty dog into a first-class carriage, Sir?

Mr. Baker (calmly). Certainly I should, Sir; for I'm sure my wife wouldn't do anything half so rude or silly.

Mrs. Baker (consciously and humbly). Oh, my dear, I had taken him up, to keep him out of the way of this gentleman, and then the bell rang, and you hurried me off to the train, and I hadn't time to put him down, and—

Mr. Baker. You don't mean to say you have got him in here?

[SCAMP announces his presence and his want of air by a succession of whines and uneasy movements, and availing himself of MRS. BAKER's momentary confusion at the discovery, escapes from her arms, and proceeds to execute a series of gambols over and about the legs of the IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (taking deadly aim at SCAMP with his boots, while he apostrophises MR. and MRS. BAKER). Er—you brute! A pretty thing, indeed!—beast! First-class carriage! Er!—Exposed to this sort of thing!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir. It's illegal. Confound the nasty animal! Yab—(he launches a terrible kick at SCAMP, which missing him, meets the innocent shin of MR. BAKER).

Mr. Baker (howling with pain). What do you mean by that, Sir?

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. It was meant for your infernal dog, Sir. Serves you right, Sir. I'm glad it hit you.

Mr. Baker. You're an ill-bred old ruffian, Sir.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Pooh, Sir!—(snaps his fingers).

Mrs. Baker (in dread of the imminent collision). Oh, my dear!—oh, Sir!—Pray—I'm very sorry—

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Don't talk to me, Ma'am! It's against the bye-laws, Ma'am! You're liable to forty shillings fine. And as sure as my name's GROWLEY, I'll inform against you, Sir, at the next station, and have you taken into custody, Sir. And here we are at the Claremont and Esher Station, Sir.

[The train stops.
[The IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN rushes out in a state of fury, followed by the equally furious MR. BAKER, the joyous SCAMP, and the agonised and conscience-stricken MRS. BAKER.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Hollo—ho! (to Railway Policeman)—Catch that dog. I've a complaint—where's the station-master?—Under the bye-laws—It's a dog—(the Railway Policeman, No. 1, has caught SCAMP.)—Here, I give this man into custody.

[Railway Policeman, No. 2, collars MR. BAKER.

Mr. Baker. I'll have an action against you for false imprisonment, you old scoundrel—I will!

Mrs. Baker. Oh dear—oh dear!

Mr. Baker. There's the train going off—Here! we shall lose it.

[Struggles to extricate himself.]

Railway Official. I beg your pardon, but this gentleman's given you in charge.
Irritable Elderly Gentleman. Certainly—under the bye-laws. They'd a dog in the carriage—a nasty, dirty dog. Look at my boots!
Mrs. Baker. Oh—look! there's the train off, and all our luggage—
Mr. Baker (triumphantly). There, MRS. BAKER! That's your Pet!



Tableau.

MEMBERS FOR INTELLIGENCE.

AN AMENDMENT ON THE REFORM BILL.

In the House of Commons, imagining himself to have a seat there, *Mr. Punch* moved that a clause be added to the ex-Premier's Reform Bill, providing for the representation of literature and science. (*Laughter.*) Mind was unrepresented in that House. ("Oh! oh!" from COLONEL SIBTHORP.) Yet the principle of giving the wisdom and learning of the country a voice in the Legislature had been recognised in allotting members to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. (*Hear! hear!*) By that means, certainly, were represented the learning and wisdom of our ancestors. (*Great cheering.*) Which wisdom and learning were sufficient for our ancestors' day; (*hear! hear!*) but were slightly short of the requirements of the present. (*Murmurs.*) In fact, to a great extent, the Members of the Universities might now be said to represent what it would not be altogether too much to call ignorance and bigotry—(oh! oh!)—what had been termed by an Hon. Gentleman not in that House, "Old clo." (*Oh! from Mr. DISRAELI.*) If they represented anything else, he believed it was old Port. (*Oh! and cheers.*) If the Parliamentary history of Oxford were written, it would exhibit one continuous line of opposition to every improvement that had been made in legislation for the last century. (*Cheers and hisses.*) He admitted that it was not easy to find a constituency that could be identified with information and intelligence. (*Ironical cheers.*) But for want of a better, he would propose the London University. (*Oh! oh!*) Let that enlightened and liberal body return two Members. (*Oh! oh! oh!*) He was aware how reasonable his proposal was. (*Ironical cheers.*) And therefore he did not wonder at all at the reception it had met with. (*Tells, groans, cheers, draying, cries of "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and great confusion, amid which the Hon. Gentleman resumed his seat.*)

ANOTHER PICTURE OF DISMAY.

We regret to say that the public must be upon their guard, for our Insane Artist is again at large. This very morning were we frightened out of four-and-a-half at least of our five senses, by his sudden apparition in our editorial sanctum, fiercely brandishing a slip of paper in our editorial eyes, and hurling it with wild gesticulation at our editorial feet. After the performance of this maniacal *pas de fascination*, the unhappy man rushed frantically out of the room, and vanished, we are told, in the direction of the City. Upon recovering our senses, we picked up the paper, and read as follows:—

DESIGN FOR DRAWING.—Agitation of our nervous friend SCRIGGLES, who has an extensive family connection at Paris, on reading of the anticipated "*Suspension of Friendly Relations*" by the President!!!!

* * We feel in justice bound to add that we entirely acquit the worthy Governor of Bedlam of all shadow of suspicion in the matter. Severely as we have suffered, we would yet be among the last to accuse him of having in any way facilitated the wretched maniac's escape.

CALEDONIA'S APPEAL.

ANENT THE PUBLIC-HOUSES (SCOTLAND) BILL.

"MR. F. MACKENZIE moved the second reading of this Bill."—*Times.*

Hoot awa'! MACKENZIE, mon;
 Haud your gab, ye beezie-bodie:
 What the deil has set ye on
 To try and tak' awa' our toddie?
 Ye aiblins think our stoups amang
 We're fond o' gettin' unco happy;
 Depend upon 't ye're verra wrang;
 We never gang beyond a drappie.

Ithers tippie till they're fou;
 Cannie Scotsmen stop at frisky:
 Burn your billie then, the noo,
 And dinna rob us o' our whisky!
 Although, as weel as any men,
 We loo our pipie and our pottie,
 MACKENZIE, troth, ye ought to ken
 A Scotsman canna be a sottie.

Gin we were at a' inclined
 To commit excess in drinkie,
 Siller we should hae to find;
 And wha wad stand the needfu' chinkie?
 In Scotland there's na sic a loon,
 Sae squandrin', spendthrift, daft a noddie.
 Ye needna put the publics doon;
 Then, heh! just leave us to our toddie.

THE LAST NEW DECREE.

CONSIDERING that there are certain maxims and proverbs current in a sense hostile to the Government, it is hereby decreed, that the maxims and proverbs hereinafter set forth shall be abolished, or altered in the manner following:—

For, The truth is not to be told at all times—
Read, The truth is not to be told at any time.

For, Needs must when a certain person drives—
Read, Needs must when LOUIS NAPOLEON drives.

For, Possession is nine points—*Read,* Possession is as many points as there are bayonets.

For, Speak the truth and shame the devil—
Read, Hold your tongue and respect the President.

EXPLOSION OF A MINE IN THE HEBRIDES!

THE gold of Skye appears to be a substance that might be employed in gilding aerial castles. The *Aberdeen Herald* says:—

"We have been favoured with a sight of a few specimens of the Skye gold, from which we find that our northern friends are unhappily labouring under a sad delusion. The metal approximates to the colour of gold, and has a clear bright glitter, but so have the metallic diamonds that sparkle in the sunbeams on our housetops, and which are at least of equal value with the produce of our Celtic California."

Here is appalling evidence of the educational destitution prevalent in the Western Isles of Scotland. The natives of Skye are manifestly so ignorant, as to be unacquainted with the commonly proverbial truth, that all is not gold that glitters. Perhaps, however, it is not their fault that they are unable to distinguish baser ore from the precious metal. If their currency is limited to copper, it may be because they do not see more of their landowners' money.

FAIR ENOUGH!

THE British youth say—in reference to the contemplated Militia Law—that they have no objection to it, provided they could be first fairly drawn, and then comfortably quartered.

PATRIOTIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—May no foreigner ever be before us in civilisation, or behind us in battle.



THE AMBITIOUS PHAETON ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE HIS UNCLE'S CAR, AND SETS FRANCE ON FIRE.

HUSTINGS AND HEARTSTRINGS.

MR. PUNCH observes that, at the Greenwich election, the other day, ADMIRAL HOUSTOUN STEWART made a novel claim upon the electors. He stated that the day of his election was his wedding-day, and urged that he should be particularly obliged to the voters to send him to Parliament on that interesting anniversary. Nor was the appeal in vain; backed by a few other gentle influences, not unknown to Government candidates. The Admiral was returned by a triumphant majority. He has jumped through his lady's wedding-ring on to the floor of the House of Commons.

So successful an example is sure to have its copyists; and, among the paragraphs which will appear immediately after the impending dissolution, are the following:

LORD EVELYN ST. GILES intends to solicit the suffrages of the electors of Guzzleby, on the ground that the day of nomination will be his birthday. Aristocracy will not be permitted to ride rampant in the borough; GIDEON POUNDER, Esq., the well-known attorney, designing to oppose his lordship, and has every hope of success, the day of poll being the seventeenth anniversary of that on which MR. POUNDER defeated a motion to strike him off the rolls.

SIR D'ARCY SNOGGINS will walk over the course for Killgarlick. No opponent can be found heartless enough to contest the seat with a gentleman whose wife, last year, presented him with twins on the corresponding Tuesday to that appointed for the election.

The HON. BARNACLE MOLE is expected to be run hard for the Boozey Burghs. It is true that his eldest little boy was breeched on the 17th of June in last year, and on such an anniversary the Hon. Candidate can hardly appeal to fathers in vain. But "good reasons," SHAKESPEARE tells us, "must perforce give way to better," and his antagonist, MR. SQUASH (of Salt Eels), is prepared to show that on the very day three years from that of the election, MISS ROSA SQUASH was declared convalescent after the hooping-cough, and MASTER CHARLEY SQUASH (as can be proved by two witnesses) cut a new front tooth. The contest will therefore be severe.

The Government Candidate for West Bunkum states in his address, that, in addition to his other claims to the suffrages of the electors, the day on which Parliament will re-assemble is the anniversary of that day on which he declared his first love, and offered his then nascent fortunes

to MISS EMILY TENTERHOOK. This, and five pounds a-head to the dockyard men, will go a good way towards placing the late Miss TENTERHOOK's suitor at the top of the poll.

ALDERMAN BLINK tells his ward of Little St. Cheeseapings, and the other electors of his district, that "he and his old woman," (we quote the worthy Alderman's playfully familiar language) have always "had a slice of luck some time this quarter, every year since they married," and he hopes the voters "will not break the charm, but make the old girl and himself happy," by sending him to Parliament.

SIR PETER SNOT is a new candidate for Whortleborough, and says that he should not have come forward but for the singular coincidence that, this time last year but two, all his family had the measles, and now there's a vacancy. Under these circumstances, he expresses a confident hope that he shall be returned; and adds, that though his family had the measles, his politics have nothing of a rash character.

In fact, the advice of the late SIR ROBERT PEEL must be re-considered. It is still to the "Register" that candidates must attend, but it must be the Parish Register. JOHN BULL has much of the camel nature; and now those eminent naturalists, his masters, have determined to cram him with dates.

REJECTED PANTOMIMIC TRICKS.

A RETIRED Clown has sent us the following Pantomime Tricks which were refused to be licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN:

A Government Dockyard being changed into a Shop for Marine Stores—over which is written, "Best Price given for Old Iron."

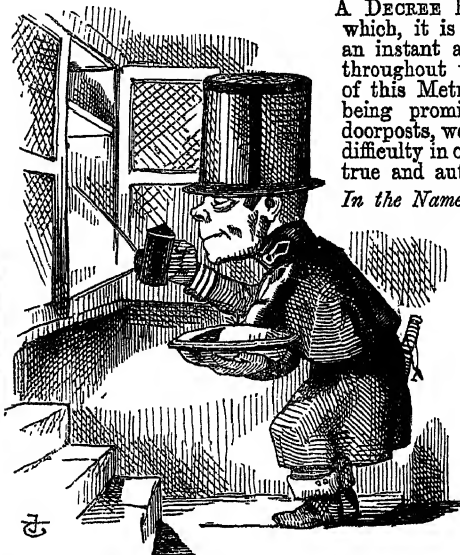
The City Mansion House being changed into a large Collier, with the Lord Mayor officiating as a Coal Whipper, whipping the Coals in a circuit of forty miles round London.

The Vatican turning into a Caserne of French Soldiers—singing, drinking, playing, fighting—and the Pope blessing them.

The English Houses of Parliament turned into Houses of Correction for the British Press—a long procession of all the English Editors (with "one base exception"), who, after being publicly whipped by the Speaker (acting as Head Governor), are locked up, and put upon bread and water, until they learn to speak properly of that much-abused young man, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IMPORTANT PUNCH-OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE! DISSOLUTION OF OUR NATIONAL GUARD!!

Punch Office, Wednesday, 35 Seconds to Noon.



A DECREE has just been issued, which, it is expected, will create an instant and immense sensation throughout the Culinary Regions of this Metropolis. The original being prominently *affiché* to our doorposts, we have had no material difficulty in obtaining the following true and authentic Copy:—

In the Name of the English People in general, and of HIMSELF in particular:

MR. PUNCH, President of the Republic of Letters,

Considering that enforced order is all very well, but that free Self-Government is decidedly better—

Considering that the National Guard ought to be a guarantee not against the Self-Govern-

ment of others, but against the Mis-Government of themselves—

Considering that, in the Town Districts in particular, the National Guard seem generally disposed to pay far more attention to their physical interests than to their moral principles; as is especially evinced by their repeated fits of *abstraction* (the President can use no milder term) when on Culinary Duty—

Considering that dangerous and indomitable propensity to Cooks, which has led to their being considered a National *Safe-Guard* in rather too literal a sense; and in some cases, even, being nominally identified with the genus "area-sneak"—

Considering the extensive series of Dissolving Views the President himself has witnessed in his own especial larder—mainly attributable, he believes, to the unobserved indulgence of this fatal failing—

Considering, in particular, the countless legs of mutton that have so mysteriously walked themselves off from the Presidential premises—

Considering, therefore, that on a higher moral ground than that of mere personal interest, the President is fully justified in disputing the propriety of these Amatory and Appetital visits: and in desiring that the National Guard should find another area for the development of their abstract principles, than that in front of the President's own private dwelling-house—

Considering, again, that it has absolutely become proverbial that a National Guard is never by any possibility to be found when he's wanted; from which curious physiological fact arose the popular sarcasm, that the colour of his uniform is *Invisible Blue*—

Considering, also, the many other opprobrious epithets his peculiarities have gained him; such as "Peeler," "Bobby," "Crusher," and the like; all which titular honours verge somewhat perilously, it is feared, on the old copy-book conclusion, that familiarity is prone to generate contempt—

Considering all these and many other equally grave and potent considerations which the President will not now waste ink and paper in considering—

On the Report of No End of People, Himself and the Minister of his Interior, especially, inclusive—

DECREES as follows:—

The National Guard (Blue) may henceforth consider themselves dissolved throughout the whole extent of the President's Republic; and, moreover, need never trouble themselves to become re-organised on *His* account.

In the Department of the Insane, any weak-minded citizen expressing a wish for their re-organisation, is hereby referred to the General-in-Chief, at Bedlam.

Given at the Palace of the President, 85, Fleet Street, this 11th day of February, 1852.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

(Countersigned) A. SOYER, Minister of the Interior.

QUERY AS TO THE NAVY PRESERVES.—Does not so much corruption imply bribery somewhere?

OUR ADMIRAL ON HALF-PAY.

No. 2.

THIS gallant gentleman, in forwarding his second batch of manuscript, apologises for a week's delay, caused entirely, he remarks, by the absurd plan for merging the parish of Hazyton into Pleb-Biddlecumb in the new Reform Bill. The motive of that proceeding is *obvious*; it is to throw the power of the representation into the hands of the *GRIFE RIBSTERS*—a family (hints the Admiral with some asperity) "of no very old standing in these parts." Really this is very painful. But, as we have no space for local details, we proceed to the professional part of his communication.

"When I was in the *Yelper*" (he resumes, apparently threatening us with "a yarn,")—"one of the forty brigs named after LORD S—'s hounds (and long since gone to the dogs, I may remark)—we fell in with H. M. S. *Cymbeline*—BLUDGEON had her, or rather, she had BLUDGEON, for he was not fit to command a coal-barge. Well, she got on shore on the Spigot Rocks. She had cost an immense sum in building; they tried her with various alterations, but it was no go, Sir! When I remember all the uproar there was at the launching of her, and how she failed at last, why, nothing but song can express my feelings properly. So, here goes."

The Admiral's Song thus introduced is modelled on the "*Pride of the Ocean*," by DIBDIN, and bears the same title.

See the shore lined with Cockneys—the tide comes in fast;
The nautical TOMKINS cries, "Sharp there! avast!"
The blocks and the wedges the mallets obey,
(As the dockyards what similar blocks in town say).
Miss HESBY, the figure-head makes at the sign,
Like her pa's, have its features all reddened with wine!
And built at a cost that all Manchester shocks,
The *Pride of the Ocean* is launched from the stocks.

Soon the pennant is flying; the vessel they rig
For a very old sailor of family Whig;
And now round to Portsmouth she goes to be stored,
And has six months to wait to get seamen on board.
She's wanted at home; so, to Malta she hies,
And, snug at a buoy, off Valetta she lies;
Then cruises a little, when—how the folks stare!—
The *Pride of the Ocean*'s in want of repair!

Our prize is sent home then; with ardour they burn;
They patch up the bows, and they alter the stern;
Try a fresh batch of masts; and—this seems an odd do!—
This extravagant vessel they fit with a Screw!
Still, still she won't sail; the "Returns" prove her crimes;
And the gallant SIR CHARLEY writes off to the *Times*.

So now, as she'll never defend the old cause
Of our nation, our freedom, religion or laws,
Her timbers are crazy, and open her seams,
SIR BOOBY, her builder, awakes from his dreams.
"Ah! he sees his mistake;" but the Lords in a sulk,
The *Pride of the Ocean* cut down to a hulk.

In a postscript, the Admiral adds, that he quite agrees with the present demand for a powerful fleet in the Channel—and, indeed, might perhaps be induced to take the command of it, should circumstances make it necessary. He has heard the invasion cry denounced on the ground, that we need not prepare, as there's no proof the French wish to come. To this superficial objection the Admiral replies with considerable sternness, "When I expected to be dunned at Malta in the old '*Insolvent*,'" says he, "I did not wait till the dun was *alongside* to make preparations! I gave *general* orders that he should not be admitted!"

This is unanswerable, we rather believe.

Our Imaginative Neighbours.

A GREAT change has taken place in the romantic literature of France. The productions of such writers as M. EUGÈNE SUE have given place to an entirely new class of compositions. The only works of fiction in the French language that are now published are the Government newspapers.

REMEDIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK's remedy was Curry.
LOUIS NAPOLEON's is Cayenne.

ROGUY-POGUY.

THE name of "the President's" aide-de-camp, we believe, is ROGUET. *Nosctur a sociis*, says the proverb. GENERAL ROGUET had better either cut "the President" or drop the *f*.



Protectionist. "HE! HE! HE! IT BE OUR TURN, NOW!"

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE AND THE NEW MINISTRY.

THE first act of the Ministry in the House of Lords was done with the worst of grace. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE took farewell of office and of official life. And who was there, among the new men, to do reverence to the unstudied yet touching ceremony? Nobody, save the EARL OF MALMESBURY. The *Times* says, and most truly:

"A public life which has literally embraced the first half of this century, and which was last night most gracefully concluded, deserved an ampler and richer tribute than our new FOREIGN SECRETARY seemed able to bestow."

Nothing could be colder, meaner, and certainly more foreign to the heartiness of English generosity, than the chip-chip phrases of LORD MALMESBURY. It is such men as the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE who are the true strength of the House of Lords. He is a true Englishman. In fifty years of political life his name has never been mixed with aught mean or jobbing. In the most tempestuous times, his voice has been heard among the loudest for right. In days when to be a reformer was to take rank a little above a fanatic and a public despoiler, the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE struck at rotten boroughs. He has ever been a patriot in the noblest sense. And there was nobody, but cold-mouthed MALMESBURY to touch upon his doings? So it is!

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Whose scraps are good deeds past."

But the political deeds of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE are written in the history of his country. After the wear of fifty years, not one spot rests upon his robes. His coronet borrows worth and lustre from the true, manly, English brain that beats—(and in the serene happiness of honoured age may it long continue to beat!)—beneath it.

A Hope for France.

THE *Moniteur* has published a decree announcing the alterations that are to be allowed in the liveries of the Senators and Councillors of State. Cloth is to be used instead of velvet; and there is to be a considerable curtailment of gold lace. This compliance with the wish of the Senators as to an alteration in their clothes, is hailed by some as a hopeful sign; for it looks as if there were some grievances that may lead to re-dress.

Our Lady of Atocha.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has offered her robes and jewels, worn when struck by the assassin, to our Lady of Atocha. But why not the whalebone stays that defended the mortal attempt of the dagger? Believing, as we do, that whalebone stays have had so many victims, slowly killing thousands of young women, we confess we should like to see an offering of that valuable work of whalebone that has saved the life of one.

THE DERBY EVENT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is truly grateful to his friends for the proud position they have now placed him in. He will have now every facility in manœuvring the TIP, which he will have the greatest satisfaction in forwarding. He begs the public not to be imposed upon by pretended prophets on the results of the Derby, for he feels assured of his being able so to manage the TIP, as to leave no doubt about the winner. Those who feel undecided about joining him, are referred to what he has said at different times about the RUSSELL lot, and see if his predictions have not been verified. His advice is now sought in the very highest quarters; and his lists contain some of the most decided odds that were ever presented to public notice. All letters to be addressed to his new Office in Downing Street.

FIVE SUNDAYS IN A FEBRUARY!!!

THE Unreflecting probably have never noticed that, in the month which, like the RUSSELL Ministry, has just gone out, the above extraordinary event has taken place. In the twenty-nine days of February there were five Sundays. Such an unusual occurrence, we are informed by a patient man who has given himself the generous trouble to calculate, will not happen again for upwards of seventy years;—in other words,

When the Catalogue of the British Museum and the Nelson Pillar are completed,

When the abuses of the City Corporation are remedied,

When the French are capable of governing themselves,

When London is supplied with good water, cheap gas, perfect sewerage, and unadulterated milk,

When the New Houses of Parliament are nearly finished,

When the works of MR. G. P. R. JAMES have come to an end,

When an omnibus will carry a person quicker than he can walk; and

When not a single tradesman will be convicted of using false weights and measures.

Then such an event will re-occur, but not before.

INFANCY OF CRIME IN SCOTLAND.

THE *Edinburgh News* narrates as follows:

"A strange but absurd case was brought before WILLIAM L. COQUHOUN, Esq., of Clathack, as Justice of the Peace for the county of Perth, at Crieff, on 10th instant [ult.], at the instance of LORD and LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY and LOUIS KENNEDY, their factor, as their mandatory, against two children of MR. MIDDLEMISS, labourer, Muthill, of the respective ages of two and six years. The youngest child attended the learned Justice carried in its mother's arms. The charge brought against them was that they had been found in the act of laying snares for the purpose of catching game in an adjoining field to the village of Muthill."

The crime was proved, at least to the satisfaction of the magistrate, for the evil-doers, aged six years and two, were fined each £1 6s. 10d., including expenses; or, failing payment, thirty days' imprisonment.

We applaud the sagacity of the sentence. Would a sportsman, with a love of partridges at heart, spare a nest of young polecats; would he not

kill the small vermin even in their blindness? and what is a poacher of two years old other than a young polecat; a thing to grow and strengthen in mischief? Moreover, a sane and healthy child of two years old must be held self-accountable. Did not ST. AUGUSTIN reproach himself, in after-life, with infantine gluttony at the maternal breast? And this thought suggests in us another. If the Game Laws are to be adjudicated in the spirit developed in the above sentence, it may be necessary for the Perth Magistrates to cause some such advertisement as the subjoined to be printed in the county papers.

WANTED.—Two or Three WET-NURSES to suckle the Prisoners. Apply at the Gaol.

Verdict—Serve 'em Right.

THOUGH the "forty-five" were glad to receive a dinner at the hands of LOUIS NAPOLEON, they are not so well pleased with the "Englishman" in the *Times*, who has given them their desert.



FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND IN 1853.

John Bull (quizzically). "I'M NOT SURE, MASTER PRINCE PRESIDENT, THAT IT'S RIGHT TO ALLOW FOREIGN REFUGEES TO LAND IN ENGLAND."

THE INVASION PANIC.

OUR seaside correspondence is written with evidently such trembling hands, that it is scarcely legible; but we have been able to gather from it the following particulars. At Gravesend, the painting of the Bathing-Machines is looked upon as an indication of alarm, on the part of the authorities; and it is said that each machine is to be fitted with a gun—to protect the bathers in the brackish waters that lave the mud-bound shores of that laughing locality. One of the defensive measures about to be taken will, it is said, be the raising of the prices at Tivoli, to render it more difficult of access; and NATHAN'S proud BARON will, it is said, dance his celebrated egg hornpipe every night, so that there may be plenty of shells always ready to hurl at the enemy.

The panic is not confined to the Kentish Coasts, but it has extended to the very skirts of the Bristol Channel, and the proceedings of the Board of Health—who have sent a Sapper into Clifton to take an observation—have given rise to observations of an alarming character. The gallant fellow who is posted on the tower of Clifton Church is looked up to with a sort of awful interest, for he is supposed to have been raised to his present elevated position with a view to his obtaining a good view of the movements on the Bristol Channel. Whenever he descends to his meals he is beset by all sorts of questions, which he answers with a sort of sour brevity, and pointing to his surveying instrument, he reduces every inquiry that is made of him to the same dumpy level.

Cabinet Intelligence.

THE SYRIO-LEBANON FAMILY (late of the Egyptian Hall and the Holy Land) left their cards upon the new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER yesterday. It is not yet confidently known whether they will have seats in the Cabinet—but, considering the Syrians generally sit cross-legged on the floor, it is perfectly immaterial to the SYRIO-LEBANON FAMILY whether they have seats in the Cabinet or not, as long as they are accommodated each with a piece of carpet.—*The Observer, improved upon by Punch.*

A SUM FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—Deduct SIR CHARLES WOOD from BENJAMIN DISRAELI, and show that a just Income Tax remains.

RURAL CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

THE subjoined extract from *The Reading Mercury's* report of the proceedings of the County Bench, Newbury Division, might be chronicled in a volume of "*Curiosities of Police Intelligence.*"

THURSDAY, FEB. 12.

(Present—W. Mount, E. B. Bunny, C. Eyre, R. Tull, O. Stocock, J. Hughes, T. H. Smith, H. R. Eyre, and H. M. Bunbury, Esqrs.)

"RICHARD MIDDLETON, a youth, and hired servant to Mr. JOE LOUSLEY, of Hampstead Norris, was charged with not attending his church twice on Sunday, Feb. 1st, in accordance with the agreement entered into when he was hired.

"MR. LOUSLEY informed the Bench, that he always attended church twice on Sundays with the farm servants, but the boys had several times 'behaved bad,' and done much mischief, and MIDDLETON had refused to go to church more than once on a Sunday.—The boy pleaded guilty to the charge.

"The Bench said, that as he had entered into a contract when hired to attend divine service twice on Sundays, he could not break the agreement, and after giving him some seasonable advice, ordered him to pay the expenses, 7s. 6d., which were to be abated from his wages, 6d. per week."

Absurd, however, as the above charge may seem, their Berkshire Worships were right in entertaining it. DICK MIDDLETON, having hired himself to perform, among other labours, that of going to church twice on Sundays, was as much bound to fulfil that obligation as to drive the horses, work in the fields, sweep the stables, or feed the pigs of MR. LOUSLEY. True, RICHARD, by going bodily to church, and being mentally elsewhere, would not have attended divine service. But he was not bad up for not attending divine service, but for neglecting MR. LOUSLEY'S service. What service he could have rendered that gentleman by the mere display of his person in the sacred edifice, it may be for us to inquire, but it is not for MR. LOUSLEY to answer, unless he chooses. The loss of 7s. 6d. will now probably teach him to go to church according to his bond, and do his duty to MR. LOUSLEY.

Vox Populi in Paris.

AN entire change has taken place in the political cries of Paris. Instead of *Vive la République! Vive la Liberté!* &c., the people now shout *Vive le coup d'état! Vive le fusillade! Vive la confiscation! Vive la déportation! Vivent les Jésuites! A bas la liberté! A bas la Presse!* whilst the soldiers halloo, *Vivent les saucissons! Vive le champagne!* and the climax of all these cries is, *Vive l'Empereur!*

MORALS OF "THE MAHOGANY."

MR. PUNCH DISCOURSES WITH AN "M.P." ABOUT TO VISIT PARIS.

- Q. WHAT is dinner?
- A. Dinner is an arbitrary term. It may mean a mess for a dog; it may comprehend the noblest work of man.
- Q. Do you then conceive dinner to be the test of civilisation?
- A. Undoubtedly: the savage feeds; the gentleman dines.
- Q. Does feeling or morality enter into the composition of a dinner?
- A. Neither one nor the other: it is impossible.
- Q. State your grounds of impossibility.
- A. Feeling and morality, according to the last anatomical discoveries, and conventional figures of speech, dwell in the heart and in the brain.
- Q. Granted. Proceed with your impossibility.
- A. The heart is a hollow muscle, and does no work of digestion, neither does it taste: the brain is an organ of two hemispheres, united by a *corpus callosum*, an organ that digests not, neither does it taste. Ergo, feeling and morality are independent of the act of dining—of the ceremony denominated dinner.
- Q. Man is then a free agent to dine or not dine with whomsoever may invite him?
- A. Assuredly: such would be my definition of Free Will.
- Q. But how, if the man be "commanded" to dine?
- A. He then treads his Free Will under his feet, drawing on his patent leather boots.
- Q. This supposes that the "command" issues from the head of the State, whatever that Head may be, and whatever the State it denominates?
- A. Indubitably. Britons never shall be slaves, save and except when "commanded" out to dinner.
- Q. What is your opinion of SOULOUQUE, Emperor of Hayti?
- A. He dawns, or rather darkens, on my mental perceptions, as a very greasy nigger of about eighteen stone. Half-moon cocked hat, with cushions of gold for epaulets.
- Q. Suppose yourself in Hayti, commanded by the Emperor to dinner. What would be your course?
- A. Of course, the—dinner—course.
- Q. But if your host had made his way to the head of the table through "wholesale butcheries?"
- A. As his guest and a foreigner, I should eschew politics; sinking my host's butcheries in his butcher.
- Q. If your host had shipped off thousands of the innocent to pestilential captivity, how would that incident affect your stomach?
- A. Not at all: what have I to do with men in captivity, so that the venison has been well kept?
- Q. And bloodshed—
- A. Bloodshed! pooh! Should any blood in the world stop the Burgundy?
- Q. Very good. You may proceed upon your travels. Stop. I will suppose you at the Islands of the King of the Cannibals.
- A. Suppose it. Well?
- Q. And I will suppose you "commanded" by his cannibal Majesty to dinner. Would you dine?
- A. No; but understand me, only for this reason—no other. I should respectfully shirk that "command," lest I should be called upon to supply my own joint.
- Q. But otherwise you are unprejudiced—open to any other command?
- A. So much so, old boy, that only look in the *Monteur* next week, and you'll see I've knife-and-forked it, by "command," at the Tuileries.

THE BŒUF GRAS, AGRICULTURE, AND PROTECTION.

Two great events astonished—for we can scarcely say, delighted—the capitals of France and England at the same time last week.

The one in Paris was the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*.

The one in London was the entry into power of the DERBY Ministry.

Both events, however, were distinguished with the same characteristics. Agriculture was the leading feature of them both.

In the *Bœuf Gras* procession, Agriculture rode in a chariot drawn by six white horses. She stood, almost concealed, in a mock field of corn, and in her hand was a sickle, as if she were going then and there to gather in the harvest.

And in the Grand DERBY Procession has not Agriculture also been made the most prominent figure, and does not the party which it represents, stand involved up to its eyes in Corn? It has all its instruments ready, and is provided with a large number of hands eager to do whatever Agriculture bids them; but it is yet doubtful what kind of harvest the Corn question will yield, and everyone is afraid to lay a hand upon it.

What if this same corn-field should turn out, as in the *Bœuf Gras cortège*, nothing but a mock field of corn made up of printed papers and Parliamentary returns, richly coloured with the golden hue of promise!

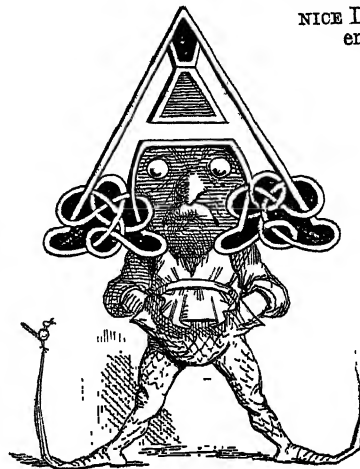
What if this same figure of Agriculture is only a Show figure, merely introduced to swell the procession that carried the Protectionist party into power! And what if, the Show now being over, Agriculture was taken down from its elevation, and put aside, until wanted for some similar occasion!

But these speculations as to whether Agriculture will be retained or discarded—whether Corn is to be the great war-chariot of the Protectionists or not—are scarcely worth consideration. The *Bœuf Gras* procession was only a three days' wonder; and we do not think the DERBY Ministry will last much longer.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

DEVILLED BISCUIT.

AIR—"A Temple of Friendship."



NICE Devill'd Biscuit," said JENKINS, enchanted.

"I'll have after dinner—the thought is divine!"
The biscuit was bought, and he now only wanted—
To fully enjoy it—a glass of good wine.
He flew to the pepper, and sat down before it,
And at peppering the well-butter'd biscuit he went;
Then, some cheese in a pastemix'd with mustard spread o'er it,
And down to be grill'd to the kitchen 'twas sent.

"Oh! how," said the Cook, "can I this think of grilling,
When common the pepper? the whole will be flat.

But here's the Cayenne; if my master is willing,
I'll make, if he pleases, a devil with that."
So the Footman ran up with the Cook's observation,
To JENKINS, who gave him a terrible look:
"Oh, go to the devil!" forgetting his station,
Was the answer that JENKINS sent down to the Cook.

A CRY FROM THE POSTMAN.

"MR. PUNCH,—You have always said your best for the postman: give us a few words at this writing. The Act—or Order in Council—or whatever it is—has come in which allows folks to send books at 6d. a pound from one end of the country to the other. Well, this is all right enough; and I don't mean to complain; but I must ask who is to carry 'em?"

"My walk's in a neighbourhood of everlasting readers. I know it, I shall have a hundred volumes a day to deliver; and is there to be no extra pay a week for bent back and worn shoe-leather?"

"Once I called myself a postman; but with this new regulation for delivery of books of all sorts, I must, Mr. Punch—(again asking your good word for a little extra pay)—sign myself

"Yours, A TWO-LEGGED CIRCULATING LIBRARY."

"P. S. I've heard it said that each of us is to be allowed a light pony chaise for our delivery: but if this is really too good to be thought of, mayn't we have a donkey and panniers?"

Easy Little Sums for our New Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Two and two make four.

What is the Square of 16?

If Shrimps cost three-halfpence a pint, what will three quart's come to?

What will be the half-year's Interest upon a sum of £300, in the 3½ per Cents?

If the circulation of the "*Base Exception*" amounts as high as 811 at the end of the month, how many copies does it sell daily?

If a young lady takes a silver fork and spoon to school with her, calculate the chances of her parents ever seeing them back again?

If the subscribers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* are, respectively, 79, 83, 87, 94, and 106 years old, what do their united ages amount to?



SOMETHING LIKE A BROTHER.

Flora. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"

Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES. WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND?"

A FRIEND'S ADVICE TO DISRAELI.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, belonging to the honourable order of the Inkstand—of which we are admitted to be the Grand Master—we cannot help feeling an interest in his success, and we therefore are anxious to give him a few hints by way of ensuring it. The means of well-merited popularity are in his hands, if he will play the game as we counsel him. In the first place, he will have to deal with the Income Tax, and will, we trust, show his sympathy with the workers—to whose class he belongs—by exempting the hard earnings of labour—intellectual as well as manual—from the same tax as realised property is subject to.

Let him also propose the abolition of all the taxes on knowledge—a step which will gain him the approbation of all who are employed in disseminating knowledge; a pretty considerable power for a Minister to have in his favour. He may relieve the Agricultural interest by an equalisation of the poor-rates—a peculiar hobby of his

colleague, LORD MALMESBURY: and whatever may be the fate of the Ministry, DISRAELI will, at least, have deserved well of his country. We, at all events, hope he may prove himself equal—notwithstanding his wit—to the mysteries of *L. S. D.*, and that his wisdom of the pen, or penny wisdom, will not turn out to be pound foolishness.

THE PAROCHIAL REFUGEE QUESTION.

WE understand that the Beadle of St. Pancras has addressed "reclamations" in the name of his (parochial) Government to the Beadle of Marylebone, on the subject of the juvenile refugees who are permitted to indulge in certain *mœurs révolutionnaires* on the borders of both parishes. We do not give the text of the despatch, but we understand that the Beadle of St. Pancras alludes especially to a demonstration at the boundaries, on an occasion when "Young Marylebone" assembled in great force for the purpose of carrying on machinations of a most objectionable character. The St. Pancras Government complains that there is an organised system of hop-scotch all along the southern frontier, and that the game of "cat" is frequently played under the nose—sometimes ending in the eye—of the gold-lace constituted authorities. The Marylebone functionary has made a spirited reply, in which he claims, in the name of his Government, the right of an unlimited hospitality; and adds, that the boundary line on his side has often been infringed by marbles and duck, when either of those games have been played on the frontier. He concludes an admirable manifesto by declaring he would rather resign his office, and place his cocked hat at the disposal of the Vestry, than succumb on the present occasion. Thus the matter stands for the present.

ROADS IN THE BUSH.

(Vide the Duke's Speech, February 5, 1852.)

ROADS in the Waterkloof! Indeed,
That chief deserves the highest praise
Who first conceived so good a plan
To make the Caffres mend their ways.

Vainly each engineer prepares
A patent rifle, gun, or ball,
If e'en the Iron Duke declares
A pike superior to them all.

'Tis better thus; and weary now
Of bruising heads and cracking bones,
We'll hope a happier age than ours
Will find the Zooloos breaking stones.

Along these roads, in future days,
The traveller will scarcely fail
To find that, tamed, and dressed, and taught,
MACOMO drives the Gaika mail.

And, coming to a road-side inn,
In some lone district, wild and hilly,
Will read upon the creaking sign,
"THE SMITH'S HEAD, kept by Old SANDILLI."

So let it be! We welcome peace,
In this or any other shape,
And hope by plans like these, that we
May, BON GREY, MAL GREY, keep the Cape.

A SCHOOL FOR MINISTERS.

It would be an excellent speculation just now, for some enterprising bookseller to bring out a series of ministerial Primers or Horn-books for Statesmen just entering on the study of the art of Government. Many of the new Cabinet would have to begin with the very A, B, C, of official education; and whether they will ever get beyond their alphabet is a doubt, for it is not likely they will have a very long spell of their present positions.

A sort of official Infants' School, where the Members of the New Cabinet might be instructed in the rudiments of their new art, would be an excellent addition just now to our public establishments. One of the first classes formed ought, perhaps, to be a drawing class, to teach the ministerial pupils how to draw their first quarter's salary.

POLITICAL CRICKET.—The celebrated cricketer, MANNERS, is going to have an innings at last.



"THE GAME OF SPECULATION."

(AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.)

MARCH 6, 1852.

MANNERS IN THE WOODS AND FORESTS.



BE MOANING the departure of LORD SEYMOUR from the Woods and Forests, the hamadryads must have breathed a piteous sigh. Never was there so blithe, so debonnaire, so civil, a minister. The very satyrs might have learned courtesy of him; and Orson, the wild man, become, by ministerial example, the pink of gentleness. Nevertheless, our keen regret for a lost SEYMOUR is attuned into tolerable grief by the genius of the new-found MANNERS—possibly the best, and, withal, most significant appointment of the whole Cabinet; for the poetic LORD JOHN is endeared to the recollection of trading England by an immortal couplet, to shine for ever in the eyes of English-

men. Here it is, impossible to be soiled, as Milton says, as are the sunbeams:

"Let laws and learning, wealth and commerce, die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

Let the Houses of Parliament house foxes and badgers; and let the hare make her form in the SPEAKER'S Chair—let Cambridge and Oxford become cities of the dead—let the Bank of England break like pie-crust; and the docks and all they contain crumble with dry rot, but—

But leave us still our BEAUFORTS, our TALBOTS, our DERBYS, our DE ROOSES!

Now, woodcraft and forestcraft are especially the learning and accomplishments of our old nobility. The Forest Laws were animated by the humanising spirit of that old nobility, that made man's life very much cheaper than beasts'; and, although the vulgar influence of laws and learning, wealth and commerce, and the like, has destroyed much of the old romance that consecrated buck and doe; there, nevertheless, lingers about our Woods and Forests—(much of them, at the present writing, woods of building and forests of chimneys)—a pleasant, wild romance, that has its prettiness to the milk-diet taste of Young England. For, as our present Woods and Forests are to the forests of the eleventh century, so is the white waistcoat of Young England to the hauberk of the time of JOHN. And LORD MANNERS wears the modern waistcoat with a grace that gives us great hopes of him in the modern Woods.

A DAY OF RESIGNATIONS.

THE Royal Ink and Umbrella Stands must have been inconveniently full on Friday last, when the various officials attended for the purpose of resigning their respective seals, wands, and single-sticks. The royal châtelaine must have been also rather encumbered by the weight of keys; and the MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE'S gold one, as Lord Chamberlain, must have proved a somewhat serious appendage, until HER MAJESTY was relieved of it by the MARQUIS OF EXETER. Fortunately the parties were soon at hand to unburden the Royal apartment of the unusual accumulation of official emblems; and we trust that in new hands they will prove more effective than they have done in the old hands for the last year or two.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER has, we perceive, delivered up his wand—an absurd emblem for a Lord Chamberlain, in whose hands a wand must be of little use, as he is certainly, in most cases, no conjuror. In a sensible reign like the present, this distribution of seals which are never used, keys that open nothing, and other unmeaning appurtenances, might be done away with—the sticks to some of the little lords, being the only insignia that seem to us appropriate.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, CHEAP—THE CHILD'S CAUL,—WHICH the EARL OF DERBY made upon LORD PALMERSTON, in the hopes of inducing him join the present Ministry.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DINER OUT.

SONG BY A LITTLE UNKNOWN "M. P."

TUNE—"We won't go home till Morning."

A TRAITOR—but a winner—
Invited me to dinner; ;
Of course I loved my inner
Man too well not to go.
The feeling may be low,
But I could not say no;
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

A man of lofty station
Sends me an invitation;
His conduct to his nation
Is their look-out, not mine; !
A Prince asks me to dine;
He's famous for his wine;
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

My mouth, his butchery shut on,
I'll open to his mutton.
The stomach of a glutton,
You'll say, is hard to turn.
That gives me no concern;
His victuals I won't spurn;
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

'Tis honour to inferiors
To dine with their superiors;
Ne'er mind in whose interiors
His bullets may abide; !
His prog's in my inside,
His roast, and boiled, and fried;
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

'Twas thus he won his legions,
Through their abdominal regions,
And colder than Norwegian's
Must be the heart and brain; !
A good "blow out" won't gain;
Sing sausages and champagne!
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

And if he should come over,
Bombard the cliffs of Dover,
Encamp in England's clover,
And subjugate JOHN BULL,
Long faces never pull,
He'll give us a bellyful;
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c.

POLITICAL ON-DITS.

MR. DISRAELI, immediately on receiving his appointment as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, sent round the corner to a book-stall for a copy of *Walkingame's Arithmetic*.

A pencil and slate, in the course of the evening, were ordered by the Right Honourable Gentleman.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY repaired to Downing Street, in order to procure some impressions of the Privy Seal.

LORD MALMESBURY has remained at home since his nomination to the post of Foreign Secretary, notwithstanding the very general supposition that he is abroad.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has been occupied in making the requisite arrangements for rendering his seat in the Colonial Office comfortable, as he finds it somewhat harder than the County Bench. ⁴

LORD JOHN MANNERS has been surveying his family tree previously to entering on the duties of his high berth, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

THE EARL OF EGLINTON has buckled on his armour to enter the lists as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Considerable astonishment is expressed at the fact that COLONEL SIBTHORP has no place in the Cabinet.

Characteristic Fact.

So desirous is Little N.A.P. of imitating his great Uncle in every possible particular, that we understand he has recently declared his intention of in future regularly wearing his coats out at Elba!

A DIS-APPOINTMENT.—The appointment of poor DIS. as Chancellor of the Exchequer.



MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE OCCURRENCES OF THE LAST SCENE HAVE LEFT BEHIND THEM SO MUCH IRRITATION IN MR. BAKER, THAT MRS. BAKER HAS JOYFULLY ACCEPTED AN INVITATION TO SPEND A WEEK WITH HER FRIENDS, THE BULBERRIES, AT "THE MYRTLES," THEIR LITTLE PLACE, NEAR DORKING. 'T NEED SCARCELY BE ADDED THAT SHE HAS TAKEN THE PET WITH HER, FEARING THE CONSEQUENCES OF LEAVING HIM AT HOME WITHIN REACH OF MR. BAKER. THE BULBERRIES ARE SEVEN IN FAMILY, HAVING THREE GROWN-UP AND TWO YOUTHFUL DAUGHTERS. TWO NIECES OF MRS. BULBERRY ARE STAYING IN THE HOUSE. MRS. BULBERRY IS A MOST ANXIOUS MOTHER. THE PET HAS, HITHERTO, CONDUCTED HIMSELF WITH PROPRIETY; BUT MRS. BULBERRY IS HAUNTED WITH AN INDISTINCT DREAD OF HYDROPHOBIA.

SCENE 9.—*The Breakfast-room at "The Myrtles."* There has been a fine-wash in the house, following on a display by the ladies of their respective treasures in the way of lace, and other loves of little things, appertaining to the toilette. Present—MRS. BULBERRY, MARY, JANE, and ELLEN, her three grown-up daughters, MISS TAPPS, and MISS ROSE TAPPS, her nieces; the first an elderly young lady of thirty-seven, the latter, a sweet creature of twenty-one. MRS. BAKER has been giving an account of BAKER's unaccountable perverseness in the matter of the Pet, who is beginning to be looked upon as a bore.

Mrs. Baker. Yes, my dears, you are not married yet; but there's no saying how soon you may be—any of you.

Miss Tapps (with a sigh). No, indeed; it's a thing that may come any moment.

Mrs. Baker. Very true, my love. But, before it does come, take my advice, and satisfy yourselves that he has a good temper; and—above all—that he's kind to dumb things generally—and dogs in particular.

Mrs. Bulberry (feeling that they are drifting on the Pet, as usual). Rose, my dear, did you ask EVANS to put out those little things on the back lawn?

Miss Rose Tapps. Yes, Aunt.

Mrs. Bulberry. And did you beg she'd tell THOMPSON to lock in the chickens?

Miss Rose Tapps. Yes, Aunt.

Mrs. Bulberry (to MRS. BAKER). Because, my dear, I had the sweetest Honiton collerette scratched all into holes by Mary's bantam cock, last month.

Mrs. Baker. Good gracious! I wonder how you can keep such nasty troublesome things as those poultry, ruining the garden, and I'm sure the eggs can be no object in the country, here.

Mrs. Bulberry. Yes—that's what I say; but MR. BULBERRY won't hear of our interfering with the girls' pets.

Mrs. Baker. Ah! those men—they're all the same, as I was saying. Yes, my dears, remember one thing—the man that doesn't like dumb animals, and especially dogs—you know what SHAKESPEARE says about that. The man that hasn't any—music—I think it is, but it comes to the same thing—in his soul, is not to be trusted. Oh! it's just the same with dogs.

Miss Mary Bulberry. I quite agree with you, MRS. BAKER. I dote upon all sorts of things—I've my rabbits and guinea-pigs, and doves, and ELLEN's got her bantams, and JANE once had a squirrel; but it gnawed everything, and was always falling out of window, and got tipsy, and died.

Jane. But, only think, MRS. BAKER, mamma won't let us keep a dog.

Mrs. Baker. Not keep a dog, my dears!

Mrs. Bulberry. Well, you see—with children in the house;—and there's that hydrophobia—one never knows—

Mrs. Baker. My dear MRS. BULBERRY, I'm surprised you should give in to these stories. Look at my SCAMP. Can anything be pleasanter in a house than he is? To be sure, I've taken great pains with him.

Miss Tapps (sentimentally). Don't you find that attachment to any creature one does learn to love becomes painful, MRS. BAKER? You know what MOORE says—

"I never loved a dear gazelle—
To glad—"

Mrs. Baker. Yes, my dear: but gazelles are so delicate—now, dogs—
(a sudden scream is heard).

Mrs. Bulberry (starting up). Something's happened in the nursery!
[All rise.]

Mrs. Baker. Oh dear! I hope it's nothing serious.

Enter the faithful EVANS, with the youngest BULBERRY, in curl-papers and convulsions of grief and terror.

Mrs. Bulberry. Oh, gracious me, EVANS! what is the matter with MATILDA?

Evans. Oh, Mem! it's that dog—your dog, Mem (with a bitter look at MRS. BAKER). I was a-puttin' Miss MATILDA's 'air up, for after dinner—and the nasty dog were a-playin' with one of the curl-papers as I dropped, Mem—and when I took it from him, Mem—and was a-puttin' her side curl up, Mem—he lep at it—and pulled it off, Mem—and nearly tore all the dear child's curl right off with it, Mem—and there he goes, Mem—a-tearin' over the garning, Mem—with it in his mouth.

[SCAMP is seen through the window, tossing the fragment of curl-paper and its contents in triumph, like a wild Indian with a scalp.]

Mrs. Baker. Oh! I'm so sorry—but it's all playfulness. Don't cry my love.
[To MATILDA.]

Mrs. Bulberry. Oh, goodness! I hope he hasn't bit the child!

Evans. Well, Mem, I 'ope not, Mem—leastways I don't think the skin's broke, Mem.

Mrs. Bulberry. Oh—do let me look, EVANS!

[She eagerly examines MISS MATILDA's temple in the neighbourhood of the missing curl.]

Evans. And I beg your parding, Mem—but I must beg the favour, Mem, that that dog may be kep out of the nursery, Mem—for of all the aggravatin' things, Mem, with children, Mem, it's a dog in the nursery, Mem.

Mrs. Bulberry (to MRS. BAKER, reproachfully). There—you see, MRS. BAKER!

Mrs. Baker. Oh!—I'm sure SCAMP adores children.

Evans. That's it, Mem, as I complain of—Mem—

[A sudden shriek from two MISS BULBERRIES and MISS ROSE TAPPS.]

Mrs. Bulberry. What is the matter now?

Miss Rose Tapps. Oh, goodness, gracious—he's eating my Berthe!

Miss Mary Bulberry. And Mamma's Brussels cuffs!

Miss Ellen Bulberry. And your black pelerine, JANE!

Mrs. Bulberry (wildly throwing up the French window, and rushing out). Oh, MRS. BAKER! how could you ever bring such a brute into a house?

[A wild exit of the whole party on to the lawn, where the subject-matter of the fine-wash was displayed to dry.]

[SCAMP is seen wildly rending, tearing, tossing, and mangling cuffs, collerettes, Berthes, pelerines, scarfs, and concludes his performance as the ladies reach the spot, by swallowing MRS. BULBERRY's five guinea Chantilly fall.]

MRS. BAKER (in the manner of the late SIR ISAAC NEWTON to his dog DIAMOND). Oh! SCAMP, SCAMP!

[Scene closes on feelings which defy description.]

SAFETY UNIFORMS.



of the daisies and buttercups; of straw-colour for a harvest or stubble brigade, and of snowy white, which would be a suitable tint if we were to be attacked simultaneously by the foe and the frost. A splendid pattern has also been made of cloth of gold and silver, the dazzling effect of which under a glare of sunshine, in the midst of a Turneresque landscape, would be such as utterly to bewilder the aim of the most expert marksman. All these wonderful uniforms, warranted incapable of being hit, besides a regulation rifle guaranteed never to miss, to be had at Messrs. PUNCH and Co.'s, Army Clothiers, 85, Fleet Street; where every species of Gentlemanlike Dressing is supplied to those requiring a superior article and good cut.

* P. and Co.'s Military Clothing is pronounced first-rate, not only by gentlemen but by ladies, and whether or not there is any fighting in store for the wearer, will render every such gallant hero certain of conquest.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN'S Government having signified HER MAJESTY'S willingness to accept the services of Volunteer Rifle-corps, the equipment of gentlemen desirous of uniting in defence of their Sovereign and Country, becomes a matter for consideration. In accordance with the practical suggestions of several distinguished military officers, and others, care has been taken to provide a great variety of patterns of uniforms, the colours of which, as imitating to every conceivable shade of surrounding objects, cause the wearer to present as indistinct a mark as possible to the enemy's aim. Besides the neutral greys corresponding to the mixed colours of the heath, and the brown mixture identical with the colour of the mud, samples have been manufactured of slate-colour and brick-dust red, calculated for house-top service amongst the chimney-pots, of bright green with mother-of-pearl and gilt buttons intermingled, adapted for field-fighting in case of an invasion occurring at the time

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

THE putting together of the new official bundle of sticks has been a work of considerable difficulty, and the "rumours," during the course of the operation, have been vague and numerous. Some of the reports in circulation, which have not yet appeared in print, are given below upon "our own correspondent's" authority.

Up to a late hour last night COLONEL SIBTHORP had not accepted the Secretaryship of the War department—an appointment which had been much talked about by his own friends and acquaintances. Several reasons have been given for his not having yet joined the Ministry, but we have good ground for believing that the true reason is, he has never been asked to do so.

Considerable sensation was excited by a report, that MR. BRIEFLESS had just received the Great Seal, which proved to be a fact; for he on Wednesday took out of pawn, and received into his own hands, the great seal that formerly hung to the watch of his great-grandfather.

One of the vacant posts at the Treasury has been accepted by Cribbage-faced BOB, who will henceforth occupy, as crossing-sweeper, the lamp-post opposite the Home Office.

Much embarrassment has been occasioned to the Premier by his uncertainty as to the fittest person to hold the office of Black Rod, there being so many members of the Protectionist party whom the rod would be well bestowed upon.

HOPEFUL YOUTHS.

PASSING the other day along the Strand, we observed a large number of omnibuses and vans, in front of Exeter Hall, filled with small children, who were shouting and hallooing with all the force of their little lungs. What they were bawling for, we did not know, nor do we exactly understand now, although we have discovered that the juveniles in question were the members of the "Bands of Hope," connected with the Temperance League, who were going to meet in the Hall, under the presidency of somebody or other. Besides cheering and huzzaing, they attracted public attention by means of various flags and banners which they carried. In short, they were, at the instigation of those who ought to have taught them better, making a noisy demonstration, and creating an obstruction in the street. We do not quarrel with the natural disposition of children to be obstreperous, but we do protest against the conduct of persons who, under the pretence of making them teetotallers, encourage them in intemperate manifestations. We respect the principle of total abstinence, when simply conscientious; but we have no respect for the motive or impulse

which so very generally occasions its professors to behave, when sober, as no other people do, unless they are drunk.

During the present season of Lent, our friends, the Roman Catholics, make it a matter of religion to abstain from meat; but what would be thought of them if they incited their children to parade the thoroughfares in carts, with the symbols of their creed, proclaiming with frantic vociferations their devotion to red-herrings? Let our other friends of Exeter Hall perpend this consideration. Of a piece with the decency of causing these infants to thrust themselves on public notice by clamour, was the taste of making them go through the farce of adopting an address, savouring equally of cant and conceit, to "HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES." We cannot suppose this production could have been composed by any of the children themselves, as there is a fulsome vulgarity of tone about it which evidently betrays the mature snob. If the Young Hopefuls of Teetotalism had been left to themselves to address the Prince, they might, perhaps, have expressed their ideas in some such terms as these:—

"TO THE PRINCE OF WALES. Please your ROYAL HIGHNESS. We take up our pen to write you a few lines to inform you that we have taken the pledge. We have promised to give up brandy and water. We are not going to take any more wine, beer, or spirits. If we never drink such things we shall never get tipsy. We would advise you never to take anything stronger than tea. Drinking does harm. Eating is quite pleasure enough. We may have plum-cake, and puddings and pies, and hard-bake and lollipops. We must now conclude, with duty to your mamma, and accept the same yourself; and hoping you approve the Temperance Band of Hope, and will set an example of the same, and excuse all errors."

Childish language would have been the fittest vehicle for the expression of imbecile impertinence.



THE BANDS OF HOPE;

OR, THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

Grandpapa. "BUT FOR SEVENTY YEARS, MY CHILD, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE MODERATE USE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE HAS DONE ME GOOD."

Young Hopeful Teetotaller. "ALL A MISTAKE, GRANDPA. TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS THE THING. LOOK AT ME! I'VE NOT TASTED WINE OR BEER FOR YEARS!"

"I'D RATHER BE 'AN ENGLISHMAN,'" who writes the noblest letters under that signature in the *Times* newspaper, than the foolish M.P. who answers him.—*Punch*.



DISTURBED BY THE NIGHTMARE; A SILLY HOAX.

Suggested by the New Ministry.

A VOICE FROM THE LUGGAGE VAN.

SENTIMENT in connection with the shoulder-knot is nothing altogether new, but the pathos of the porter's knot has all the startling interest of complete novelty. One BILL BATES, who has lately retired from a Railway platform, where he has been accustomed to the lugging about of luggage, has taken his farewell in the following touching circular. It is so good, that we cannot resist the temptation to print it entire.

"WILLIAM BATES, in quitting the service of the 'London and South-Western Railway Company,' in whose employment he has now been six years, desires to express to the passengers on that Line (and particularly to those from the Twickenham Station), his gratitude for the urbanity and kindness with which they have ever treated him in the discharge of his duties; and trusts that their approval of his conduct, during the time he has been known to them in his past service, will follow him throughout life—in whatever position he may hereafter occupy.

"TWICKENHAM, February, 1852."

There is something exquisitely affecting in the enlarged sense of gratitude felt by BATES towards all the passengers on the South-Western Railway—including, of course, its various branches and loops—for the "urbanity and kindness" they have ever shown him in the discharge of his duties. We do not quite understand how the discharge of a porter's duties could call forth "urbanity from the public;" but we presume that he never disencumbered a traveller of his carpet-bag without an interchange of those courtesies which give grace to social intercourse. There is a nice touch of discrimination in the expression of particular gratitude towards those from the Twickenham Station, whom he seems to regard as the residuary legatees of all the finest feelings of his nature. He, however, proposes to lead the travellers on the line a "pretty dance," when he expresses a hope that they will "follow him throughout life, in whatever position he may hereafter occupy."

It is expecting, we fear, too much from the public at large, to hope that ever and anon the question "Where is BILL BATES?" will force itself on the mind, and lead to the searching of him out, that he may be still praised for the achievements of his long-past porter-hood. We are rather surprised that he should have retired so abruptly into private

life, without some preliminary announcement of his intention; and, indeed, he might have followed the theatrical practice in quitting the Railway platform or stage, by going once through the round of his favourite performances. He might have advertised his last appearance, as the "Man with the Carpet-bag;" or taken his farewell of the passengers in a grand luggage delivery, on an extensive scale, for his own benefit.

A FIDDLE-PATTERN CLERGYMAN.

THERE was once a saint called CHRYSOSTOM—Saint GOLDMOUTH, as we should say in the vernacular. Our modern establishment can boast of a man of metal—now that California and Australia have comparatively cheapened gold—not much inferior. The existence of this holy personage is revealed by the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, in an advertisement setting forth, that

AN M.A., Oxon, who has been in Orders eleven years, and during that time has received Five Public Testimonials of Plate, wishes for a CURACY in an agricultural district. Sole charge preferred.

For a clergyman of such worth in plate as this, we would propose, as a parallel to the name of CHRYSOSTOM above mentioned, the title of SILVERMUG. We cannot, however, help thinking that "Five Public Testimonials of Plate" are not quite so obvious a qualification for a curacy in an agricultural district, as they are for the situation of a butler; and it seems that their possessor would be less likely to shine in the Church than in the dinner or tea service.

Awkward Mistake.

Fortunately not made in a Pantomime.

A CLOWN, designing to enter a Rifle Corps, called on LORD BLANKE, Colonel of the 999th, and saying he understood that his Lordship was a clothing Colonel, begged the noble Lord to measure him for a uniform of invisible green.

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY.—DISRAELI being Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE POPISH PLOT AT AYLESBURY.



ON of Priestcraft
and Papistry I
will a tale un-
fold;

The Judges went
to Aylesbury,
the 'sises for to
hold;

The CHIEF JUSTICE
OF ENGLAND, JOHN
CAMPBELL, by
name,

The prisoners
there to try,
And JUDGE
CROMPTON to
aid and assist
in the same
Gaol deliver-y.

Now Aylesbury
lies in Bucking-
hamshire, as
you're aware,
I hope;
And the SHERIFF
is SCOTT MUR-
RAY, ESQUIRE,
whose trust is
in the POPE,

Who puts faith in the POPE or BISHOP OF ROME,
That England won't endure,
With old SCRATCH, and our foe the PRETENDER also,
Whom we all abjure.

When as my Lords the Justices the station did approach,
Lo! there was the HIGH SHERIFF OF BUCKS, a-waiting with his coach,
Along with his Chaplain, a Romanish priest,
In his robes of filigree;
And as many as half of the townsfolk at least,
That had come to see.

The Sheriff hands JUSTICE CROMPTON up, the popish Priest beside;
Together into Aylesbury town the JUDGE and his REVERENCE ride;
See there goes my LORD JUDGE with GUY FAWKES on his seat,
Said every passer-by,
And the little boys followed the coach up the street,
Crying, Brayvo, Guy!

To Church the SHERIFF took the JUDGE, and then it came to pass,
That with his popish Clergyman he drove away to Mass,
Hied back before sermon was over to Court,
His Lordship to attend;
Where his Roman canonicals venture to sport
Did our reverend friend.

My LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CAMPBELL, though, saw through this crafty
move,
And charging the Grand Jury, did the popish trick reprove;
Whereby with contrivance so cunning and keen,
A Roman priest, 'twas thought,
For a Chaplain to foist, as it were, on the QUEEN;
But it came to nought.

With such a Chaplain by his side, the noble LORD might seem
As though his Lordship had to Rome gone over in a dream;
And that's the condition wherein, as we know,
Most folks that journey take;
For who would be goose enough thither to go,
Being wide awake?

Long life unto our gracious QUEEN, and her CHIEF JUSTICE too,
Whom those perfidious papishes in vain have tried to do.
If he dreamt, the illusion was very soon broke,
Which nobody can deny;
And he going to sleep as a Protestant, woke
Up to Pope—ry.

RATHER INFRA DIG.—The Government in refusing to incur the
expense of bringing home Cleopatra's Needle, has been guided by a
praiseworthy disinclination to stick it into us.

THE "DERBY" MINISTRY.

"THEM's the jockeys for me!" cried the gentleman at dinner—silent,
till a plate of dumplings had been set before him—whom, till he
opened his mouth, a poet had been admiring as the most intelligent-
looking man he had ever seen. The remark dispelled the illusion; it
was not a very wise one: but there would have been some sense in it,
as applied to HER MAJESTY'S new Ministers. For, as the *Doncaster
Gazette* observes—

"The turf is wonderfully well represented in the present Cabinet, which combines
four of its staunchest supporters in the persons of the Premier, the President of the
Council, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Master of the Horse."

The last-named appointment, doubtless, is filled by a competent
person. We wish we could say as much of the others.

"PAY FOR YOUR BREAKAGES."

We should like to see the same law carried out in the Naval, as is gene-
rally enforced in the Domestic Service; namely, to make the servants of
the public pay for everything they break. If this law had been in opera-
tion, we do not think the late Lords of the Admiralty would have had to
receive much, at the end of any one year they were in office, out of
their year's salary. In fact, taking the iron ships into calculation, we
think that they (instead of the nation) would have been considerably
out of pocket every year they remained in the public service at the
Admiralty.



CURIOUS NONDESCRIPT SKETCHED AT THE ADMIRALTY.

NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR FOWL; NOR GOOD RED HERRING.

A Present for Kossuth.

THE MRS. REV. J. T. DONAHUE, of Ohio, has presented KOSSUTH
with her grandson, aged 11 months; "to be so trained" for Hungary
"as to raise his little hat in honour to God and liberty." The Magyar
asks for muskets, but hardly for children in arms. But MRS. DONAHUE
has, doubtless, a shrewd eye for at once profit and glory; and thinks it
"smart" to turn an olive-branch into a laurel branch; the more so, as
laurels may be cultivated from suckers.

A COLONIAL MISNOMER.

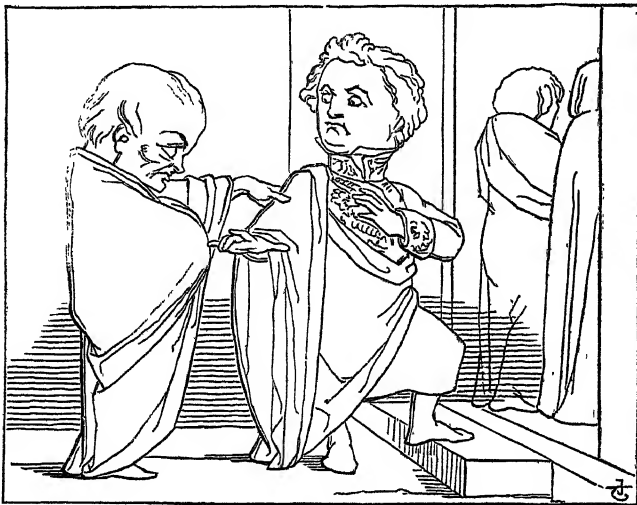
In consequence of the nature of the intelligence that has for some
time past arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, it is in contemplation
to alter the name of the Colony to the Abode of Despair.

A FIRM FOUNDATION.

In case of an invasion, the walls of Old England would be formed
by every man turning out a brick, and by the Ordnance supplying all
that might be necessary in the way of mortar.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MINISTERE.

PART I.



An ancient Minister meeteth three on their way to y^e House, and detaineth one

It is an ancient Minister,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long pale face, and warning eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"St. Stephen's doors are opened wide;
Debate will soon begin;
The House is met, the Speaker set,
Mayst see the M.P.s go in."

He holds him with his skinny hand.
"When we were in—" quoth he.
"Hold off—unhand me—good LORD JOHN!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

Y^e new Premier is spell-bound by y^e eye of y^e old Minister, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his warning eye;
SIR RUPERT he stood still,
And listens, with an ear resigned—
The Ex-Minister hath his will.

SIR RUPERT he sat there with a groan;
He cannot choose but hear,
As thus spake on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Minister:

Y^e Minister tells how y^e Cabinet got on with a good wind and fair weather.

"The Ins were cheered, the Outs were queered;
Merrily did we stop
A question here, a motion there;
Nor Estimates need lop.

"The Opposition they were left
In a minority;
And as for BRIGHT, when he showed fight,
The House was all with me.

"Higher and higher, every day,
Till that LORD P—M—RST—N—"
Here RUPERT suppress a look distrest,
For the Debate was on.

Y^e new Premier heareth y^e debate begin, but y^e Ex-Minister continueth his tale.

SIR RUPERT suppress his look distrest,
For he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spoke on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Minister:

Y^e coach nearly upset manie times.

"Now MR. B—LL—E came, and he
Got up a case so strong;
And then L—KE K—NG, he had his fling—
The county votes among.

"And, to the pressure forced to bow,
I came out with a sort of vow,
That, if they'd not insist on 't now,
But put his Bill to bed,
The Session past, I'd give at last,
My own Reform instead.

"The country, though, why I don't know,
Seemed to grow wondrous cold;
And that was why I thought I'd try
That Durham letter bold.

Y^e fearful mistake of y^e Durhame letter.

"It was my drift to get a lift
By help of Church and QUEEN;
But wisest men will, now and then,
Go down two stools between.

"The POPE was here; the Church was there;
Dissent was all around;
And Ireland growled, and Maynooth howled,
And we got quite aground.

"Then I must own, LORD P—LM—RST—N—
Unto our succour came;
If he sometimes put us in the hole,
He oftener play'd our game.

Till a great master of words called P—LM—RST—N— came to y^e rescue, and was received with great joy and cordialitie.

"He cheer'd our friends—our foes he met;
Gave dinners, soirées too;
Heal'd many a split, made many a hit;
In fact, he pull'd us through.

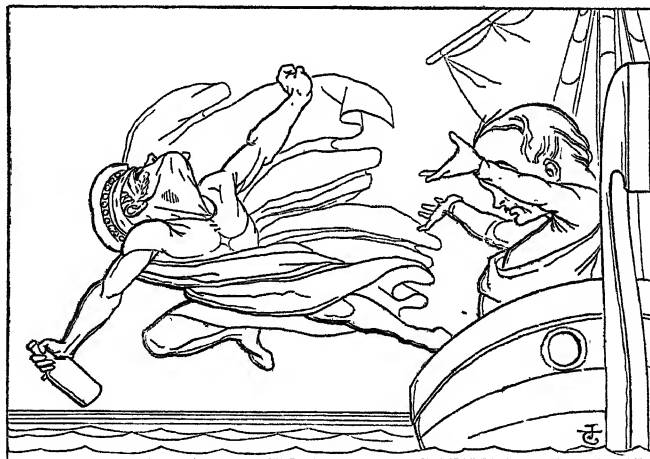
"When words and wind I couldn't find,
LORD P—LM—RST—N would follow;
And rattling away, half grave, half gay,
Carried many a question hollow.

And lo! P—LM—RST—N proveth a good bottle-holder, and helpeth y^e Whiggish out of manie a muck.

"In storm and cloud, uncheck'd, uncow'd,
He aye maintain'd our line;
And still show'd fight night after night,
When I thought we must resign."

"Now, save thee, ancient Minister,
What means that bitter groan?
Why look'st thou so?" "Remorse and woe!
I threw over P—LM—RST—N!"

Y^e ancient Minister angrilie throweth overboard y^e judicious bottle-holder.



PART II.

"Another Session now drew nigh;
To Council gather'd we.
One man I mist, and all I'd left,
Together, were less than he.

"Oft words and wind I should fail to find;
But no P—LM—RST—N would follow;
Nor any day, half grave, half gay,
Win us a victory hollow.

"And I had done a foolish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averr'd they had never heard
Worse grounds than I had to show.
'Ah, shame!' said they, 'to cast away,
A man who served us so!'

His co-mates cry out against y^e Minister for throwing overboard y^e judicious bottle-holder.

"A motion dread hung o'er our head,
Which GR—Y could not resist.
Then all averr'd, when we came to be heard,
How P—LM—RST—N would be mist;
'Twas wrong,' said they, 'to fling away
The best name on our list.'

Y^e Cabinet
opens y^e Session,
and tries to raise
y^e wind^e with
Reform, but be-
cometh suddenly
beset.

"I scarcely knew what we should do
That fourth of February;
To avert the storm, I broach'd Reform,
And explain'd what the Bill would be.
"Down came the Press; the House came down;
'Twas cold as cold could be:
And none did speak, unless to wreak
His wrath on Schedule B.
"All in a small minority
'Twas clear we should be soon;
And the country scorned to reach its hand
To take so small a boon.

And P-L-M-R-S-T-N
begins to be
avenged.

"Day after day, day after day,
We awaited that Cape motion;
For my part, now to steer the ship,
I hadn't time to cast a motion.



Y^e Tapers and
Tadpoles in their
sore distress
would faine throw
y^e whole guilt
on y^e ancient
Ministere, in sign
whereof P-L-M-R-
S-T-N is flung in
his teethe.

"Grumbling, grumbling everywhere,
And all my friends did shrink—
Grumbling, grumbling everywhere;
A fact that none could blink.

"Ah, well-a-day! in what bad books
Was I with old and young;
And, by every one, LORD P-L-M-R-S-T-N
Into my teeth was flung!

PART III.

A weary Time
followeth, and the
end of y^e Minis-
tris seemeth to
drawe nigh.

Y^e ancient Mi-
nistere hath an
idea.

"Then passed a weary time; each vote
Was told; defeat seemed nigh.
A weary time—a weary time—
And ADDERLEY drew nigh;
When, lo! methought I found a dodge
To give him the go-by!

"My friends they quaked; their fate seemed staked
On that Cape motion still;
Some were for bringing in fresh blood;
Some for throwing over GREY or WOOD;
I cried, 'A Bill—a Bill!'

A flash of joy.

"Their hopes awake; they cease to quake;
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin;
And what the Bill I would bring in,
Demanded one and all.

Y^e ancient Mi-
nistere propound-
eth his idea, which
looketh feasible.

"See, see!" I cried, "this talk of war,
Turned to account with skill,
We're safe triumphant to divide
On a Militia Bill."

But y^e aveng-
ing bottle-holders
riseth up between
the Ministere and
his motion.

"And well-nigh desperate seem'd our game;
Yet something might be done:
It was upon a Friday night
My motion I brought on;
When 'twixt leave for the Bill and me,
Up started P-L-M-R-S-T-N!

Y^e House greet-
eth him well.

"Straight the whole House broke out in cheers,
In spite of his disgrace;
He snubbed our Bill, and with a sneer
Proposed his in its place.



"And when my turn to answer came,
The House was cold as ice.
The game is done—I've won, I've won!"
Quoth he—and in a trice!

"Out go the whips; M.P.s rush out,
With HAYTER and LORD MARK;
And from their whispers soon I see
That things are looking dark.

"Add while the votes are adding up,
We wait for 'twixt the lip and cap
Full often comes a slip.

TAPER look'd blank and sick with fright,
And TADPOLE's face in the gas gleam'd white;
From his brow the dew did drip.
In a minority we are,
In spite of HAYTER's and LORD MAR-
cus' energetic whip!

"One after one, their places gone,
With stifled groan and sigh;
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And reproach'd me with his eye.

And he divid-
eth against y^e
ancient Minis-
tere.

Y^e whippers-in
look blank on y^e
casting-up of y^e
votes.

Y^e ancient Mi-
nistere findeth
himself in a mi-
nority.

One after ano-
ther y^e Tapers
and Tadpoles go
out.



"From Treasury Bench condemned to fly,
Their salaries forego:
Each seem'd to say, as he pass'd me by,
'It's all your fault, you know.'"

"The Ministere who's lost the fight,
Whose office-life is o'er,
Is gone; and now SIR RUPERT turns
Into St. Stephen's door.

He looks like one that hath been borel;
But bores must still be borne.
Let's hope he'll be a wiser man!
Than try protecting Corn.

Leaving the
weight of their
defeat on y^e an-
cient Ministere.



Railway Official. "YOU'D BETTER NOT SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "THAT'S WHAT MY FRIENDS SAY."

Railway Official. "BUT YOU MUSTN'T SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "SO MY DOCTOR TELLS ME."

Railway Official (indignantly). "BUT YOU SHAN'T SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "AH! JUST WHAT MY WIFE SAYS."

TALK AT THE TUILERIES.

M. GUIZOT, as the head of the French Academy, has introduced the MARQUIS DE MONTALAMBERT to the PRESIDENT.

President. I am charmed with any occasion that brings M. GUIZOT to the Palace. Would that his visits—elevating and instructive as they must ever be—were more frequent!

M. Guizot bows.

President. For the glory of French letters, I must permit myself to hope that M. GUIZOT continues his History of the English Revolution? CROMWELL, M. GUIZOT, was a great man?

M. Guizot. I am in possession, PRINCE PRESIDENT, of original papers bearing upon the political history of OLIVER CROMWELL.

President. I am delighted with the assurance. Yes, CROMWELL was a great man. Nature produces few such men. CROMWELL—my uncle, and—and—perhaps, another.

M. Guizot bows.

President. There can be little doubt, M. GUIZOT, of CROMWELL's tendencies. Having confiscated the property of the STUARTS—I believe he sold CHARLES THE FIRST's wardrobe by Dutch auction—OLIVER looked to the Crown. Had he lived a few months longer, there would have been a coronation in Westminster Abbey. Yes, CROMWELL was a great man?

M. Guizot bows.

President. And you have original papers further illustrating his political greatness? I am delighted to know it. M. GUIZOT will, I am sure, reveal the true political philosophy of CROMWELL's *coup d'état*? I mean, when he knocked down Whitehall with forty-two pounders—raked the Strand with grape—shot a thousand of the *canaille* in St. James's Park—and shipped all the Cavalier Members of Parliament, and Oxford and Cambridge, to the Bermudas? You will, of course, give all this, M. GUIZOT, when—

M. Guizot (with a very low bow). When I find it. [Exeunt severally.]

THE LONG VACATION.—The Throne of France.

A SNOB IN THE INSOLVENT COURT.

THE Courts of Bankruptcy and Insolvency afford to the gentlemen who preside in them numerous opportunities for visiting poverty and misfortune with that contumely which a lofty sense of affluence and respectability entertains for those meannesses. It is not often, however, that the gentlemen in question avail themselves of the chance of thus reading the unlucky and the indigent a moral lesson. In the following brief report, however, given by the *Morning Post*, of a case which occurred the other day in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, it will be seen that one Commissioner at least, meeting with such an occasion, did not fail to improve it.

"INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT. MARCH 3.

"(Before the CHIEF COMMISSIONER.)

"AN ASSISTANT."—A respectable-looking young man applied, under the Protection Act, to be relieved from a few debts.

"The CHIEF COMMISSIONER asked him who he was?

"The Insolvent said—A hosier's assistant.

"CHIEF COMMISSIONER—A what?

"INSOLVENT—An assistant, Sir.

"CHIEF COMMISSIONER—How grand you are! I suppose you sell stockings behind a counter?

"INSOLVENT—Yes, Sir, and other things.

"CHIEF COMMISSIONER—Then you are a 'shopman.'

"The Insolvent acknowledged that he was a shopman.

"The COMMISSIONER named a day for the final order."

It is very true that "assistant" is the term commonly applied to a young man serving in a hosier's or linen-draper's shop. But it is much too genteel a designation for a beggarly wretch who sells stockings behind a counter, and besides is reduced to the shameful necessity of taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act. It was natural that the Commissioner, with the feelings of a statutable gentleman, should exclaim, "How grand you are!" on hearing such a fellow describe himself by so decent a name. Indeed, even "shopman" is a title more dignified than ought to be conferred on a contemptible pauper that comes up to be whitewashed, having been, antecedently, in a situation so sufficiently disgraceful as that of a hosier's servant. The only wonder is, that MR. CHIEF COMMISSIONER did not insist on this despicable individual's "acknowledging" himself to be a "counter-jumper."

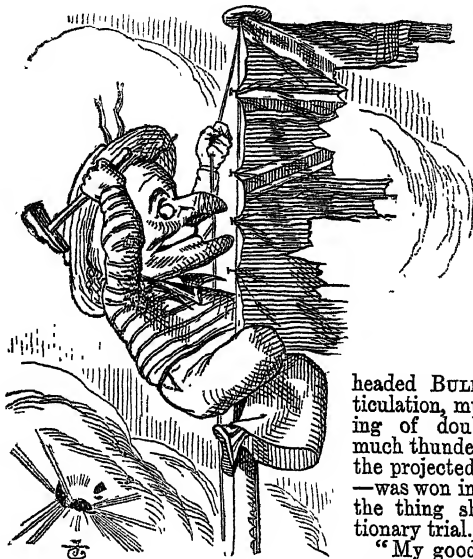


THE PROTECTION GIANT.

"FEE, FI, FO, FUM !
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN ;

BE HE ALIVE, OR BE HE DEAD,
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD."

THE WELLINGTON STATUE AND THE QUARTERN LOAF.



FROM mischance, a contemplative philosophy extracts wisdom, even as chemistry obtains medicine from poisons. Thus considered, sweet and comforting are the uses of that ugly lump of bronze, christened at the foundry, the Wellington Statue, on the Rutland Arch — outraging the nations. Simple, guileless, blunder-

headed BULL — after much gesticulation, much vehement stamping of double-soled top-boots, much thundering denunciation of the projected site for the Ugliness — was won into sullen consent that the thing should have a probationary trial.

"My good fellow, why all this indignation? Only suffer us to put

up the statue, and if it is proved to be an eyesore, — why, my dear, good creature, can't we take it down again?"

"Well, but," says BULL, "will you take it down again?"

"Will we take it down again? My dear fellow, what a question! Will we take it down again? What a question! — Of course we'll take it down again."

"Well, then, I — but it's only for a trial, you know?" —

"Oh, only a trial — Honour!"

Up goes the statue; and BULL, chuckling, cries — "There, I knew it — I said so. Can anything be more ugly? No more life in the metal than in a coffin-plate. I told you so. But you've had your trial, and now — when — I say *when* are you going to take the statue down again?"

"Take the statue down, MR. BULL?"

"Yes, take it down? You know you said you would — the trial was all upon honour, you know. And I ask you once and for all, when are you going to take the monster down again?"

"MR. BULL, does it not strike you, that to remove the statue of the Noble Duke and his generous war-horse, would be nothing more than an insult — a ceremonious insult — to the exalted inhabitant of Apsley House? Can you, MR. BULL, pretend to enter into the feelings of disgust, indignation, and amazement of that illustrious man, when, about to shave himself at daybreak, he looks forth from his dressing-room window, and first sees the effigy — his metallic other self abased, removed, or as you coarsely word it, — *taken down*?"

"Well, but you know you said —"

"Don't talk nonsense, MR. BULL! My good man, your brain must be softening. I ask you — ha! ha! — could NAPOLEON himself take the Duke down? Shall we, then?"

"Fiddlestick! NAPOLEON's nothing to do with the question. You said the thing should come down if —"

"Come down! The Duke come down! Badajoz — Vittoria — Salamanca — Torres Vedras — Waterloo, and — and the Duke come down!"

"Then you will not remove?" —

"Yes, we will: we'll remove the scaffolding to-morrow. But, as for the statue, we've got it up, and — you'll pardon the joke, MR. BULL — and up it remains."

And so, people of England, is it with the DERBY Ministry. We are told not to press the question of Free Trade upon them: we are advised just to let them have a trial. People of England, we say no. At once bring the question to issue. Be instructed by that uplifted Ugliness at Hyde Park Corner — that deformity that experience may still convert into a Mentor — and admit of no delay. As with the bronze, so will it be with the bread. Let the DERBY Ministry once get up the quatern loaf, and, like the Hyde Park metal — up it will remain.

Money Market and City Nonsense.

MONIED men say, that considering the present state of affairs in France, it is a comfort to them to see that the French funds exert a favourable influence on our Three Per Cents; but surely this is a deceitful consolation.

NEW SONG OF THE HEART,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

SOMEBODY has published a new ballad, called "*Wilt Thou Linger Near Me?*" Somebody else has produced another, under the title of "*Hither Come.*" In drawing-room vocal music there is a general tendency to glorify the feeling of sympathy. Something too much of this. A wholesome antipathy — even sentimentally considered — is a laudable affection in its way: a salutary corrective of the softer emotions: a fine prophylactic for young ladies against foreign counts, and other adventurers. "Rise," then, "honest Muse, and sing" — just for a change — somewhat in the antipathetic vein. Instead of "*Hither Come,*" let the canticle be, for example —

WILT THOU BE OFF?

Wilt thou be off? I know thou comest.
Because thou thinkest Papa hath cash;
In talking sweet thou only hummest:
Thy pretty speeches are simply trash.
Falla la, lal la! Fiddle de dee!
Falla, &c.

Tease me no more! I tell thee plainly,
That I see through thee — yes, through and through;
Come, nonsense! thou dost wheedle vainly;
It will not do; no, it will not do!
Falla la, lal la! Fiddle de dee! &c.

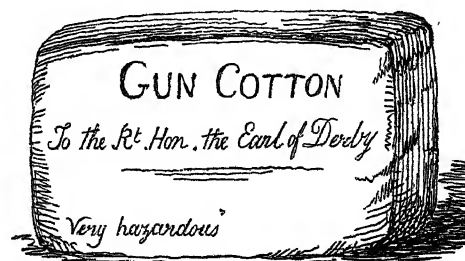
There, go along — 'tis no use looking
So sentimental as that at me;
Get thee away! elsewhere of hooking
A softer maid there a chance may be.
Falla la, lal la! Fiddle de dee! &c.

AN EDITOR AT A DISCOUNT.

THE Protectionists advertised the other day for an Editor for a Protectionist Paper, who was to receive, by way of "salary, to begin with, fifty pounds per annum." It is all very well to offer fifty pounds a-year to "begin with;" but it is obvious, that to "go on" with such a salary would be quite impossible. As his duties would call upon him to write in favour of dear Corn, he would be actually working to take the bread out of his own mouth; for if he succeeded in writing up the quatern loaf to its former price, he would be obliged to accept half a loaf instead of a whole one. We do not question the sufficiency of the salary, as times go; for the intellect that would undertake to advocate Protectionist principles, would, perhaps, be adequately valued at one pound per week, or fifty pounds per annum. No one with sufficient sense to qualify him for a railway portership, or a light suburban beadledom, would condescend to the situation of a Protectionist Editor; and we think it, therefore, unfair of any one to complain of the salary being inadequate to the article required.

MANCHESTER AND THE MINISTRY.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR sits upon a woolsack. The Manchester League, improving upon this historical fact, has sent a seat to the EARL OF DERBY, to be used by the Premier at Cabinet Councils. The seat is of a peculiar significance of material, illustrative of the probable short, yet timely, fate of the DERBY Ministry. We give a very reduced cut of the present.



A Joke Craftily Qualified.

THE danger of abolishing the property qualification for Members of Parliament is this, — that if some of our legislators were to be without their property qualification, they would have no other qualification whatever.

A SHAMEFUL CASE OF PIRACY.

(To the Editor of PUNCH.)



run his eye down the list of the New Ministry, and to say, with his hand upon his heart, whether my idea of the Marionettes has not been shamefully stolen for the formation of it?

"Let us take the puppets, one by one—let us separate this Protectionist Bundle of Sticks—and, laying them separately on our knee, test their soundness for office.

"There is the EARL OF LONSDALE, a diamond-coroneted Marionette of the very first water. I have just such a Nobleman in my Establishment (which I beg you will come and see), which cost me, diamonds and all, exactly 15s. 6d., and which, if the EARL OF DERBY had asked me, he might have had, at a small advance upon the prime cost. I am sure he would do the work of Lord President just as well as the EARL OF LONSDALE, and, probably, much better—for he doesn't speak.

"The next Marionette is LORD MALMESBURY (another Lord!). He is Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and, coming after PALMERSTON—and even GRANVILLE—I must say he shines as a Marionette of the very smallest dimensions. I wouldn't have him at any price.

"MR. WALPOLE is another. He is Home Secretary. I know nothing of MR. WALPOLE personally, and I am told he is a very good barrister; and, as such, I should dress him up in a black gown, with a horse-hair wig, and send him on, with a roll of papers in his hand. But, though that may be applauded at my little Theatre, and might go down tolerably well, with a few set speeches about the 'British Lion,' 'Britannia,' and the 'Sun that never sets,' &c., I doubt if it is sufficient to constitute a Home Secretary!

"Then there is LORD JOHN MANNERS. Another Lord! It would really seem as if the Ministry had been compounded out of that 'old Nobility,' for which his Lordship prayed that Wealth, Commerce, and everything in the country might die first, sooner than it should be taken away from us! LORD JOHN is the Marionette of the Woods and Forests; and he may have a sympathy for them, as the material of which he is made may, probably, have been selected from those very domains. Of his Lordship, in private life, I know less than any one of the posts he has controul over in Hyde Park; but I am told he is a talented young pupil, of the Young England School—where little boys, from the ages of forty to fifty-five inclusive, are educated at so much a quarter, with something extra, I suppose, for 'MANNERS.'

"Of MR. DISRAELI I had rather not speak. I am told he has been connected with the Press; and, as I entertain the profoundest respect for all 'the gentlemen of the Press,' I think it will only be gentlemanly to hold my tongue about his faults, if a 'gentleman of the Press' can have any. But this much I consider myself at liberty to say.—I am informed that MR. DISRAELI is, also, a literary Gent. To prove, then, the high sense I entertain, in common with others, of his brilliant talents, I shall be happy to engage him to write pieces for my establishment; or, if he will come and do the talking behind the scenes, (and I'm told he talks very cleverly), I will promise to give him his own terms.

"But what are we to say of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND for the First Lord of the Admiralty? There's a fine Marionette for you! Why, I doubt if he can even dance the hornpipe!

"Or what can we advance in favour of LORD HARDWICKE (another Lord!) for the Post Office? Another Marionette of the very softest wood, scarcely qualified to do the work of anything so hard as the Post.

"And last, not least, comes SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, a fine country Marionette, such as we generally dress up with a white waistcoat, a red face, a large bunch of seals, and top-boots. He has the management of the forty-four Colonies of England; and I cannot make out what they have done to deserve so severe a punishment!

"There are several other Marionettes—dummies of the fine old Conservative model; but,

ORTHY SIR,—I AM the Manager of the Marionette Theatre. Loath as I am to leave my little family of Woods (almost as many as there were in the RUSSELL Administration), I am compelled, in self-defence, to appear before the Curtain, and to make that appeal to a British Public, which, when a Manager makes it, is never made in vain.

"I have a serious charge (and a Manager's charges, I can tell you, Sir, are very serious things) to make against the EARL OF DERBY. I deliberately accuse the present Prime Minister of England of wilfully plagiarising my idea of the 'Marionettes.' I call upon any one, who has the smallest knowledge of puppets, to

Sir, I think I have said enough to prove the shameful case of piracy that has been committed upon my property. I have spent hundreds to bring it to perfection; and what for?—merely to enable LORD DERBY to come and pilfer my perfected designs!

"But I shall yet be revenged! When LORD DERBY begins to pull the strings of his puppets, he will find how difficult they are to manage. They will be kicking right and left—some will be falling, others will be completely doubled up—and he will only be glad to call in my assistance to keep them on their legs.

"It is very clear two Marionette Exhibitions cannot exist, to be properly supported, in the same metropolis. Mine was the first in the field, and has already enjoyed the confidence of the public for two months. LORD DERBY has been only a fortnight before the town, and has never enjoyed the confidence of the public a single minute. London, large as it is, is not large enough to support two companies of Marionettes. Therefore, either LORD DERBY must retire, or else I must! I leave it to a generous and discriminating British Public (to which a British Manager never appeals in vain) to decide which!

"I remain, Sir,

"Strong in the consciousness of a just cause,

"Your very ill-used Servant,

"THE MANAGER OF THE MARIONETTES.

"P. S. To prove I bear no malice, if LORD DERBY likes to make me an offer to combine his Marionettes with mine, I shall be very happy to entertain his proposal. The seat of power, of course, to be transferred to the Lowther Arcade!"

FABLES FOR THE PROTECTIONISTS.

The Countryman and the Snake.

AN Agriculturist, one day,
A Snake encountered on the way;
The creature lay upon the ground,
In dull and torpid stupor bound.
It seem'd incompetent, in fact,
To make a motion or to act;
'Twas brought completely to a stand,
Type of a burden on the land.
The Agriculturist, at length,
Desired to give the creature strength;
So took it up and fondly press'd it
The Snake to his confiding breast.
At length, in an unlucky hour,
The creature was restored to power,
And acting an appropriate part,
Stung the confiding rustic's heart.
"Is this your gratitude?—Oh fie!"
Was then the Agriculturist's cry:
"I succour'd you, and you should learn
To give protection in return.
Take this,"—and as the word he said,
He knock'd the creature on the head;
The Snake, for mercy vainly cried,
Essay'd to sting, and, hissing, died.

Alarming Intelligence.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph announces that

"MR. WILLIAM FAGAN, in his address to the constituents of the county of Cork, says that he shall always be found fighting by the side of SHARMAN CRAWFORD."

What are MR. FAGAN's weapons? because when one Irish gentleman talks of *fighting* by the side of another Irish gentleman, his words are calculated to create terror and alarm in the minds of HER MAJESTY'S English subjects, and to cause anxiety that he should be bound over to keep the peace, until we know what the son of Erin means—whether politics or pistols it is.

PROTECTION OF OLD ENGLAND BY YOUNG ENGLAND.



the *Hobellarii* on their "little naggies" the patriotic heart throbbing beneath the white waistcoat of Young England. His Lordship further intends to move for a correct return of the number of English bowmen at Agincourt, with a view to the re-organisation of that heroic force, the archery of the older time. Yew-trees may be said to be looking up. We further understand that this revived means of protecting the country, will come into force simultaneously with the revived Corn Laws. Then, Protection will be complete.

ORD JOHN MANNERS, very properly going backward for great precedents and determining to show the country that he is learned in other matters than the old forest laws, is about to call the attention of the House of Commons to a long-neglected statute of EDWARD THE THIRD, which provides *Hobellarii*, or *Hoblers*, for the Cinque Ports. These efficient, but too long neglected men are, according to COWPER, "tyed by tenure to maintain a little nagge, for the certifying of any invasion made by enemies or such like perils toward the sea." We have, to be sure, the electric telegraph; but there lingers an air of the picturesque about that must be dear to the

THE SALE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHEN we saw the auctioneer's placards desecrating the crystal, or rather staining the glass, of the Great Exhibition building, we felt a sort of curdling of the blood—a kind of figurative conversion of it into cold cream—at the idea of our pet palace being besieged by the broadsides of the bill-sticker. When we observed the word MATERIALS, in gigantic letters, announced to be knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer, we thought the public were ninny-hammers themselves for not protesting against the sad sacrifice.

On attending the sale, we discovered that the materials are, in fact, the mere immaterials used as the temporary fittings-up, and that we put a wrong construction on the word "materials," when we supposed it to mean the iron and glass used in the construction of the building. On our entrance, we found it was like looking for the point of a needle in a magnum of hay, to search for the auctioneer in the vast area of the Crystal Palace. After having taken a walk of some four or five miles in the course of an exploring expedition, we thought we saw signs of habitation in a small patch of land to the south-west of the Transept, and on our nearing the spot, we fancied we heard the sound of a human voice. Presently, the familiar words, "Going—going!" struck upon our ear, and we found ourselves on the outskirts of a small group of human beings, one of whom was raised on a small platform on wheels, horsed by a bricklayer's labourer, and dragged about from lot to lot, with a small gang of bidders dangling after it. Upon our going into the select circle, the auctioneer had just drawn up opposite a small pile of deal-boards, and was in the midst of an eloquent oration over the "stack of useful wood" that lay before him.

After entreating for some minutes a price for the "useful wood," and asking, almost in despair, if "nobody would bid?" a spirited speculator offered a few shillings, and, without much competition, became the purchaser. The labourer who horsed the platform, then jogged on to the next lot, which was "another stack of useful wood," and this being disposed of, he proceeded in a sort of lazy trot to "the next station," which proved to be the interesting locality of "28 boards, various." The variety presented nothing very charming; and, as the catalogue consisted of several pages of "ditto," we left the little group of bidders to join the large majority who were scattered about at different points for the purpose of admiring the building.

The sale itself attracted the few, while the *salle* in which the sale was held, formed the real object of interest. Now and then a passing lady, hearing the words "valuable beading" drop from the lips of the auctioneer, made a random bid, with the vague idea that the "beading" might turn out to be a very valuable necklace; and, in one instance, a misguided female purchased "ten triangular painted sashes," under the idea that she had got a cheap lot of handsome ribbon.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR THE TEA TABLE.—"May the Toast of the evening always be a SALLY LUNN!"

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

GREEN PEA SOUP.

AIR—"The Ivy Green."

Oh! a splendid Soup is the true Pea Green;
I for it often call;
And up it comes in a smart tureen,
When I dine in my banquet hall.
When a leg of mutton at home is boil'd,
The liquor I always keep,
And in that liquor (before 'tis spoil'd)
A peck of peas I steep;
When boil'd till tender they have been,
I rub through a sieve the peas so green.
Though the trouble the indolent may shock,
I rub with all my power;
And having return'd them to the stock,
I stew them for more than an hour;
Then of younger peas I take some more;
The mixture to improve,
Throw'n in a little time before
The soup from the fire I move;
Then seldom a better soup is seen,
Than the old familiar soup Pea Green.
Since first I began my household career,
How many my dishes have been!
But the one that digestion never need fear,
Is the simple old soup Pea Green!
The giblet may tire, the gravy pall,
And the turtle lose its charm;
But the Green Pea triumphs over them all,
And does not the slightest harm;
Smoking hot in a smart tureen;
A rare old soup is the true Pea Green!

LATIN FOR LAWYERS.

In the Court of Bankruptcy, the other day, MR. COMMISSIONER GOULBURN made a remark of a degree of importance sufficient to require at least our attention. MR. MURRAY, who appeared for the assignees in a certain case, said that the affairs of the bankrupt, on a particular day,

"Were transferred to the official assignee, and without the slightest trouble on the part of that officer, £17,829 2s. 6d. were placed in his hands."

THE COMMISSIONER.—"The whole of the amount, *uno flatu*, as it were."

There is a deep meaning in this. *Flatus* is a strong expression. *Uno flatu*, at one puff, or one blast. Thus either the fatal facility, or the destructive ruthlessness, with which the law effects a transfer of property, is suggested; though whether it was the one or the other the learned Commissioner had in view, we don't know. We say, learned Commissioner, advisedly; because those who know nothing of the law but its Latin, might imagine that he said *uno "flatu,"* for *uno "ictu,"* meaning, "at one blow." *Quod foret*, as a modern Classic remarks, *canis Latinus pessima descriptionis.*

A CLANDESTINE PARLIAMENT.

It is rumoured that LOUIS NAPOLEON intends to decree that the meetings of the new French Legislative Assembly shall take place in the open air, as the North American Indians hold a Palaver. The scene suggested for their deliberations is the plain of Satory, where the PRESIDENT laid the foundation of his present authority with champagne and saveloys. A cordon of troops will keep the people several hundred yards' distance from the debates: so that not a syllable of their discussions, beyond the reports authorised by the Government, will transpire. The reason which has dictated this somewhat novel arrangement is, the danger of publicity which would be incurred if the Assembly were to meet in any hall or chamber: for there cannot be rooms without walls; and walls, proverbial wisdom has informed MR. BONAPARTE, have ears.

A Shaky Condition.

It is not to be wondered at that the POPE feels his position to be anything but firm; for, instead of his having been fixed in his place by real Roman Cement, he has been merely dabbed down where he is with a little Plaster of Paris.

TWO OF A TRADE NEVER AGREE.—The Autocrat of Russia and MONSIEUR LOUIS NAPOLEON are already quarrelling.



Gus (who is always so full of his nonsense). "DASH MY BUTTONS, ELLEN! THAT'S A STUNNING WAISTCOAT. I WISH YOU'D GIVE US YOUR TAILOR'S ADDRESS!"

Ellen. "DON'T YOU BE RUDE, SIR—AND TAKE YOUR ARMS OFF THE PIANO."

THE CHEAP LAW DELUSION.

CHEAP law turns out to be a mere hoax, after all, and the County Courts are nothing more than so many mockeries, delusions, and snares; for, though nominally the costs are limited, they are in reality as exorbitant as ever. The County Court Judges can only order a moderate sum to the lawyers; but these harpies may drag their victims into Westminster Hall, for the purposes of plunder, and bring actions there for costs to any amount, incurred in proceedings before the inferior tribunals.

The wretched litigant is lured, by the exhibition of a cheap tariff, into a County Court; but when he thinks he has paid his bill, according to the moderate scale set before him, he may be pounced upon, and hurried off to the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Exchequer, where he will learn that the lawyers have not half done with him, and don't mean to let him off so cheaply as he supposed. We have heard a good deal of the ticketing system in certain swindling shops, where an article is marked in the window at a low price, as a bait to the unwary, who, when he once gets into the clutches of the fraudulent gang, is not allowed to get out again until he has been plundered to a serious extent.

Such is the use that—contrary to the intention of the legislature—the lawyers seem to be making of the County Courts. These establishments have been opened with an assortment of cheap law proceedings, and the practitioners attract customers by inviting the latter to "Look here! a complete suit for two guineas." Many of the public are thus induced to go in for the purpose of permitting their legal measures to be taken at what they believe to be a fair and moderate price. No sooner, however, have they been suited or non-suited, as the case may be, than they are hurried through a back door, into the great monster concern in Westminster Hall, where the same suit is "tried on" again, and instead of the moderate price ticketed up in the minor place of business, all the old exorbitant demands—that have been the scandal of the profession for ages—are found to be in full force; there we are called upon to submit to the monstrous imposition commonly known as "Costs as between attorney and client," which might as well be called "claims as between wolf and lamb."

Here the client finds that every note he has written blaming his attorney for inattention or needless delay, which has elicited a common-place shuffling reply, has exposed him to a series of charges of three-and-sixpence for each epistle; and then it is that he comes resolutely to the determination—which is the real cause of the ruin of the attorneys—that sooner than submit to so much fraud and imposition, he will never

have anything to do with any lawyer again. If these people would conduct matters fairly and honestly, the public would not be so much afraid to deal with them, and the amount of employment for them would be much greater; but under the present system, every one feels that in going to any attorney, he runs the risk of dealing—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—with a man who will dishonourably make costs. Upon this species of plunder, the County Courts were intended as a check; but now that it has been decided that costs to any amount may be recovered in Westminster Hall, and that the law which was supposed to limit them is a dead letter, the work of Law Reform has to be done all over again. We therefore call upon our old friend, BROUGHAM, to "Do it—nor leave the task to us."

THE BLACK HOLE AT EDMONTON.

THE good British Public's olfactory nerves Have scarcely recover'd from "GOLDNER'S Preserves," When Edmonton pauper-school's horrors disclose A worse mess to the moral and physical nose.

Here, where misery and filth with debauchery reign, We have more than the Tooting case over again; Such a den we no Infant Asylum will call, But a youth's Pandemonium—Depravity Hall.

You may try to clean out this detestable hole, Where the Strand Union children rot, body and soul; But not much you'll effect, to the plan whilst you keep, Of providing for paupers so monstrously cheap.

What's good *will* bear its price—education or beef, Or medical science for parish relief: If you pay a low figure you'll get an ill smell; For a bargain dirt cheap, must be nasty as well.

Naval Intelligence.

WE are informed by the German papers, that the "GERMAN FLEET IS FOR SALE." SEARLES, the eminent boat-builders of Lambeth, have sent in a liberal tender for the purchase of it. We may shortly expect, therefore, to see the German Fleet safely anchored off Westminster Bridge. With this strong reinforcement, our various rowing clubs may be able to get up a Thames Regatta next year.

MEN AND APES.

IN a notice of Mr. HUC's *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine*, mention is made by Blackwood of an extraordinary mode of salutation practised by the Thibetans at Lassa:

"It consists in uncovering the head, stretching out the tongue, and scratching the right ear; and these three operations are performed simultaneously."

You call this sort of greeting extremely idiotic: you say you cannot conceive rational beings demonstrating their reverence for one another by such fools' antics as these, worthy only of the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, impossible to any human creature but a zany in a pantomime saluting the spectators. It is painful to you to imagine the divine image degrading itself, out of serious complaisance, by making faces in this way like a fool.

Ah! did you ever see a LORD CHAMBERLAIN walking backwards before the face of Royalty; as the crab crawls?

A Parochial Autocrat.

WHAT is LOUIS NAPOLEON to call himself, when he shall have consummated his despotism? Not EMPEROR, if he is wise, for that will confirm the common accusation that he is the mere plagiarist of his Uncle. We can help him in his difficulty. He rules the French people as if they were children: let him then take the appropriate title of BEADLE of FRANCE.

"ENGLAND'S WEAKNESS."—The strongest proof of this is the present Ministry.

THE (PROTECTIONIST) SEA-SERPENT.



ONE of our Foreign Correspondents, who, being never at home, is almost always out, has sent us the following:—

Quite at Sea, March 6th.

Having been engaged in a search for another Hippopotamus, or Sea-Horse, and being on the look-out, therefore, for mares' nests, I was disturbed in the rather Pacific Ocean of politics, by a cry of "White water!" I immediately perceived a few empty bubbles on the surface; and knowing there was nothing in them, I expected them to subside, when a native, named JACK RUSSELL, who had been for some time at the helm, cried out, "Look! look! Me see too much! too much! Me no see all dat feller, me 'fraid!"

Upon this he suddenly abandoned his post, though I told him it was a mere nothing he was frightened at; but he still persisted, exclaiming, "Dat feller!—too big! me 'fraid!" and he would not be persuaded to "stand by" any longer. At length I discovered the object of his alarm, which consisted of a heavy, but apparently feeble, body, with a head of astounding thickness, and a tail that made as much stir and commotion as possible, by wagging itself about very furiously, as if to urge on the head, which showed signs of being reluctant to proceed.

Watching it narrowly, I saw that the body and tail were so cumbersome, that they threatened to drag down the head, which could only by the greatest effort—and by rising up superior to the rest of the body—keep itself above water.

It soon became obvious that the Protectionist Sea-Serpent had made its appearance; and RICHARD COBDEN, the mate of the Free-trader—which happened to come alongside—began urging his companions, with all his eloquence, to have "a try at the fellow," and dispose of the Serpent off-hand. Let me say, to their credit, that every one got ready for the enterprise, except a few, who were for giving the creature time to show whether he intended making an attack.

Seeing the preparations that were being made, the Serpent tried to get away by a side wind, and stood off, expecting, no doubt, to be lost sight of for a time, with a view of playing us a nasty trick when we might be off our guard. It was, nevertheless, determined among us that we should go after the creature, which made some uncertain motions with its head, as if it would make us believe that it intended turning round. Some were inclined to hesitate, but RICHARD COBDEN, having launched the League Boat, sprung aboard, and hurled at once one of his powerful harpoons, which stuck like a tremendous thorn in the creature's side. The effect was instantaneous, for the Serpent seemed to go down very rapidly; and a great effort was then necessary to keep the creature down, by getting together as much weight as possible; and several thousands of pounds were collected for the purpose in a very short space of time. Several pointed weapons were now used against the animal's body; but its obtuseness was such as to render it difficult to make any impression whatever, though the head seemed to have some sensibility, and would have got away, but for the furious lashings it experienced from its own tail. At length all motion appeared to cease. The head began to knock gradually under; and a shout of "Protection's dead," announced the fact, that further annoyance from the monster was impossible.

As the creature lay lifeless on the surface of the sea of politics, I was enabled to take the following description of a curiosity, which may soon be considered as extinct. Its head was remarkable for much heavy irregular jaw, and its tail, which was much disjointed, was perfectly obtuse, without coming to any point at all. The body was party-coloured, and one side did not at all agree with the other, while there were indications of much blubber having been given forth. Its head was well adapted for sending forth columns of fluent matter, and it had the

facility of spouting—very like a whale. It had several paws, which it had a tendency to lay on everything it came near; and the head, upon close examination, proved extremely offensive, having got into very bad odour in a very short space of time.

LAY FOR CABINET LOAFERS.

HARK! the Leaguers ring the tocsin,
For competing grain and oxen;
'Gainst Protectionist invaders
COBDEN cries, "To Arms, Free Traders!"

Peaceful Friends, who would not wish a
Person drawn for the militia,
To repel a French invasion—
Take the field on this occasion.

BRIGHT, for unprotected corn,
Blows the warlike bugle-horn;
Waves aloft the flag of battle
For untaxed exotic cattle.

And what cravens would not muster
To preserve their penny "buster,"
(Twop'ny once) and clench their fists
For cheap beef and moderate twistes?

Champions of the scale called sliding,
You will get a thorough hiding,
If you at the next election
Hoist the standard of Protection.

Boots and Breeches—don't you do it,
Or as sure as Fate you'll rue it!
YOUNG and BOOKER, rash bullwethers,
Follow not, ye Tops and Leathers.

Coronets, great chiefs of Tories,
Would you save your Order's glories,
In our bread make no incisions;
Don't go cribbing our provisions.

Talk not, DERBY, like an oaf,
Of restoring the dear loaf;
There's no scheme that you could hit on
So distasteful to a Briton.

Give it up—or you'll be beaten—
They who Free-Trade bread have eaten
Will be forced by no devices
Back unto starvation prices.

Indignation growing daily,
Will o'erthrow you, BEN DISRAELI,
Bowl you all down just like skittles,
If you touch the peoples' victuals.

For your promises—be quiet;
They are but official diet;
And your pledges you must swallow,
Or the League will lick you hollow.

Schooling for Squires.

PROTECTIONIST country gentlemen may, in an abridgment of some History of England, have read, when they were at school, how ALFRED divided his loaf with the beggar. History is "philosophy teaching by example;" but its lessons are generally warnings, showing rather what ought to be avoided, than what should be done. In this point of view our squires seem to regard the conduct of ALFRED: for, in wanting to compel the poor man to share his loaf with them, their own behaviour is precisely the reverse.

THE CABINET ECONOMIST.

If you want your bread to rise, you must ferment the country; but it is doubtful if the attempt will succeed even then; and at any rate the bread will turn out heavy—and, ultimately, turn out you.

INTOLERANCE AT AYLESBURY IN PARTICULAR, AND EVERYWHERE ELSE IN GENERAL.

In order to judge properly of the conduct of the HIGH SHERIFF OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, in placing his own spiritual director in the position of Chaplain to the Judges, it is necessary to have correct notions of religious toleration. The following remarks on that subject are submitted to the Fathers of the Oratory: and we should be glad if the reverend gentlemen would inform us whether they do, or not, express an orthodox view of it.

Religious toleration is the toleration of religion. But heresy is not religion; heresies are simply superstitions, misbeliefs, and impieties. Therefore, the toleration of heresy is not the toleration of religion. There is only one true religion: that is, there is no religion but one: the other so-called religions are false: in other words, no religions at all. The one only religion is the Roman Catholic. It is impossible, in the nature of things, to tolerate any other system claiming to be a religion than that. Roman Catholics, in tolerating Protestants, merely connive at the propagation of false doctrines. Protestants, in tolerating one another, only exercise forbearance towards each other's mutual delusions. It is only when they tolerate Roman Catholics that they practise religious toleration. But toleration is not complete, unless it permits religion to be fully carried out. Religion, meaning always the Roman Catholic religion, cannot be carried out unless its clergy are allowed to preach whatever they think proper, and the laity to practise what they preach, unrestrained by any other authority than that of the ecclesiastical power; in fine, of the POPE.

Corollaries:—

1. Religious toleration required the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE to allow MR. SCOTT MURRAY to do honour to the only true Church, in placing his Roman Catholic Chaplain by the side of the Judges, and on the Bench.
2. Religious toleration did not require MR. SCOTT MURRAY to pay any regard to LORD CAMPBELL's Protestant opinions, or prejudices.
3. Epitomised in one word: INQUISITION!

THE NEW "PEN" TREATY WITH THE AMERICANS.

"It was the intention of the Government, after this bill of [International Copyright between England and France] had become law, to communicate it to other countries, and especially America, and again urge negotiations with a view to a satisfactory arrangement."—*Parliamentary Debates.*



perty sacred as his own watch, bought with his own cash; and brain-picking, like pocket-picking, be made unlawful—ignominious.

Mr. Punch's prophetic eye already beholds the ceremony that ratifies the second PEN Treaty with the Americans. WILLIAM PENN made the first memorable treaty with the Red Men under the shade of elm-tree, flourishing on the banks of the Delaware; and now GOOSE-PEN shall enter into Treaty the Second, the authors—that is, the *Read Men*—of America and England being for once considered interested parties.

WILLIAM PENN, given at full length by his last and best biographer, HEPPWORTH DIXON, stands in the "half-moon" three-line deep of squatted Americans, "his costume simple, but not pedantic or ungainly. An outer coat reaching to the knees, and covered with buttons; a vest of other materials, but equally ample; trousers extremely full, slashed at the sides, and tied with strings or ribbons; a profusion of shirt sleeves and ruffles, with a hat of the cavalier shape (*wanting only the feather*)."

And—now is the Feather, the real PEN Feather, supplied: now, doth GOOSE-PEN make his treaty with the savages; and MR. PUNCH—putting on the clock a month or two—reports prophetically the circumstances of the solemnity.

Commissioner GOOSE-PEN (duly accredited from the Court of her Britannic Majesty) having

arrived at Washington for the purpose of executing an international Treaty of Literary Peace and Probity between the nations, the ceremony took place, with becoming care and gravity, in front of the Senate-house. At an early hour the chiefs of all the tribes of the publishing wigwams of the States were upon the ground. The SCALPERS, the GRINDERS, the LIKE-BELLOWS-PUFFERS, the FLAY-EM-AND-EAT-EMS, the BRAIN-SUCKERS, the HARPIES (or HARPERS), the GREEN-PEABODIES, and the BLUEBEAN-NOBODIES were all present in the persons of their chiefs, or of delegates from the tribes.

The savages—(although all of them PUBLISH-URS)—comported themselves with a decency and seriousness scarcely to be expected from unsophisticated children of woods and covers. They were all of them *en grande tenue*; their faces, breasts, and arms, painted with various arithmetical figures in printer's ink. Nearly all of them wore trophies depending from their necks; namely, English books, brass-clasped, and bound in, what appeared to us, the skins of authors; but which, we were assured by what seemed a conscientious native, was American racoon. "At least," pleaded our informant pathetically, "at least, allow us our own binding."

MR. COMMISSIONER PEN, in his fullest feather, (with true literary punctuality) was upon the ground at the appointed minute. (For when did PEN ever disappoint the most benighted PUBLISH-UR?) MR. PEN, bending gracefully as plume of peacock, and with like metallic brightness of eye, saluted the meeting.

The savages gave a low, and as it seemed to us a sullen, note of welcome; whilst more than one old PUBLISH-UR, cocking his eye at PEN, smacked his lips as though he could eat him.

"My children," said PEN—

"Ho! ho! ho!" growled and chuckled the multitude; the affectionateness of the greeting being too much even for the savage simplicity of PUBLISH-URS.—"Ho! ho! ho!"

"Yes, my children," repeated PEN, by no means abashed; PEN, being when so minded, terribly in earnest. "I say, my children, for what would PUBLISH-URS be without PENS? My children have beheld the porcupine in his down—the sparrow-hawk in his nestling nakedness. And is not that baby porcupine, a poor pigling without quills—that sparrow-hawk a helpless, ugly voracity, until clothed with feathers? Even as the pigling porcupine—as the naked, gaping sparrow-hawk—even so is the PUBLISH-UR without his PEN!"

"Speak, father," cried a Chief; "speak, the SWALLOW-BRAINS have ears!"

"My children, I come here that you should give the wampum [*i. e.*, ready money] to our English hunters: that the Great Spirit of Right, a spirit that takes account of the doings of even PUBLISH-URS, should no longer hold the nose at you, even as at the carrion that draws down the vulture!"

"Spirit of Right," said a HARPY, "what Spirit is that?" and the old Chief shook his head, as one perplexed.

"Hear me, ye PUBLISH-URS of the New World! Ye benighted children of darkness! Listen, for what I say is taken down in big book—and what you do is taken down in big book, too—bigger book than all that"—and here PEN pointed to the Senate-House. "The Great Spirit has blessed you with the words of the white Saxon; your mothers sang to you the same songs; and when you asked for bread-and-butter at the knee of your grandam, the Great Spirit put into your mouths the same words that the white Saxons speak across the big Salt Lake."

"It is true," said a PRIG-OCTAVO. "It is true."

"And of these words," cried PEN, becoming animated, "of these words you have made cords to bind your Saxon brothers—of these words you have made fingers to rob them."

"Rob!" exclaimed a chief. "The BOLT-BOOKS are not thieves."
 "Hear me," cried PEN. "Listen; and let shame steal upon your faces, making them red as the autumn sumach. Hear me, PUB-LISH-URS of the New World. You have robbed, and you still rob our English Hunters. Your flesh is fed with priggery, and you sleep in the blankets of rapine. You have smeared yourselves with the brains of the innocent; and you have bruised the bones and picked out the marrow of good men without guile." (Here PEN coughed and took breath.)

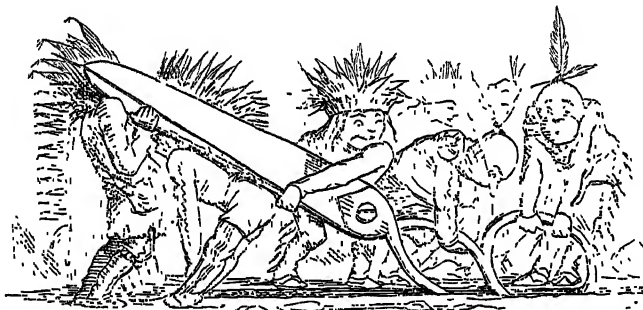
"Speak: more words," cried an old chief, a LIKE-BELLOWS-PUFFER.

"You have robbed"—said PEN—"and rob our English hunters. They hunt in the fields of letters, and you steal their game; they have the toil, and you have the plunder. The Great Spirit of Right is angry with you, my children; and I am here that you should bury the scissors, and exchange the wampum with our English Hunters."

Hereupon a venerable chief, GREENPEABODY, rose and said: "Father PEN, you have melted our hearts into paste; and shame is upon us. We have robbed the Saxon hunters; day and night they have followed the game in the hunting-grounds of letters, and we have been as thieves—and no better, my Father. The Great Spirit of Right is offended with us; and we will bury the scissors, and exchange the wampum belt, and we will hereafter buy at a fair price the game of the English hunters, hunted in the fields of letters beyond the Big Salt Lake."

Other chiefs followed GREENPEABODY, and all for their tribes bound themselves to bury the scissors and exchange the wampum belt.

After this a solemn feast was held. A mighty bowl of ink—of mixed English and American ink, expressly concocted without gall-nuts—was produced to the harmonious sound of music. MR. COMMISSIONER PEN took the first deep dip of ink: all the Chiefs and Delegates then quaffed of the black fluid—the wine of peace. And then the Chiefs buried each his scissors; and wampum belts were exchanged; and so was ratified the second PEN Treaty with the Americans.



Tell it to the Marines!

In the extremely modest account CAPTAIN SEABURY gives us of his recent capture of the Great Sea Serpent, a somewhat unnecessary stress is laid upon the fact (P) of "his Snakeship's" likeness being taken "by a Scotchman." We have no wish to appear unreasonably incredulous, but the first betting man of our acquaintance we chance to meet, we shall certainly ask him, what are the odds that they have neither "Scotched the snake," nor killed it?

It is also stated, that in cutting up "his Snakeship," the body was found "covered with blubber, like a whale." Yes, exactly, we should think so. Very like a whale!

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

THE EARL OF DERBY coolly refers the cause of Free Trade *versus* Protection to be settled by the Arbitration of "the intelligent portion of the community." Now, this is really too bad: for, of course, it is virtually excluding his friends, the (oratorically) Distressed Agriculturists, from having any voice at all in the decision.

Agonising Difficulty.

THE feeling heart must sympathise with the electors of St. Alban's. If Parliament should be dissolved without having disfranchised them, they will be placed in a very painful dilemma. With a view to save themselves from disfranchisement, they will have to make love either to the Protectionists or to the Whigs;—and the difficulty of foretelling which of the two parties the next election will establish in power, will render their choice of a fit and proper representative as difficult a matter as the decision of the celebrated ass between the two haystacks.

MINISTERIAL DIARIES.

(WE WON'T SAY HOW WE GOT THESE; BUT THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS PATRIOTS IN PUBLIC OFFICES.)

The following "Mems" are extracted from a spruce-looking "Let's No. 8," the ownership of which, from internal evidence, we should assign to the head of an office not a hundred miles from the Exchequer.



TOOK possession. Stirred fire. Card of the day over the mantel-piece—odd coincidence. We came in the same month with the five Sundays. There ought to be an extra day in the year that sees Protection in power. Who put it there? Partly LORD JOHN—partly P—LM—RST—N. GR—Y did a good deal; but, I think, without taking too much on myself, I may say—*Mem.* Parallel cases of BURKE and CANNING—not encouraging. But they had Whigs to deal with: now, the country party, if they are pig-headed and impracticable, have some respect for brains.

Rang the bell, and ordered up permanent Assistant Secretary, and asked him to show me over Department, and put me up to business. SIR CH—RLES very obliging.—*Mem.* Not to be ashamed to ask questions before him. He must see one's not up to the thing.

Worked at Ready Reckoner, and tried very hard at Long Division. Old experience came in useful;—had no notion how much had stuck to me.

Deputation on reducing rate of Exchequer Bills. W—D had been making a mess, it seems, and losing money on them by some operation, or for want of some operation. Wish I understood the subject. Permanent Assistant Secretary very willing to cram me; but the thing's not to be done in half-an-hour.

First Post in. Bucks agricultural constituents up in the stirrups—wish to know when we move Repeal of Corn Laws; and if fixed duty, or sliding scale. Don't they wish they may get it! Twelve schemes for redistribution of local taxation, so as to ease farmer. All very fine; but how is it to be done? Talking won't do, now one is in.

FR—M—TLE called about C—ST—MS. Referred him to B—rd of Tr—de. Won't H—NL—Y be obliged to me!

S—BTH—RP called with hints for Budget. Referred him to D—RBY.

A heap of schemes for redistribution of Income Tax. All very well, but how is it to be done? If these schemers were only in for a week or two!

Letter from LORD J—HN M—NN—RS, asking permission to cut May-poles in New Forest, and distribute among rural population.—*Mem.* To remind him he is *Works*, not *Woods*, now. Must keep his *moyen-age* tendencies in check, or we shall have him trying back at the Old Forest Laws—vert and venison, infangthef and outfangthef—and putting the verderers and rangers into thirteenth century doublets and peaked shoes.

Note of complaint from P—K—NG—T—N. He can't get any information about anything in his Office. Asks me who to apply to. How the deuce should I know?

Saw Governor of Bank of England, and got rough notion of system of Funds, and working of National Debt. Explained what I never understood before—weekly Bank returns. Pleasant to feel one knows what rest is.—*Mem.* To let H—RR—RS see I'm up to all this, if he should give himself any EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER airs.

Read addresses of our friends to their constituents. Sensible, on the whole, and cautious. Nothing the farmers can lay hold of. This is as it should be. CHR—ST—PH—R a little too free-spoken.

Read Times—League revived, I see. Insists on a dissolution. Too bad not to give fellows a fair innings. Times decidedly for giving us time. Of course. If COBDEN only knew how glad we should be to have done with "native Industry," altogether! But, of course, it suits his book to make a row.

Called to Council.

An Austrian Change.

We are told that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, in his late visit to Venice, out of compliment to the CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA, "appeared in Russian uniform." Then, it seems that on great occasions, "the leopard can change its spots."



PLEASANT !

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL, IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THREW A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE; AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT (JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THREW DOWN THIS WERRY OSS, IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE!"

MAGISTRATES IN CHANCERY.

No one seems to be safe from the fangs of Chancery, which pounces on every age and every station; seizes on the infant in the cradle, and has lately laid its clutches upon a pair of astounded Magistrates. Among the proceedings at Bow Street, the other day, was an account of some lawyers' clerk having dropped in to make the worthy occupants of the Bench the parties to a suit, simply because some money had been left to the poor-box out of an estate which it had pleased the lawyers to throw into Chancery. It is really frightful that a ten-pound note cannot be received for the use of the poor of the district, without involving those entrusted with the application of it in a suit in Chancery. The Magistrates may well feel a horror at any one approaching them with a charitable contribution, lest they may find themselves some morning the parties to a suit, and may learn the bitter fact, that somebody has filed a bill, involving, of course, a succession of other bills of the usual exorbitant character.

If this sort of thing is to be tolerated, a lawyer may, with *malice prepense*, cause a five-pound note to be placed in the hands of any respectable individual, under some paltry pretext, with the ulterior view of making him a party to a suit in Chancery. If a lawyer were to offer us a present of any sum of money, we would shun him and his bait, with the cry of

— "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

According to the report we have read, the Magistrates expressed, very naturally, their surprise and indignation at being "taken in" as parties to a matter in which they have not a particle of interest. The lawyer's clerk endeavoured to appease their Worships by the remark, that the costs would probably be paid "out of the estate;" as if an estate was nothing more nor less than a fund, out of which lawyers' bills are payable. It would be a wholesome provision, if it could be enforced, that wherever a suit is undertaken, which is of no benefit to any but the lawyers, the lawyers should be made to pay for their own fun out of their own pockets.

THE DERBY "INSIDES."

At the late North Essex Election, MR. C. G. ROUND, in proposing MR. BERESFORD, made a speech, wherein, among other facetious remarks, he said—

"They remembered the joke of 'the Derby dilly with its six insides,' but the Derby dilly now carried more than six inside; it was full both inside and out (Cheers and laughter). The coach was well horsed; the owner of the coach drove it himself, and he was sure they all wished him 'God speed,' (Cheers)."

MR. ROUND and the farmers of North Essex should reflect that the DERBY dilly will not do at all now-a-days. The old coach, however well horsed and well driven, is not fast enough for these times; too slow: or as we may say, dilly-tory. We must have the DERBY Express Train, if we are to go by the DERBY anything. To satisfy us, DERBY must get his steam up, and comply with the requisition of progress.

As to "insides," DERBY has many more than six to carry. He has some twenty millions and upwards: and said insides will never stomach DERBY if he attempts to humbug them with the little loaf.

A Monument for the Man of Pills.

The grateful admirers of MORISON, the Hygeist, are called upon by advertisement in the papers to subscribe towards a monument to the memory of the great pill-compiler. We think that a simple slab of stone erected in the churchyard fullest of the Doctor's late patients would be sufficient, with the well-known words: "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice!*"

MINISTERIAL ORIGINALITY.

It is the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that, if the present Ministers are to remain in office, their policy must be a continuation of that of the Free Trade Cabinet. But they will do somewhat more than imitate their predecessors if they will also take off the Income-tax.

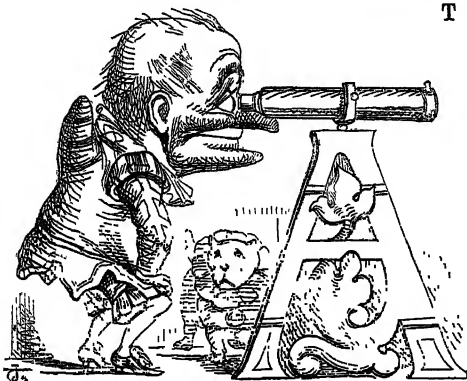


UP GOES THE QUARTERN LOAF.

Derby. "Now, GENTS, GIVE US ONLY A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT—SAY A FIVE SHILLING DUTY—AND
'UP' GOES THE QUARTERN LOAF!"

PENAL STATUES.

To the Memory of Monopolists, and other Great National Malefactors.



THIS time, when so considerable a party is seeking to reimpose the tax upon food, it is seasonable to remark, that there exist very insufficient means for handing down to posterity men who have deserved ill of their country. History does very inadequate justice to those statesmen and politicians whose whole lives have been spent

in opposing all wise and good legislation. Sculpture is at present a one-sided art: it transmits to future generations the heroes, lawgivers, philosophers, poets, moralists, and warriors of the past; but it creates no memorials of the numerous individuals who have distinguished themselves as flunkies, obstructives, blockheads, dunces, rogues, and poltroons.

Now, Sculpture should not be subservient to mere image-worship; it should fashion the scarecrow as well as the idol. Accordingly, as there is a Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, there ought to be a Knaves' Corner in Newgate, and a Fools' Corner at Bedlam; and the statues of persons who have in any eminent degree earned—by baseness, dishonesty, folly, dulness, bigotry, cowardice, or other despicable qualities—public odium and contempt, should be set up in HER MAJESTY'S various gaols, bridewells, and houses of correction, throughout the country.

It is a pity that no such monuments have been erected; for instance, in dishonour of the antagonists of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,—of Reform in Parliament,—of the abolition of Flogging in the Army,—of the mitigation of the Insolvency Laws and the Criminal Code,—of Unsectarian Education,—and, in general, of Civil and Religious Liberty.

The chisel has hitherto been devoted too exclusively to the sublime and beautiful; but is equally available for the absurd and the ridiculous: and the statues of ignoble and execrable characters would be caricatures in stone, and would answer the proper purpose of all caricatures; namely, to bring baseness, villany, bigotry, folly, selfishness, and hypocrisy, into contempt: with this advantage, that instead of being ephemeral, they would be perennial; so that scorn might point the finger at them throughout all ages, for an eternal warning to our descendants.

The statues of fellows renowned for their impudence might be executed in brass; those of celebrated bigots in stubborn granite; and similar analogies might be carried out in other instances.

A Temple of Ignominy might be built on purpose to contain the testimonials of an indignant nation to its Meanest and Worst. The mediæval style would be preferable for such an edifice; both because it belongs to the bad old times, which the opponents of light and advancement wish to return to; and also, because it affords a variety of niches for the figures of those that deserve to be placed in them: and likewise admits of copious embellishment with corbels; for which ornaments the heads of dilatory, anti-reform LORD CHANCELLORS, and cantankerous or covetous bishops, would be very suitable.

Some of our actually existing monuments of eminent characters would be perfectly fit to be transferred to the Temple of Ignominy without alteration, being already quite ridiculous enough, and representing monarchs and other personages of rank, chiefly remarkable for depravity and stupidity.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a rusty saw, ancient, but not venerable, nor even respectable. It bespeaks the character of a man who is conscious of deserving to be ill-spoken of, and the understanding of one who imagines that, after his decease, it can be of any consequence to him if he is. By pillorying an evil memory, you admonish the living without hurting the dead.

GUY FAWKES, at present, is the only delinquent whose ill-fame is perpetuated by an effigy.

Let us hope that no noblemen or gentlemen, by conspiring to restore the bread-tax, will qualify themselves for a similar immortality.

GOING GREAT LENGTHS.

THE longest American yarn upon record is the mile-and-a-half of rope which CAPTAIN SEABURY let the Sea-Serpent out with.

THE ROEBUCK AND COPPOCK CONTROVERSY.

THE public will, no doubt, remember the indignant repudiation of MR. COPPOCK, the Whig electioneering agent, by MR. ROEBUCK, the Member for Bath, who prides himself, very properly, upon paying "nothing to nobody" for a seat in Parliament. The Honourable Member, in the length of his career, and the shortness of his memory, had forgotten the receipt of £300, through the hands of MR. COPPOCK, for some necessary election expenses; but with his characteristic candour, he avows the lapse he made, the moment it was pointed out to him. This prelude will explain the purpose of the following melody, supposed to have been "knocked off" by the Honourable Member for Sheffield, in reference to the great—or little—COPPOCK controversy, which has lately occupied the columns of the newspapers.

AIR—"Oh! no, we never mention him."

Oh! no, I never mention him,
His name is never heard;
I quite forgot the money, though;
I did, upon my word.
From Club to Club they hurry me,
To join some festive set;
And though I dine at the Reform,
The fact I do forget.

They bid me recollect the cash
That COPPOCK paid to me:
They say my speech was rather rash;
But what is that to me?
'Tis true that I no longer need
The aid of such a set;
And when I've had all that I sought,
Of course I may forget.

They tell me I'm confuted now,
Or was the other day;
They hint I was mistaken—but
I heed not what they say;
Perchance 'tis hard to struggle with
A fact that can't be met;
But those who talk as I have talked,
Must now and then forget.

Hurrah for the Road!

A PARLIAMENTARY Return, recently published, shows that in England and Wales the receipts on account of highways in counties in the year ending March 25, 1850, amounted to the rather considerable sum of £1,040,645. 18s. 3d.

We are very much afraid that though we have no downright DICK TURPINS and JACK SHEPPARDS nowadays, we have not yet exactly put a stop to highway robbery.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE Protectionists are very anxiously asking, what 'the Ministers mean to do. We can give an answer. They mean to do the country if they can; and if not, they will do the Protectionists.

Striking Hard.

THE *Observer* says, that in consequence of the Engineers' strike, 20,000 men have been out of work since the 10th of January, and calculates the amount of wages lost by them up to the present time, at £175,000, besides £2000 spent by the trade societies in maintaining the strike. Will the strikers persevere in striking so hard as this, seeing with how much force they strike themselves?

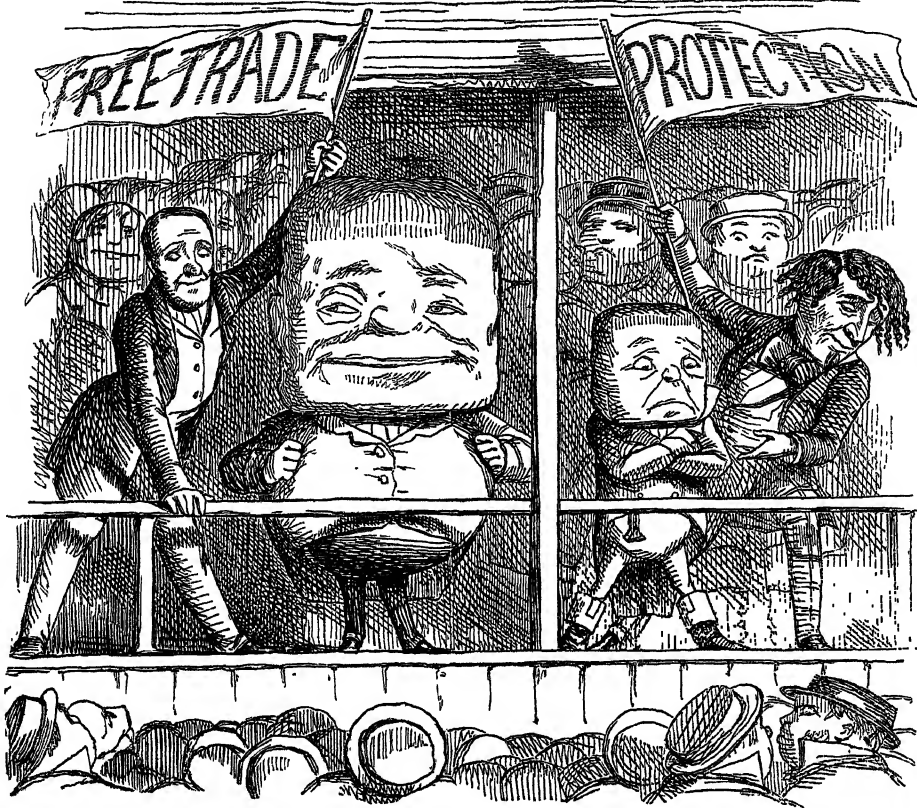
A BLACK JOB.

If it should turn out that MR. DISRAELI means positively to propose a tax on fuel, he may be sure that in curtailing the public of their coals, he will very speedily get the sack.

Cries for the Country Party.

Two mottoes are to be inscribed on the Protectionist banner; viz.—
Rally round the Crown, = 5s.!
Remember your Duty, = Do.!!

ONE WAY OF EFFECTING SILENCE.—The French Senators are not to talk. LOUIS NAPOLEON has taken very good care of this, for he has given them a Constitution not worth talking about.



ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT WAS FOUND INSIDE THE AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.

THE papers make mention of the contents of the American Sea-Serpent, when its stomach was cut open. We were sadly disappointed with the poverty of the Catalogue. The principal article in it seems to have been "a squid,"—whatever that may be. We have seen many wonderful things in our lifetime, but we never recollect seeing a "squid." We suppose it must be one of the numerous (s)quididities to which the American Sea-Serpent, in its extraordinary career, has given birth.

But we are confident there must have been some terrible omissions in the Catalogue. When we think of the capacity of its swallow—and of the capacity of the public's swallow, also, with regard to it—we are sure there must have been inside the American Sea-Serpent something more than a mere "squid." If not, a great opportunity has been lost in the way of invention, and we hasten to supply the list of the articles that were, or ought to have been, found inside "its stomach."

The Disappearance of the Falls of Niagara;—an authentic account of that wonderful freak of nature, as related in the American papers several years ago.

The Certificate of birth of WASHINGTON's black nurse, and a mug belonging to the same, with the inscription, "A trifle from Brighton." (These have been bought for 20,000 dollars by MR. BARNUM).

A hearthrug made from the wool that was shorn from the celebrated "Woolly Horse." (This has likewise been purchased, at an enormous sacrifice, by MR. BARNUM).

The Whip with which America flogs all creation, and the American Flag, showing the "Stripes" that were received from it.

A Pennsylvania Bond, with "Paid" at the bottom.

A New Orleans Paper, without an advertisement of a runaway Slave in it.

The Ruler with which Britannia ruled the waves, before she was beaten last year at Cowes by the Yankee yacht, *America*.

Portraits of the 250,000 British ladies that were kissed by GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Cheque-books of the American Publishers, who have ruined themselves with the enormous sums of money they have given to English authors for their works.—*Very curious.*

THE (MILK) PALE OF SOCIETY.

SOMEBODY advertises a new machine, called a "Milk-tester," to test the genuineness of milk. Where is the milk-sop who would torture himself unnecessarily by the use of a machine which would only confirm his worst suspicions? Who wants to test the veracity of that chalky article, which we all know to be one of the most universal of white lies that was ever palmed upon society? In matters of milk, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." If every one could test the stuff that is placed daily on his breakfast table, his own blood would turn into curds, or run cold with ice-cream. Talk of a "good glass of wine" as a thing difficult of attainment! it is easy in comparison to the almost utter impossibility of procuring in London a genuine glass of milk. How hopeless, then, the process of testing the treacherous compound! Far better to swallow it with all its faults, than attempt to dive too deeply into its mysteries; for there is scarcely a pint of milk in London that would even bear to have its surface skimmed.

Bonaparte's Next Coup.

PERSONS in a state of mesmeric somnambulism are said to be sometimes able to see through walls, and to relate what is occurring at any distance. If LOUIS NAPOLEON does not take care, the discussions of his Senate and Legislative Assembly will transpire in their actuality, notwithstanding his precautions to prevent the truth of them from being got at: and we confidently expect that his next edict will be a decree against clairvoyance. ..

The Green Spectacles which the clever Dairyman put on his cows when he turned them into a chalk-pit, to persuade them they were eating grass.

The colour of the Gentleman's Money, who was so tarnation sharp, that his shadow even cut thin bread and butter.

Portrait of the fast young New Yorker who, when called upon to pay the debt of nature, proposed to do it one half in dry goods, the other half in bills.

But this is quite enough to prove the number of things and people the American Sea-Serpent has taken in ever since it has been running through the seas, and the columns of the American newspapers.

Not to be Wondered at!

In the *Times* of the 10th inst., we read an advertisement commencing, somewhat naively, thus—

TO BE SOLD. The Artist of the Panorama now Exhibiting, &c.

We were quite prepared for this. There has really been such a perfect glut of Panoramas of late, that it has long seemed questionable to us if more than one in a hundred could be reasonably expected to pay. And we are, therefore, not at all surprised to find the disappointed Artist of one of them thus candidly admitting himself to be "Sold."

A DESPERATE THROW.

THE Protectionists are naturally anxious to postpone, as long as they can, the process of throwing themselves upon the country; for they know perfectly well that the country will throw them off again immediately.

In the Name of Charity.

PERHAPS it is wrong to be hard upon the DISRAELI Ministry; for we should recollect the legal maxim, which charitably tells us, "No Ministry is responsible for its acts, until it has attained its Majority!"

THE HEIGHT OF 'CUTENESS.—A Yankee Jew attorney, of Scotch parentage.

THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.



WITH great pleasure the DIRECTOR of the NEW PALACE THEATRE, WESTMINSTER, respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy, that the performances at this establishment have recommenced, under new management.

Considerable improvements have recently been made in the building itself; a new Royal Entrance has been constructed; a spacious *salon*, entitled "St. Stephen's Hall," has been opened for loungers, a commodious Royal Gallery has been erected, and refreshment stalls have been placed in the lobbies.

The Red Boxes, upon which so much indignation has been expended, have been removed, and, by way of

assimilation to the system which has been adopted in remodelling the Company, Green Ones have been introduced.

The Company has been completely re-organised. The principal leading characters will in future be sustained by MR. RUPERT DILLY (the Director), and MR. POPANILLA DIZZY (the celebrated delineator of Mosaic-Arab characters); but, in addition to MESSRS. DILLY and DIZZY, some valuable engagements, chiefly of Provincial notoriety, have been effected. In Walking Gentlemen the *corps* will be found exceedingly strong; and in compliance with a "generally expressed and clearly understood popular demand," each member of the company will walk as speedily as possible.

The Director has been anxious to avoid the *rococo* formality of an address, stating intentions, but will mention that the new repertoire of his company will be calculated to give no offence in any quarter. The old farce of *Protection* has certainly been some time in preparation, and has been a good deal "written up," but it will not be brought forward this season, or indeed at all, except under the new title of *Lend me Five Shillings*.

Our *National Defences* will be among the earliest novelties, and no expense will be spared thereupon. MESSRS. DILLY and DIZZY propose to introduce the remainder of the company as *Our Clerks*. MR. PAKINGTON will make his appearance as the *Country Squire*, and also (with MR. MALMSBURY) in *Fish out of Water*; MR. MANNERS will appear in *Young England*, and MR. NAAS will make his bow as *Backbite* in the *School for Scandal*.

The comic entertainment of *Dublin Castle* will be revived for MR. EGLINTOUN, and the splendid real armour will be introduced, as worn at the Scottish Tournament.

The ballet department will be under the skilful and experienced direction of MR. LONSDALE.

The firework department will be solely entrusted to MR. DIZZY, whose displays in that line have already given so much satisfaction. MR. WALPOLE will, however, assist him with some Roman Candles, from the celebrated manufactory of PROFESSOR PUSEY, in which MR. W. is a partner.

The Order system will be revised, and orders will be given away only to Members of the Aristocracy. The privilege of the Public Press will be retrenched as far as is expedient; the Director being anxious to save all annoyance to his patrons. Places will be kept as long as possible.

Any applications as to bills, to be addressed to the Director only. It is hoped that no person will expose the bills of this company. Seats may be obtained by private application at the Carlton Club. Stalls (by clergymen, on proof of electioneering utility,) may be heard of at the Chancellor's Arms, St. Leonard's on See. Divisions will be gladly got rid of, should a party be desirous of coming to support any particular representation by the company.

The theatre has been decorated by MR. BARRY in mediæval style, appropriate to the intended efforts of the Director, and DR. REID has promised him his best co-operation in blowing hot and cold.

IN REHEARSAL. A farce, entitled *The Budget*. An extravaganza, named *Mind my Corn*, and a concluding *pièce de circonstance* called *Out with Them or A Good Riddance*.

Vivant Regina et Princeps.

No Money returned (if voted).

Murder will (shortly) Out!

A BIOGRAPHICAL periodical announces, as the title of one of its principal articles, "LORD PALMERSTON concluded." It is an old story, to talk of a writer attempting an individual's life: but poor LORD PALMERSTON seems to have been treated with unusual cruelty; for, his "conclusion" being advertised, we presume that the attempter of his life has actually made an end of him.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

TUNE—"Giles Scroggins's Ghost."

(THE SERPENT'S HEAD IS SUPPOSED TO SING.)

BEHOLD! good people, here I am;
Time out of mind, you've heard of me;
But always counted me a Sham—
A mere chimæra of the sea.
By Phantasm Captains oft I've pass'd,
Careering o'er the briny vast;
However, I've been caught at last,
As sure as e'er was any flea.

Who this exploit was to achieve,
Possibly may have been foreknown;
The hero could be, you'll believe,
A bold American alone.
That mighty nation, which is said
In everything to go a-head,
May boast of having kill'd me dead—
Aye, as dead as any stone.

CHARLES SEABURY, master of the ship
Monongahela, southward bound—
A vessel on a whaling trip—
Will for my capture be renown'd;
On January's thirteenth day,
In the Pacific as I lay,
All unsuspectingly at play,
'Mid the billows, I was found.

I, lying quietly afloat, §
Little aware what foes were near;
They stole up to me in a boat,
And darted into me a spear:
At first I knew it not; but soon
Became aware of that harpoon
Lodged in me by the Yankee loon,
And felt considerably queer.

The Captain, as he made his lunge,
I had knock'd overboard outright:
Three of the crew did also plunge
Into the sea for very fright.
This, at the time I did not know,
But dived into the deep below—
About a mile and an eighth, or so;
Very nearly, if not quite, §

Of course I took that length of rope
Down, down beneath the ocean wave:
You'll think I had a liberal scope;
But, ah! my bacon 't wouldn't save.
All faint with loss of blood and pain,
Seeking the surface of the main,
They came and poked at me again:
How very cruel to behave!

They fancied they had kill'd me "slick,"
Seeing me all so quiet lie;
When dying, I began to kick;
Which caused them speedily to fly; §
And then, at a safe distance, those
Tarnation loafers, I suppose,
Look'd on, and view'd my mortal throes:
At last I did in earnest die.

They measured me; and vow'd by Heaven!
By GENERAL WASHINGTON! they swore
I was a hundred and three feet seven, §
By full forty-nine feet four!
With ninety-four teeth in my jaws,
And all as sharp as any saw's;
I likewise had a sort of paws—
All which I never knew before. §

They've saved my head, my bones and skin,
Which MR. BARNUM, of course, will show,
Who never takes the public in,
As all the universe must know.
But though my skin with spears be drill'd,
And after that with wadding fill'd,
I calculate I'm "scotch'd, not kill'd,"
As, peradventure, time will show.



FOX STEALS AWAY FROM THE COVER; BEARDED FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE.

Whipper-in (with excitement, loquitar). "OLD 'ARD, THERE! 'OLD 'ARD! WHERE ARE YOU A-GALLOPING TO? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN CATCH A FOX?"

Foreigner of Distinction (with great glee). "I DO NOT KNOW, MON AMI; BUT I VILL TRAI—I VILL TRAI."

THE ART OF EGG-THROWING.

As there is every probability of a general election, there will shortly be a sudden rise in the price of eggs. Parties, therefore, who wish to be well supplied with the savoury missiles of electioneering warfare, cannot be recommended too strongly to give their orders directly. The delay of every day may make the difference of a penny a dozen, a great consideration in the case of an election being severely contested.

In Westminster, for instance, the most lively preparations have been making for some time. One candidate, who has determined to spare no expense, has engaged the services of those intrepid officers, who distinguished themselves in such an eggsemplary manner last year at Epsom. They are to be provided with a separate booth, unlimited champagne and eau-de-Cologne, and as many eggs as they can throw—and all free of expense. It is expected that no opposition will be strong enough to stand against such an attack. What makes the danger still more to be dreaded is the awful fact that this devoted band, whose aim in egg-throwing is so unerring that some of the most practised shots have been known to hit a man's eye at sixty yards distance, will be supplied with a few of the eggs of the wingless bird of Madagascar! When we mention that *one of the eggs of this monster bird is equal to 148 of our common hen's eggs*, we shall give a small notion of the alarm that exists in the breasts of the electors of Westminster. He must be a bold patriot indeed who will expose himself to the fire of 148 eggs, by venturing to vote in the teeth of such a battery, with the shells flying about him in all directions. We are afraid that not a soul, excepting **BARON NATHAN**, who bears a charmed life against eggs, will have the pluck to go near the hustings! unless, perchance, some unhappy yokel should get between two cross fires, and so be egged on from both sides to record his vote either in favour of one or the other.

A HISTORY OF ROME.—First a camp; then a forum; then a palace; then a church; now a ruin.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

TRIFLE.

Air—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE's not in the wide world so tempting a sweet
As that Trifle where custard and macaroons meet;
Oh! the latest sweet tooth from my head must depart
Ere the taste of that Trifle shall win not my heart.

Yet it is not the sugar that's thrown in between,
Nor the peel of the lemon so candied and green;
'Tis not the rich cream that's whipp'd up by a mill:
Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that nice macaroons in the dish I have laid,
Of which a delicious foundation is made;
And you 'll find how the last will in flavour improve,
When soak'd with the wine that you pour in above.

Sweet *plateau* of Trifle! how great is my zest
For thee, when spread o'er with the jam I love best;
When the cream white of eggs—to be over thee thrown,
With a whisk kept on purpose—is mingled in one!

Paradoxes of the Exchequer.

THE revenue derived from taxes on knowledge is small, which seems a satire on the country: but as the imposts in themselves are heavy, the joke may rather be said to be against the Government; and yet, unfortunately at the expense of the people.

SHAKY.—What must be the state of the Protectionist Members in the House, when the head is Dizzy?



DELICATE!

'Bus Conductor.—"WOULD ANY LADY BE SO KIND AS TO RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN?"

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

STEWED STEAK.

AIR—"Had I a Heart for Falschood Framed."

HAD I a pound of tender Steak,
I'd use it for a stew;
And if the dish you would partake,
I'll tell you what to do.
Into a stew-pan, clean and neat,
Some butter should be flung;
And with it stew your pound of meat,
A tender piece—but young.

And when you find the juice express'd
By culinary art,
To draw the gravy off, were best,
And let it stand apart.
Then, lady, if you'd have a treat,
Be sure you can't be wrong
To put more butter to your meat,
Nor let it stew too long.

And when the Steak is nicely done,
To take it off, were best;
And gently let it fry alone,
Without the sauce or zest.
Then add the gravy—with of wine
A spoonful in it flung;
And a shalot cut very fine:
Let the shalot be young.

And when the whole has been combined,
More stewing 't will require;
Ten minutes will suffice—but mind,
Don't have too quick a fire.
Then serve it up—'t will form a treat!
Nor fear you've cook'd it wrong;
Gourmets in all the old 't will meet,
And *gourmands* in the young.

NICKNAME FOR THE PRESENT MINISTRY.—The present Ministry is so full of Lords and Noble Protectionists, that it has been christened the "HIGH BRE(A)D MINISTRY."

TEETOTAL ORGIES.

WE have to thank the Editor of the *Band of Hope Review* for sending us some numbers of that periodical—we presume with the object of inducing us to reconsider our remarks on the ridiculous exhibition lately made of themselves by certain children, small and great, belonging to a Total Abstinence Society of the same name as his publication. We still, however, retain the opinion, that to shout for Temperance in the streets, is not the way to promote that virtue; and that no advantage to the cause of sobriety can accrue from a number of little boys and girls voting an affected and artificial address to the PRINCE OF WALES, to tell him how good they mean to be, and indirectly to invite him to turn Teetotaler. Let our abstemious contemporaries observe that we do not reprehend these and such-like proceedings, out of opposition to the Temperance movement; on the contrary, we object to them on the very ground that they impede it, by bringing it into contempt. Indeed, we consider that it is we who discourage drunkenness, in caricaturing it; whereas Bands of Hope and other Teetotalers, who run about playing the fool, do just the reverse, inasmuch as their conduct tends to expose sobriety itself to derision. It is true that we demur both to the principle and practice of entire abstinence from fermented liquors, believing them to form no exception to the rule that prescribes moderation in all things. If we are to abstain from everything that is capable of being abused, there is nothing we must not abstain from. Corn, wine, and oil are each good; abstain from wine, and why not from oil and corn, and renounce bread itself, and eat salad raw? or, rather, don't eat it at all, for you may commit excess in grazing:—starve and die.

Yet we respect even the absolute repudiation of fermented drink in certain cases. It is better to be a teetotaler than a sot: if you must—as the *Band of Hope Review* seems to inculcate—be either one or the other. DR. JOHNSON, finding himself unable to be moderate, renounced exhilarating liquors altogether; praiseworthy. His example, doubtless, has done some good: how much would it have done if he had instigated BOSWELL, not only to follow it, but to perambulate Fleet Street and the Strand arm-in arm with him, both wearing wreaths of water-cresses round their hats, and water-lilies in their button-holes, with a

rabble of boys at their heels carrying flags, and also decorated with aquatic plants: the whole troop of water-drinkers in the meanwhile uttering frantic cries, after the manner of a procession of Bacchanals? Carry out the idea of a Band of Hope parade, and you might, indeed, have an anti-Bacchic procession; and FATHER MATHEW, or our friend and contemporary himself, astride a water-but, might figure in it as Anti-SILENTUS. The only objection to such a display is, that it is the state of intoxication, rather than the cause of it, that is wrong; and that, if enthusiasm will produce all the effects of ardent spirits, it is as bad to indulge in the former as to tipple the latter.

Gluttony is as great, if not as ruinous, a vice as drunkenness: it is even more particularly bestial, as being specifically piggish. Now imagine a set of people who had pledged themselves to low diet, assembling in front of the Mansion House, and shouting "Gruel for Ever!" and "Hooray for Dry Toast!" Would such behaviour cause a single alderman to consume one gallon of turtle-soup the less? Would it tend in the least to the diminution of civic voracity?

If it is commendable and expedient to cry Temperance, like mackerel, why not the other virtues also? Why should not Bands of Charity and Faith as well as Hope—Bands of every Branch of Morals—go about, vociferating their zeal each for its peculiar walk in the paths of rectitude? carrying banners, embroidered with their favourite maxims, and hallooing, "Hey for Brotherly Love!" "Three Cheers for Genuine Religion!" "Justice, Truth, and No Mistake!" "Patience and Humility—Nine Times Nine!" "No Roguery!" "Away with Envy, Hatred, and Malice!" "Down with All Uncharitableness!" and so on. Wherefore is sobriety alone, of all the soul's graces, to be preached by a hullabaloo?

The patrons of the "Band of Hope" very probably mean well in some measure; but in as far as their intention is to cause the disuse of inebriating drinks, they will in vain seek to accomplish it by puerile demonstrations; which, indeed, are rather likely to impel some persons to drink, out of bravado and contempt. They may here and there convert a drunken cobbler—or rather turn his brain, previously addled, and transform his *delirium tremens* to their own frenzy; but they will disgust and repel every masculine toper. EBENEZER STYLES will be of their disciples, but not MYNHEER VAN DUNK, or TOBY PHILPOTTS, or SQUIRE BEESWING, or the venerable DR. TWENTYFOUR.

It is for them seriously to consider whether they do not do more harm than good. Much mischief is wrought by MR. STIGGINS through his mixing up his straight hair and grimaces with sacred things. People get to laugh at the whole idea of STIGGINS existing in their minds, sacred things inclusive. The sacred things should be separated from the grimaces and straight hair; and thus, be it clearly understood, do we separate Temperance from intemperate display. Nay, we even commend Teetotalism itself—to the weak-headed. Accordingly, we sincerely hope that the members of the Band of Hope will stick to the pledge. Inebriety is a condition of mind and nervous system that may be produced by other causes besides alcohol: vanity, to wit, and conceit. People who run bellowing and bawling along the Queen's highway, without reasonable provocation, are quite tipsy enough without touching anything stronger than water.



THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

Young Hopeful Teetotaller. "GO AWAY, NURSE! I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN TO DESSERT, AND HAVE ANY NASTY WINE! I WANT TO STOP UP STAIRS, AND PLAY WITH MY NEW PUMP!"

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

AN interesting sale of Autographs has recently taken place in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The principal purchasers are eminent dealers in butter, trunks, and crockery; and the competition was very spirited. One of them was kind enough to jot down a few of the prices upon the head of a cask, which served him for a seat during the sale, and which, under the new postal regulations in favour of literature, we have returned to him by post. We subjoin a selection.

A letter of MR. JOHN SMITH, without date, but addressed to MR. THOMAS BROWN, saying that he was going to call on MR. WILLIAM JONES (possibly SIR WILLIAM, when young), *0l. Os. 0½d.* A letter from the lessee (anonymous) of Vauxhall, in 1802, informing MR. ROBINSON, of Lambeth, that he was on the free list, *0l. Os. 0½d.* A printed letter from the Postmaster-General (1824), acknowledging MR. WIGGINS's complaint that he had lost eleven money-letters, and promising that inquiry should be made. A M.S. note on the back, in MR. W.'s hand—"All I ever heard of it." This fetched a penny. A forged order on the Coburg Pit (1829), which had been refused, with a memorandum on the back that "this might have been a joke of THEODORE HOOK's, as that eminent wag was living at the time," brought three-halfpence. The cover of an Eton Latin Grammar, with "P. A. J." written inside, and which was therefore conjectured to have been GEORGE CANNING's (as he was at Eton), and to refer to the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," was bought in. The (supposed) original M.S. of the celebrated epitaph, "Afflictions sore long time I bore," &c., in a strong hand, and "D. S." below it (perhaps DEAN SWIFT), fetched one-halfpenny. A copy-book, one cover torn off, with "Bounty Commands Esteem," in the first page, rest blank, brought twopence. A frank, written by BARON NATHAN, under the impression that he was a Peer of the Realm, sixpence, understood to have been bought by the Rosherville Egg Club. Author's M.S. copy of a letter of nineteen pages, addressed by MR. JOHN TOMKINS to the *Times* newspaper, complaining that he had been insulted by the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade (the letter does not appear to have been inserted by that journal), thick paper, twopence. A note from MISS L. LEVATION, *dansense* at the Opera, to her washerwoman, promising an instalment on Saturday, and requesting "tites, immejately," one penny. A coloured portrait of MR. N. T. HICKS, as the *Brigand of the Gorge*, with an autograph note in a female hand, "Not arf ansum enough for im," twopence. A letter from the Clerk of the Works at the,

building of Hoxton Poorhouse, dismissing an Irish hodman for insubordination under the influence of beer, a penny-farthing. An Album, containing cuttings from pocket-books, views of seats in the country, charades, and recipes for colds, blackleading stoves, and pickles, was bid hard for, and finally knocked down to the lady of an hotel-keeper, for eighteen-pence. A good many blue books; some political pamphlets; the original M.S. of the Court Guide for 1783 (defective in the B.s and P.s); the original M.S. of the *Dying Gladiator*, a Tragedy, by a syncretic Author; the French Constitution, and ———'s Magazine (from the commencement), were disposed of at threepence per lb. We regret that the British Museum was unrepresented at this sale, but it is just what might be expected.

THE FRESHMAN'S PROGRESS.

Air—"She wore a Wreath of Roses."

HE wore a pair of Bluchers
The Term he first came here;
Was mostly seen in cap and gown,
And drank no bitter beer;
He took his daily walk alone,
From two to four—if fine;
Return'd to chapel and to hall,
And never went to wine.
He gave me tea with marmalade
(His rooms were next to mine);
I often found him reading hard,
And always in by nine.

A suit of stylish cut he wore
Before his "smalls" were past;
His supper-party afterwards
Was very very fast.
In "beaver," now, he roved "the High,"
In studs and châtelaïne;
Took airings with a fancy dog,
And with a fancy cane.
He often cut his lectures,
And voted books a bore;
Was famous for his skill at "Pool,"
And also as "an oar."

And once again I saw this youth,
When, spite of "cram" at last,
He heard from me the fatal news
Which told he had not pass'd;
He did not swear, or tear his hair,
But said, "I've been an ass;
I'll sport the oak for fear of duns,
And then we'll have some 'Bass.'"
I never saw him after,
But heard within the year,
That he had sail'd for Hobart Town,
To take a sheep-walk there.

St. Boniface, March, 1852.

Progress of Electro-Biology.

HUNGERFORD HALL, DOWNING STREET.—The EARL OF DERBY will—if adequately supported by the Starvation party in the country—commence a SERIES of wonderful and amusing EXPERIMENTS on persons in a perfectly wakeful state.

NO POP-ERY AT OXFORD.

THE formation of a Rifle Club at Oxford, it appears, has been prohibited by the University authorities, on the ground of a statute, "*De Bombardis et Arcubalistis non gestandis*. And yet these College Dons pretend to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

PROTECTIONIST TOPOGRAPHY.

THE Protectionists are trying all they can to get Bread Street removed from Cheapside.

THE SIBTHORPS OF ENGLAND.



Our country is as proud of COLONEL SIBTHORP as the Egyptians are proud of their Great Pyramid; and for the like reasons—his grandeur and his unchangeableness. The COLONEL has addressed the green men of Lincoln, that is the men of Lincoln green, as a future candidate:—

"I may be permitted to feel some honest pride in advertising to a former representation of your ancient city by one of that family as far back as the year 1714, and subsequently by other members of it at different periods, on one firm, unchanged principle."

The SIBTHORPS never change; or, at most, are the very last to yield to the spirit of progress.

It is now known, that the ancient Briton who was the last to eschew paint and go into a modern suit of rabbit-skins, was a SIBTHORP.

"EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A JUDGE."

SUCH is the title—given by the newspapers—to the very summary conduct of MR. JUSTICE MAULE in the Crown Court of Lincoln. The Court was villainously ventilated—the Judge felt himself in an air-pump. He ordered all the windows to be "immediately opened." This could not be done; it required two or three minutes for a man to reach the top of the building wherefrom the windows could be opened. "Break the windows!" cried the Judge, impatient of suffocation; "smash every glass!" and the windows were summarily broken, and the panes instantly smashed, the pieces falling into the Court, "on the heads of the people below."

This is called very "extraordinary conduct of a Judge;" and yet to the mind of *Punch* it bears an instructive moral. Only think, if a MAULE, years ago, had sat upon the Woolsack; imagine him in that air-pump—the Court of Chancery. See him gasping, suffocating, pent-up by delaying, shifting forms, and hear him cry (and exult when hearing him shout)—"Smash all the windows!—break all the panes! that the pure breath of heaven may pass current here, sweetening this black-hole of foulness and abomination."

MRS. BAKER'S PET.

THE PET, AFTER EXCITING A REVOLT IN THE BULBERRY HOUSEHOLD, SIGNALISES HIS LAST DAY AT "THE MYRTLES" BY A GENERAL MASSACRE, THANKS TO WHICH POOR MRS. BAKER LEAVES HER FRIENDS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF UNIVERSAL EXECRATION.

SCENE 10.—*The Breakfast Room at "The Myrtles," the BULBERRY Family in conclave.*

Mrs. Bulberry. Well, my dears, you may say what you like; but in a woman of MRS. BAKER's age it's ridiculous. The nuisance that dog is to everybody! I'm sure we've had no peace in the house since he's been here.

Miss Tapps. I hope, my dears, it will be a warning to you on the subject of Pets.

Enter MISS JANE BULBERRY.

Miss Jane Bulberry. Oh! Mamma, here's THOMSON wishes to speak to you.

Mrs. Bulberry. Oh! come in, THOMSON.

Enter THOMSON, the Gardener.

Mrs. Bulberry. Well, THOMSON, what is it?

[THOMSON has been educated in the Horticultural Society's Gardens, and has a decided preference for scientific nomenclature.]

Thomson. If you please, Ma'am, I've come to give warning.

Mrs. Bulberry. Good gracious! THOMSON—what for?

Thomson. It ain't the place, Ma'am—which I'm perfectly satisfied, and 'ave pleasure in the garden, Ma'am, and I 'ope 'ave done myself credit; but I never yet have staid in a fam'ly where dogs was kept, and never intend to, Ma'am—

Mrs. Bulberry. Well—but, THOMSON, we have no dogs.

Thomson. No, Ma'am; but visitors' dogs, Ma'am, is just as bad. It's MRS. BAKER's dog as I complain on, which—'aving a pleasure in my garden—I can't abide it any longer.

Mrs. Bulberry. But what has he been doing, THOMSON?

Thomson. Well, Ma'am, it ain't possible to say what he's been a-doing; but what is the use of me introducing my pots of desirable flowerin' plants for the early blooms, if that there dog is to 'ave the run of the 'othouse? There's two more pots of 'ypericum knocked over this morning, Ma'am, and three roots of Ornithog'lum missing, which I believe he's ate 'em, Ma'am; and a Fritellary, which I made sure of a prize, all gnawed to pieces; and he's scratched up all the *Browallias*, and the *Clarkia pulchillies*; and I don't expect as you'll see any *Gladiousses* this year, Ma'am. And there's my perennial seeds all mixed, as I'd sorted only yesterday; and he's knocked all the glasses off the *Persicarias*; and sowin' things in general is no manner of use, Ma'am—and it's treatment I've not been used to, Ma'am; so, if you please, I want to go—

Mrs. Bulberry. Now, really, THOMSON, I beg you'll not think of any thing of the kind. I'll speak to MRS. BAKER, and insist on her sending home that dog—

Thomson. Well, Ma'am, if he was once off the premises—but you'll allow it's an 'ard case for a man that feels for his plants.

Mrs. Bulberry. Certainly, THOMSON, certainly. I shall insist on his going.

Thomson. Very well, Ma'am, then I'm satisfied.

[THOMSON retires, much relieved.]

Enter EVANS, the Nursemaid, followed by JANE, the Housemaid, and SWANN, the Cook.

Evans. If you please, Ma'am, could we say a word to you, Ma'am?

Mrs. Bulberry. Certainly, EVANS.

Evans. Well, then, Ma'am, about that dog, Ma'am. I'm sure, Ma'am, I never grudges any trouble for the children, Ma'am; but with that dog always a-comin' into the nursery, and pawin' and gnawin' and barkin' about, I've no comfort of my life, a-thinkin' if they was bit, to that degree I've lost my rest—and the children encourages him, Ma'am.

Jane (the Housemaid). Yes, Ma'am—and where is the use of my puttin' on clean sheets, if that dog is to go touzling and tossin' on all the beds, and carryin' bones under the sofas, and a greasin' the carpets?

Swann (the Cook). Yes, Ma'am, and wittles isn't safe from him; only yesterday as ever was, if he didn't come right into my kitchen, and pull a sole as I'd just egged and crumbed clean off the dish on to the floor, and it's what I've not been used to; and if you please, Ma'am, my mind's made up, and I won't a-bear it any longer.

Jane (the Housemaid). No, Ma'am, no more won't EVANS and me, Ma'am.

Evans. Certingly not, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bulberry. Good gracious! we shan't be able to keep a servant in the house; but the dog's going to-day—that I'm determined upon, and I'll tell MRS. BAKER so, this minute.

Evans. Oh! if that nasty beast's a-going, Ma'am—

Swann. And a blessed riddance he will be!

Mrs. Bulberry. Yes; you may be perfectly easy about that.

Evans. Oh! very well, Ma'am; and I 'ope it's the last dog we shall ever see in this house—

[EVANS, the Housemaid, and Cook, retire, much relieved.]

Mrs. Bulberry. I declare it's not to be borne any longer. Do go up-stairs, JANE, and beg MRS. BAKER to step here.

Jane. Here she comes, Mamma—

Enter MRS. BAKER (cheerfully).

Mrs. Baker. Oh! my dears, have any of you seen SCAMP?

Mrs. Bulberry. Really, MRS. BAKER!—

Mrs. Baker. The poor fellow was in such spirits this morning, he wouldn't be kept in the house; and so—

Mrs. Bulberry (making up her mind). MRS. BAKER—I'm sure you'll excuse what I'm going to say.

Mrs. Baker (alarmed). My dear!

Mrs. Bulberry (boldly). It's quite out of the question that dog staying here any longer!

Mrs. Baker (not believing her ears). SCAMP?

Mrs. Bulberry. Yes; I've had all the servants giving warning, in consequence.

Mrs. Baker (blankly, and still incredulous of her ears). In consequence of SCAMP?

Mrs. Bulberry. Yes. THOMSON declares that he's positively ruined the garden; and EVANS is certain he'll bite the children; and JANE is quite tired of cleaning after him; and SWANN declares nothing is safe in the kitchen; and you remember our things: and, in short, he's a nuisance to everybody. And so—

Mrs. Baker (gradually recovering from her stupor). Oh, very well, MRS. BULBERRY! Certainly, Ma'am; as everybody has taken a spite at the poor dog—of course, I don't wish him to stay in the house another minute; but I hope you'll understand, Ma'am, that if he goes, I go too, Ma'am—and I must say—

[She pauses, overcomes by her emotions.]

Miss Jane Bulberry (deprecatingly). Well—but really—MRS. BAKER, I'm sure Mamma's very sorry; but he is very troublesome.

Mrs. Baker (with a deep conviction of the heartlessness of human beings generally). Oh, certainly! the poor dumb animal has nobody to

Speak for him, of course; but if ever there was a harmless, affectionate, faithful creature, that dog—

Enter EVANS, in consternation.

Evans. Oh, MRS. BULBERRY! Oh, Miss JANE! Oh, ladies! *Mrs. Bulberry.* For goodness' sake, don't look in that way, EVANS!—What is it?

Evans. Oh! Ma'am! do look what THOMSON's a-bringin' in!—It's that dog, Ma'am—he's murdered every one on 'em.
All. Murdered!

Enter THOMSON, with the mangled remains of the BULBERRY Pets—Rabbits, Guinea-pigs, Bantams, and all—followed by the Groom with SCAMP in custody.

Thomson (triumphantly). That dog's been and gone and done it now, Ma'am, I think!

Mrs. Bulberry (pointing to the victims). There, MRS. BAKER! what do you think of your precious Pet, now?

[*MRS. BAKER, overwhelmed, sinks into a chair. SCAMP wags his tail in a cheerful and innocent manner.—Scene closes.*]



AUSTRIAN REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

THERE is a *Spectator* published at Vienna—no doubt, from what follows, an impulsive, enthusiastic print, like unto our own *Spectator* of London; for the Austrian *Spectator* proposes a testimonial to the landlady at Bankside, who, in his hour of flight and trouble, harboured and comforted BARCLAY AND PERKINS's hunted HAYNAU:

"The *Spectator* dwells with much feeling [says the *Daily News*] upon the kind behaviour of the landlady, and suggests that Austrian patriotism should endow her with a neck-ornament, with the portrait of the Marshal in enamel, set with brilliants."

Beautiful is gratitude, no matter whence it comes, and how developed. With this belief, we would suggest a reconsideration of the means of rewarding the landlady. If she be a widow, and HAYNAU a widower, why not marry them, settling on the happy couple a thumping fortune? If other circumstances make it prudent that the landlady should still keep a hostelry, we would suggest the sign of "The HAYNAU's Head;" and further, that the portrait of the General be executed by Austrian artists, and framed in Austrian gold. Or, what would still be better, perhaps GENERAL HAYNAU would come to London to sit for his picture? Should he be inclined to do this, there is no doubt that our present Foreign Secretary would lend him a room for the purpose—the room with the repaired ceiling—at the Foreign Office.

The Church in Danger.

A PARAGRAPH in the papers informs us that several of the swell mob were present at a recent Confirmation held at the church in Newgate Street, by the BISHOP OF LONDON. We really can see no excuse for the conduct of these fellows, who could not have gone for the purpose of being confirmed, as the fact of their dishonest occupation shows them to have been already confirmed scoundrels.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

To be sung by BRITANNIA in the Character of an Unprotected Female.

WHY don't the men propose, dear *Punch*,
Why don't the men propose?
Each shirks all coming to the point,
And from the subject goes.
It is no fault of yours, dear *Punch*,
As every body knows;
You do your best to pin them down,
But yet they won't propose.

I'm sure they've powers at last, dear *Punch*,
Which long they tried to snatch;
Of coronets and great unknowns.
There's now a pretty batch.
I've hopes when some official man
Upon the hustings goes;
But though he with Protection flirts,
Alas! he won't propose.

Now what is to be done, dear *Punch*,
Oh! what is to be done?
There really is no time to lose;
The Session will be gone.
The doubt in which BRITANNIA's left,
A gloom on all things throws;
They their intentions should declare;—
Why don't the men propose?

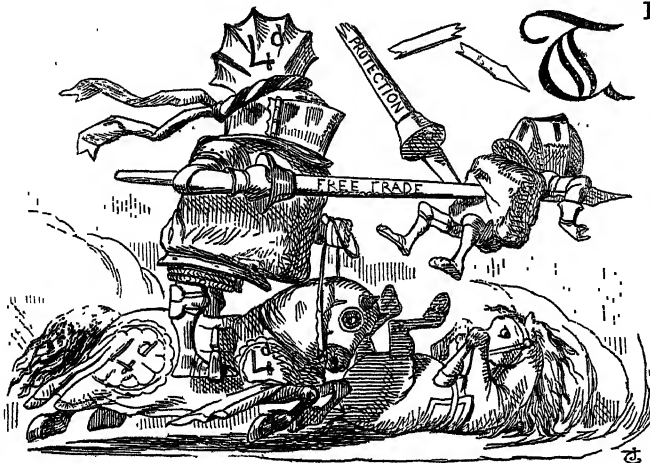
HOW TO MAKE BREAD RISE.—Support a Protectionist Ministry.



A PLAIN QUESTION.

Mr. Bull. "NOW, SIR, DON'T LET US HAVE ANY MORE DERBY DILLY DALLYING. WHAT ARE YOUR INTENTIONS TOWARDS MISS BRITANNIA?"

THE SHAMROCK AND THE CROCODILE.



HE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—in his most genial manner—presided at the St. PATRICK'S festival, and told a pretty anecdote of his travels, touching the shamrock. His Grace said—

"It had been remarked that St. PATRICK had expelled all the reptiles from Ireland, and there was an opinion amongst botanists in Ireland, that the shamrock did not exist where any reptile was to be found. He begged to contradict that general opinion."

Such contradiction, no doubt, enshrined a compliment to Irishmen, and of the most Irish pattern. However, two years ago,

when in Nubia, the Duke was able to wear a shamrock in his hat!

"He met a gentleman coming down from Nubia who spent the whole of the morning of the 17th hunting along the banks of the Nile for a shamrock. He found a very good shamrock, and he did him (the chairman) the honour, because he had been the Chief Secretary for Ireland, to share it with him (*Cheers*). He found it on the edge of a sand bank, where every day passed a huge crocodile."

Well, as the crocodile, upon the "gentleman's" authority, respectfully declined to swallow the shamrock, we suppose *Punch* must.

But a word in your ear, my Lord Duke. *Punch* has inquired, in his own way, into the matter, and finds that the crocodile was, in a former state, a big, snapping, long-tailed (many-jointed) Irish agitator: and, faithful to his former patriotic instincts, he turned his nose up at the shamrock because his belly was miraculously filled with buttermilk and potatoes.

A QUEER CARD.

HERE is the fac-simile of a card which has been handed to us—described as "the last new dodge of the begging-letter impostors."

B. JOHN,
PASSIONIST.

The obvious meaning of "B. JOHN," is BROTHER JOHN. The no less obvious meaning of B. JOHN, is BEGGING JOHN. Perhaps B. JOHN means both. The Passionists are, we believe, a species of friars, thus belonging to the Regular Orders in the Romish Church: but, to go about, leaving cards like the above, for the purpose of levying contributions, is to resemble Regular Dustmen or Regular Mendicants more than anybody else. Considered in relation to the Vagrancy Laws, we question if it is not altogether irregular; and invite the attention of the Mendicity Society to all such pieces of paste-board as that which "B. JOHN, PASSIONIST," it seems, is accustomed to leave at gentlemen's houses.

Which was Which?

WHEN the ceiling fell at the Foreign Office, the other day, it was found very difficult to separate the rubbish from the papers lying on the table. We do not wonder at the difficulty; for between official documents and rubbish there may be often a distinction without much difference.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

EVERYBODY in the world knows—that is to say, as soon as the publication of this number of *Punch* shall be complete, every civilised being will know—that among SIR CHARLES BARRY'S exquisitely thoughtful arrangements in the New House of Commons, the "Ladies' Gallery" is placed close behind that of the Reporters. It seems hardly necessary to add that the *spécialité* of one class of auditors slightly clashes with that of the other. We regret to learn, that during recent debates, a series of earnest messages have been sent up-stairs to MR. ELLIS, the Curator of the Ladies' department; messages which may be divided into two heads:—

From the Single Reporters.—"Would you intimate to the ladies, that if they would kindly preserve silence while the Minister is speaking, we"

From the Married Reporters.—"Do tell those women to hold their tongues. How do they think one can take a sentence of DISRAELI, while they make such an abominable clatter that?"

But, need we add, that no lady of proper spirit ever vouchsafed notice of impertinent requests. An occasional "Good gracious! what next, I wonder?" with an indignant giggle, by way of note of non-admiration at the end, broke through the gilded grating (which, Oriental-wise, screens the Parliamentary Harem), announcing that poor MR. ELLIS had humbly thrown in his second-hand suggestion at the door behind; but not one whit the less fast and furious did the lady-voices descend, mingling with the blasts of hot and cold air poured down by DR. REID, "that air-Pump of the nation."

In despair, the Reporters have thrown themselves upon Mr. *Punch*. One of them, by way of evidence of his affliction, has enclosed to that universal philanthropist the following extract from his note-book. The unfortunate stenographer was making desperate efforts to report a speech of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; but the concurrent exertions of the sweet little cherubs who sat up aloft, appear to have caused him to introduce a variety of allusions, of which the best that can be said is, that they are about as irrelevant as a good many of the topics usually introduced by the Honourable and Semitic Member himself. Here is a specimen:

"MR. DISRAELI (*continues*). And, Sir, when I am officially apprised that the noble Lord, then virtually the first of HER MAJESTY'S Servants, was dismissed because, oh, my dear soul, we found in her box all sorts of things—my *châtelaine*, Edward's studs, and several of Mamma's silk stockings—and when I also learn from the *London Gazette*, that unimpeachable oracle, that the Order of the Garter, which, Sir, if my historical reminiscences are not utterly unavailing, is a perfect duck of a blue ribbon, and only to be got at one place—Buckingham

House, dear, I think they call it—what supposition remains to me, save the isolated conviction that here, here upon the very threshold, that Servant refused to beat the door-mats and scour the steps; a pretty thing indeed! I suppose she fancied I ought to do it for her. Then, Sir, if I revert to the pretext on which this motion has been founded, can anything be more flimsy, or more certain to go to pieces the first time it gets into the washing-tub, to say nothing of the colours of the skirt all running. It may be characteristic enough of the blustering Free-traders from Manchester to join the noble Lord in the lobby; but what sort of a party was that? No *cornet-à-piston*; nothing but the poor governess at the piano, and a stand-up supper without champagne, all as shabby as the woman always is. We, Sir, can appreciate these new-fangled bonds of Parliamentary compression; we are well aware that the adipose representative of anarchy is so stout you would hardly know her, in spite of her lacing so tightly, that "the air we breathe, the Palladium of Freedom," is endangered by a Protectionist majority. Well, Sir, a noble and learned lord in another place; law, no, the queerest old Brougham you ever saw; and one never knows where she's going. Did that noble and learned Lord respond to the overtures thus tendered; is he handsome? no, certainly not, but a good match for anybody; but I don't believe they will catch him for either of the girls. However, Sir, I have undertaken to be short, and frank,—no, my love, Frank promises to be tall, and more like his Papa than me, and, opinionated and idiosyncratic as is my antagonist's organisation—he has got into words of five syllables, and likes his book pretty well for his age; but I don't worry him with it, as his experimentalising upon the Exchequer must be temporarily unproductive, and I cannot accede to his request for an advance, unless he can demonstrate to me how I can otherwise remunerate the national resources. He has become so dreadfully mean, my dear, that he would not give me a cheque to buy new dresses for the children, for their party, unless I agreed to make some reduction in the housekeeping, which, I declare, I can't, and won't, which is more. Conscientiously, therefore, if regretfully, Sir, I must conclude by resisting this motion (*cheers*).—O, he's left off, dear! I wonder who he was. I declare I didn't listen to a word he was saying. Who's the next? What a Guy! Did you ever? Come, dears, let's go; we shall be in time for the scene from *Norma*. It's stupid work here."

Mr. *Punch* will only add, at present, that it is his early intention to place himself in the Ladies' Gallery. He will then "report progress," but has some notion that he shall not have occasion "to ask leave to sit there again."

THE MINISTERIAL TEAM.—The "DERBY Dilly" may, to a certain extent, be well horsed; but one of the DERBY cattle is a NAAS.



PROTECTIONISTS.

Tummus. "I ZAY, JIM, BE YOU A PURTECTIONIST?"

Jim. "E'AS, I BE."

Tummus. "WALL, I ZAY, JIM, WHAT BE PURTECTION?"

Jim. "LO'OR! TUMMUS, DOAN'T 'EE KNAW?"

Tummus. "NAW, I DOAN'T."

Jim. "WALL, I DOAN'T KNAW AS I CAN TELL 'EE, TUMMUS; FUR I DOAN'T EZAKERLY KNAW MYSELF!"

[Exit.]

THE HERO OF FIVE HUNDRED FLIGHTS.

It has been recently announced that the veteran GREEN, of ballooning notoriety, intends retiring finally from the Air, and settling himself on *terra firma*, at the expiration of the ensuing season. He purposes going through the round of his aerial characters, previous to his farewell; and he will appear, for the last times, in that very popular Air with which his name has been so long identified. Having long ago soared to the top of not only his own, but every other profession, he looks forward to repose on the earth; and we trust he will find his hopes well grounded. He has had many rivals—among others, an individual who was able to boast that, as an Aëronaut, he had got to the top of the tree; but, though he did, in truth, get to the top of the tree, he got no higher, for his Balloon always stuck in it. MR. GREEN has invariably risen superior to all competition; and, though success has attended every inflation of his Balloon, he has never become inflated himself by the success that has attended him.

The Air of Downing Street.

THE *Chronicle* remarks with good philosophy upon the peculiar air of Downing Street: it "imparts an instantaneous respectability to every one who breathes it," says the *Chronicle*; which then proceeds to note the probable change in the manner of the most restless, wriggling demagogues, upon reaching the Treasury. This reminds us of the ingenious avowal of the Jesuit ACOSTA, who, in his Voyage to Peru, speaking for himself and his hair-shirted companions, says, in glowing acknowledgment of the salubrity of the air at a certain latitude,—"*Here, all our vermin died upon us.*"

THE DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

BY PUBLIUS JONATHAN VIRGILIUS JEFFERSON SMITH.

ARMA virumque cano, qui first, in the *Monongahela*,
Tarnally squampush'd the Serpent, mittens horrentia tela.
Musa, look smart with your Banjo! I guess, to relate or invent, I
Shall need all the aid you can give; so, Nunc aspirate canenti.
Mighty slick were the vessel progressing, jactata per æquora ventis;
But the brow of the skipper was cloudy cum sollicitudine mentis;
For whales had been skase in them pearts; and the clipper, so long as
he'd known her,
Ne'er had gather'd less ile in her cruise, to gladden the heart of her
owner.

"Darn the whales!" cried the skipper at length, "with a telescope
forte videbo

Aut pisces, aut terras." While speaking, just two or three points on the
lee bow,

He saw coming towards them, as fast as though to a combat 't would
tempt 'em,

A monstrum, horrendum, informe (cui lumen was shortly ademptum).

On the taffrail up jumps in a hurry dux fortis, and seizing a trumpet,

With a blast that would waken the dead, mare turbat et aëra rumpit—

"Tumble up, all you lubbers!" he cries, "tumble up! for, careering
before us,

Is the raal old Sea-Serpent himself, cristis maculisque decorus."

"Consarn it!" cried one of the sailors, "if e'er we provoke him, he'll
kill us:

He'll sartinly chaw up *hos morsu*, et longis implexibus *illos*."

Loud laughs the bold skipper, and quick premit alto corde dolorem;

If he does feel like running, he knows it won't do to betray it before 'em.

"O Socii," inquit, "I'm sartin you air not the fellers to funk, or
Shrink from the durum certamen, whose fathers fought bravely to

Bunker.

You! who have waged with the bárs, and the buffeler, prælia dura,
Down to the freshes and licks of our own free enlighten'd Missourier!

You! who could whip your own weight catulis sævis sine telo,

Get your eyes skinn'd in a twinkling, et ponite tela phaselo!"

Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,

Marshals his 'cute little band, now panting their foe to beleaguer.

Swiftly they lower the boats, and swiftly each man at his oar is,
Excepe Britanni timidi duo, virque coloris;
(Blackskin, you know, never feels how sweet 'tis pro patriâ mori;
OVID had him in view when he said, "*Nimium ne crede colori.*")
Now swiftly they pull towards the monster, who seeing the cutter and
gig nigh,

Glares at them with terrible eyes, suffectis sanguine et igni;

And never conceiving their chief so swiftly will deal him a floorer,

Opens wide, to receive them at once, his linguis vibrantibus ora;

But just as he's licking his lips, and gladly preparing to taste 'em,

Straight into his eyeball the skipper stridentem conjecit hastam.

Soon as he feels in his eyeball the lance, growing mightily sulky,

At 'em he comes in a rage ore minax, linguæque trisulcâ.

"Starn all!" cry the sailors at once, for they think he has certainly
caught 'em;

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

But the bold skipper exclaims, "O terque quaterque beati!

Now, with a will, dare viam, when I want you, be only parati;

This hoss feels like raising his hair, and in spite of his scaly old cortex,

Full soon you shall see that his corpse rapidus vorat æquore vortex."

Hoc ait, and choosing a lance, "With this one I think I shall hit it,"

He cries; and straight into its mouth ad intima viscera mittit.

Screeches the crittur in pain, and writhes till the sea is commotum,

As if all its waves had been lash'd in a tempest per Eurum et Notum;

Interea terrible shindy NEPTUNUS sensit, et alto

Prospiciens sadly around, wiped his eye with the cuff of his paletôt;

And mad at his favourite's fate, of oaths utter'd two or three thousand,

Such as, Corpo di Bacco! Mehercule! Sacré! Mille tonnerres!

Potztausend!

But the skipper, who thought it was time to this terrible fight dare
finem,

With a scalping-knife jumps on the neck of the snake, secatur et dextrâ
crinem;

And hurling the scalp in the air, half wild with delight to possess it,

Shouts, "Darn it! We've fixed up *his* flint, for in ventos vita recessit."

MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTY.—Some doubt appears to be entertained
at present, as to whether the EARL OF DERBY and his colleagues
are Protectionists in, or Protectionists out and out.

ADDRESS OF MR. HUGO VAMP TO HIS BROTHER MARIONNETTES,

On being informed, that if he were not careful about politics, the Chamberlain might interfere.

Att—"Bruce's Address."



UPPETS, of the wooden head,
Puppets, by great SIMPSON
bred,
What oppressor should ye
dread—
Chips of Liberty?
Clowns may fear the Cham-
berlain;
Harlequin he may enchain,
Tricks political restrain,—
Nought for that care we!

We defy the Censor's laws;
If on us he claps his claws,
Shed your saw-dust in the
cause—
Who the deuce is he?

Chopp'd to fire-wood be the
slave;
Be the kitchen-grate his grave!
Censors should his body have,
For to boil their tea.

What is danger, if you
please?—
Something flesh and blood to
tease.
Hurts the sword of DAMOCLES
Heads of wood that be?

Human actors call us sticks,
(We the title elsewhere fix),
Let us show that we are
bricks;
If not welcome, free!

SUFFOLK-ATION OF JUSTICE.

SUFFOLK is a county, the natives of which are for the most part a decent sort of people, and by no means generally remarkable for want of sense, deficiency in the sentiment of justice, barbarity, or brutal vindictiveness. It appears, however, that there is a peculiar race among them, of the 'squirearchical order, strongly characterised by those defects and bad qualities, and unfortunately invested with judicial functions, which they exercise at Quarter Sessions—after what fashion the subjoined extract from a newspaper report will show:—

"BURY ST. EDMUND'S."

"COUNTY PETTY SESSIONS.—*Cruelty to a Horse.*—The driver of a mail-car from this town to Woolpit, was fined, with expenses, 15s., for cruelly beating, near the latter place, a horse which he was driving. The money not being forthcoming, imprisonment for a fortnight was pronounced. —*Egg Poaching.*—Two lads were sentenced to 2 months' imprisonment each, for robbing a partridge's nest of two eggs, at Stanningfield."

Torturing a horse—a fortnight's imprisonment: poaching two eggs—two months' ditto. This is the way the Suffolk Justices are accustomed to compare great things with small. This is how they keep the game alive. Two months' tuition in real burglary, for robbing the nest of a partridge! This sentence ought to be famous; they who pronounced it, should never cease to hear of it; whoever, therefore, invites one of them to supper, must remember always to set before his Lordship a dish of poached eggs.

A QUERY FOR THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WOODS AND FORESTS.

If Laws and Learning, Trade and Commerce, die,
Where then would be our old Nobility?

OUR INSANE ARTIST.

WE must again warn our readers—we mean the British Nation generally—that this wretched individual is still at large. We are concerned to state that we have just had ocular proof of the distressing fact. Scarce five minutes since, by our infallible pocket edition of the Horse Guards, we were "thrown into a state of considerable excitement" (as our penny-a-liner would observe), by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door; which, opening at our adjuration, to our horror disclosed the person of our unhappy friend. For a moment he wildly glared at us; and ere the second sped, his "eye in frenzy rolling," had transfixed us to our seat—as helpless as a humming-bird beneath the stare of the serpent. Then, at a bound, he reached our side, snatched the pen from our nerveless hand, and fiercely plunged it to the hilt in our brimming inkstand. Resistance was hopeless; we were ocularly entranced; completely electro-biologised, as it were, by one fatal coup!

After a lapse of about two minutes and a quarter, we slowly came to ourselves, and were rejoiced to find that our tormentor had vanished. But, alas! our rapture was of brief duration; for a second and less hasty glance informed us that the unhappy wretch had left us a horrible souvenir of his advent. Perhaps, the sensitive reader may faintly conceive our feelings, when we discovered that the especial sheet we had selected for one of our posterity-delighting articles was scrawled all over with maniacal hieroglyphics, which, by patience and a pair of spectacles, we have at length succeeded in deciphering as follows:—

"SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE OF CRUELTY.—Our Zoological Artist drawing a Badger!?"

In justice to ourselves, we must add that the word "drawing" was most painfully underlined. We should otherwise have blushed to italicise it.

A Pastor with a Vengeance!

THE miscellaneous news of the *Hampshire Independent* contains the statement that—

"A lady who has officiated as organist at St. Mary's Church, Leamington, for twelve years, has been dismissed by the newly appointed pastor because she has been in the habit of giving public concerts!!!"

Dismissed from her situation on such a pretence by the pastor! Not pastor. The word pastor, shepherd, comes from *pasco*, to feed: means literally feeder. We cannot exactly concede that title to a fellow who takes away a poor lady's bread.

SATISFACTORY NEWS FROM INDIA.

If this periodical were a newspaper, in announcing another Burmese war, *Mr. Punch* would have to express his regret at the intelligence which he was obliged to publish. A brother journalist, however, of *Mr. Punch's*, so far differs from *Mr. Punch* as to consider it a piece of capital news. The *Delhi Gazette* says:

"It is with great satisfaction that we announce the actual commencement of hostilities with Burmah, and we shall be much disappointed if the Province of Pegu does not now fall into our hands. Any expedition, however, against Ava, or anywhere into the interior of the country, we must deprecate as both unnecessary and injudicious. As far as the sea line is concerned, we shall experience but little difficulty in making ourselves masters of it; but beyond this the climate will be an insuperable barrier, and our gallant soldiers will perish by hundreds."

Our Indian contemporary might as well adopt the plan of narrating all calamities in the same spirit as that in which he notifies war. As for instance:—We have much pleasure in intimating that a vacancy has occurred in the 13th Bungaloes, in consequence of MAJOR CURRIE having been thrown from his elephant whilst tiger-hunting, and having broken his neck. It is with great gratification we present to our readers an account of the murder committed by RUMMAGEE THUGGEE, on the body of LIEUTENANT GENERAL TIEFFIN.—Why not record murder and sudden death with as much "satisfaction" as battle?

The number of the *Delhi Gazette*, containing the very satisfactory information of the commencement of hostilities with Burmah, and consequently of the extreme probability that "our gallant soldiers will perish by hundreds," bears the date of SUNDAY, January 25, 1852. The better the day, the better the deed, is perhaps a maxim that occurred to the Editor when he penned the above-quoted paragraph; unless, indeed, his journal is a Mussulman organ, and his sentiments, both with respect to particular days of the week, and to "hostilities," are those of a gentleman of the Mahometan persuasion.

The Bishop of Durham's Purse.

THE *Examiner* states, that,

"On Thursday night week, a couple of expert thieves effected an entrance into Auckland Palace, while its inmates were all in bed. They found their way into the room where the BISHOP OF DURHAM and MRS. MALTBY slept, and managed to retire, carrying with them the Bishop's purse, which, however, only contained about three pounds."

The purse that "only contained three pounds," cannot have been that purse which the BISHOP OF DURHAM is said to have made out of his see.



DONNYBROOK FAIR UNDER THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT.

A LAZARUS FOR ALL WEATHERS.

A CHEAP luxury for the benevolent man is set forth by way of advertisement in the *Times*. Here it is:—

FOR SALE, that most beautiful piece of Work of Art, the **FIGURE OF LAZARUS and PEDESTAL**, fit for a gentleman's hall or lawn; made of patent Portland Cement. *Warranted to stand all weathers.* To be sold a great bargain. For particulars and to view apply to ———.

What a mouthful is here—sweet and melting as ripest peach—for a sort of philanthropy to be found in all times! A **LAZARUS** that—the first expense of purchase past; the cost of making **LAZARUS** our own—shall mulct us of no further penny; shall remain in imperishable cement, a touching lesson in our hall, or upon our green-sward; shall never blister in the dog-days, or shiver in December; but stand all weathers; an uncomplaining model **LAZARUS**—and, moreover, a **LAZARUS** a great bargain! A rare penn'orth this, in which economy may be spiced with a sort of human tenderness.

LAZARUS in the hall, calm in his patent cement, has his fixed look of meek misery, and does not sniff with in-drawn vitals as roast and boiled pass into the dining-room: his eye does not wander, whetting itself upon decanters glowing with ruby and topaz. Portland **LAZARUS** cannot by the least twitch of feature betray a homespun impatience of things, the fattest and the strongest, passing before him; thereby, whether he will or no—as will happen with a **LAZARUS** in the flesh—saucily arraigning the wise behests of all-balancing Fortune. No: Portland **LAZARUS** and his owner are well acquainted; they know, with equal knowledge, one another. Cement and flesh are old friends. The master knows **LAZARUS** as compassionately, as plaster **LAZARUS** can, with grateful tenderness, acknowledge his benefactor. For **LAZARUS** has been bought a bargain; and the purchaser shows his sympathy with suffering, by giving it a place under his roof, or in the very eye of his casement.

And how many of us own a **LAZARUS** of this dumb, uncomplaining species—an ornamental **LAZARUS** that no respectable Christian can be without? How many of us confess to the appealing sorrow of **LAZARUS**, as wrought by The MASTER; how many who are touched, melted, by the divine beauty of the work, prizing it as finest art—a thing of abstract loveliness, with no hard existence; sublime art, without the coarse reality of pulses?

And after this fashion folks—who even dream not of such a possession—sacrifice to the human necessities of their **LAZARUS**. They know the

marvellous workmanship of **LAZARUS**. And with such acknowledgment, **LAZARUS** may adorn their hall, or upon their well-swept lawn defy the seasons, being a **LAZARUS** wanting nothing; indeed, a **LAZARUS** warranted to stand all weathers.

UPON THEM CHARGE! BUT DON'T OVERCHARGE.

We are not remarkable for modesty, or for a want of appreciation of our own value; but there are some people who will insist on putting a higher price upon us than we put upon ourselves; and who charge fourpence for us while we are satisfied to make the moderate demand of threepence on the public pocket. **WALPOLE**—not the present Home Secretary, but a far less honest man than he appears to be—has said that every man has, and of course, therefore, knows, his price; but it seems we do not know our own, for at the Great Western Railway Station they will insist upon putting twenty-five per cent. upon the estimate we have formed of ourselves. Now we should have no objection, perhaps, to this arrangement, if the tax on the public were paid over to us; but unfortunately it is added to the very liberal profit we already allow to the Booksellers out of the threepence at which the whole world delights to purchase us. The extra twenty-five per cent., without affording the smallest advantage to ourselves, is a clear loss to the travellers by the Great Western, who are frequently much irritated by the vexatious impost, which thus becomes the madness of many for the gain of—one.

Dilapidation Extraordinary.

A NEWSPAPER, in stating that the present pavement of Holborn, from Little Turnstile eastwards towards Chancery Lane, is to be exchanged for granite, thus remarks—

"The thoroughfare has long been in a dangerous state, owing to the dilapidated condition of the wood pavement."

Etymology suggests that a *wood* pavement, to be in a *dilapidated* condition, must first have become *petrified*: or have been constructed of Irish timber.

COLONEL SIBTHORP ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.



URING the debate on the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, the gallant COLONEL SIBTHORP protested against it, on the ground that it is calculated "to restrain men from acts of Christian charity." His notions of Christian charity were then exemplified by the observation, that "if a Member gave an elector a pinch of snuff, it would soon be considered bribery." Of course the gallant Colonel presumes that the worthy elector will be thoroughly up to snuff, and that a candidate's offering to serve him at a pinch, is nothing more than an act of Christian charity. We suspect that "the effects of Christian charity," as shown by the influences which the Bill is designed to check, would form a melancholy picture of helpless inebriety, and other forms of moral degradation, too deep, or at all events too low, to go into. It is unfortunate for the gallant Colonel's argument, that the charity he recommends involves the necessity for the aid of all the publicans, and a great many of the sinners, in a place where an election is going on, to dispense its offerings.

After making his protest, the Colonel was content to exclaim, "Let the Bill pass," as if he had confidence in the belief that his ideas of Christian charity at an election may still be carried out in spite of the proposed measure. The air of jaunty indifference with which this exclamation seems to have been made—the contemptuous nonchalance with which the Colonel cried, "Let the Bill pass"—reminds us so much of SHERIDAN's song, with its "Let the Toast pass," by way of refrain, that we cannot refrain from a parody:

Here's to the Voter whose terms are fifteen;
 Here's to the vote that costs fifty;
 Here's to the Candidate shabby and mean,
 And here's to the one that's not thrifty.
 Let the Bill pass;
 'Tis but a farce;
 I warrant they'll find an excuse for a glass.
 Here's to the Voter whose freehold we prize,
 Here's to the tenant with none, Sir;
 Here's to the host who the liquor supplies,
 Here's to the beer-taps that run, Sir;
 Let the Bill pass, &c.
 Here's to the Candidate, pure as the snow,
 With an Agent as black as a berry;
 Here's to the Wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the bribe makes her merry.
 Let the Bill pass, &c.
 For let them be clumsy, or cautiously trim,
 Snug or open, I care not a feather;
 So fill all the pewter-pots up to the brim,
 And let both sides get drunk altogether.
 Let the Bill pass,
 He's but an ass,
 Who's puzzled to find an excuse for a glass.

Legal Caution.

WE are instructed to state, for the benefit of such of our country clients as may now be visiting this Metropolis, that the "Cheap Conveyance Association" they may have seen announced on some of the Holborn Omnibuses, has no connection whatever with the Society for Law Reform they may have elsewhere seen advertised.

COURT AND FASHION.—Why is the "Windsor Uniform" like a prepaid letter? Because it has a Post Office Stamp.

MILITARY.

A SHORT time ago, under cloak of the Cape expedition, the Carbineers were turned into light cavalry at a heavy expense. As it now appears to be doubtful whether the Cape will be their destination, we suppose that on the principle that one good turn deserves another, they will be again turned into light. It is very easy to talk of turning light into heavy or heavy into light, but how is it to be done? It may be true enough that a King (or Queen) can make a bold dragoon, a carbineer, "and a' that;" but how the size or weight of dragoons is to be altered when they are made, is a question which, we confess, puzzles us. On first consideration, sweating (as in the case of jockeys) suggested itself to us as a probable means of converting heavy into light; but we make light of this suggestion when we consider that the process would probably weaken as well as lighten. Perhaps, as Samson's strength lay in his hair, a dragoon's weight may lie in his: in such case, the moustache might be sacrificed with advantage. By-the-bye we would venture to give a hint with respect to the clothing of the cavalry. Might not the padding of the coats—which is supposed to be so essential to the "smartness" of a dragoon, and which is such a great auxiliary in the conquest of servant-maids when on home service, but so great a hindrance to the free action of the limbs when in action—might not the padding be made of gun cotton instead of the usual wadding? The unsightly pouches might thus be got rid of, and the soldier would feel the looser and more fit for fighting every shot that was fired. To be sure, there is the chance that dragoon, coat, and gun cotton might be all blown up together. But we only throw out a hint: we leave it to practical men to improve on it.



HOW TO TURN A "HEAVY" INTO A "LIGHT BOB."

A Wind that Blows Nobody Good.

How strange it is that the breeze existing between the Architect and the Ventilator of the Houses of Parliament, should be precisely that which prevents those edifices from being properly supplied with air!

A FAIR TRIAL FOR THE PREMIER.

LORD DERBY has protested that he "will be tried by God and his country." No, no. Not yet, at least. Not unless he actually robs the people of their bread.

Vain Advertisement.

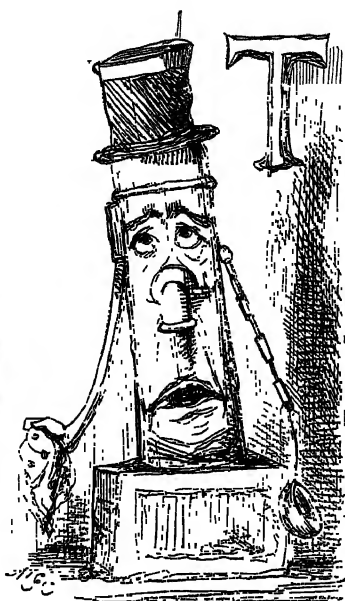
YOUTH WANTED.—By a Middle-Aged Person.

"TERRITORIAL" TITLES.

THE Landlords may be called the Geocracy: and it is also proposed to style the simple Agriculturists the Gee&o-crazy.

THE MINISTERIAL BENCH.—It is expected that Ministers will dissolve Parliament as soon as possible, to shorten the Session, because, as there are so many County Magistrates among them, they must naturally wish to bring it as near as possible to a Quarter Session.

MILK REFORM.



HE milk-tester is making rapid strides into the milk-cans and milk-jugs of the metropolis, which has too long confided in those chalky deposits, which tally only too well with the chalk employed by the vendor in scoring what he calls his milk tally. The advance of the milk-tester has thrown cold water on the prospects of many a milk man, and kept a great deal of cold water out of the fluid supplied to his customers.

We understand that the possibility of being able to test the genuineness of milk has already occasioned a sort of coolness between those old associates, the cow and the pump, who have, hitherto, gone hand-in-hand upon nearly every London milk-walk. The milk-tester will act as a sort of Protection to the cow, by preventing the free introduction of those foreign ingredients which have, hitherto, formed the most considerable portion of the lacteal compound sold to the Londoners.

"We are extremely happy to witness the dissolution of a partnership, in which the cow has been at the disadvantage of supplying all the sterling capital, while the pump has only brought disgrace upon the firm by a copious issue of drafts of the most discreditable character. The cow has, for years, been 'draining its dearest veins,' and exhausting all its resources on a dishonourable connection with a Pump, which has been, all along, lending a handle to a system of fraud and trickery. In fact, so disreputable has the alliance been between the Pump and the Cow, that milk-and-water has become a term applicable to anything especially weak and contemptible.



New Order of Knighthood for Ancient Britons.

"MR. PUNCH.—A Chapter of the Order of the Thistle, look you, was held the other day. Now, there is a herb, and a pretty plant it is to grow in gardens, and pleasant to smell, and, moreover, is an esculent and wholesome vegetable, and whatever the Scotch may say, I will maintain and contend that it is much better than any thistle. I beseech you, then, to tell me the causes and the reasons and the arguments why, since there is an Order of the Thistle, there should not also be an Order of the Leek in honour to the native land of 'TAFY.'"

PROTECTIONIST MEASURES.

We believe, in the phraseology of the Bar, that it is not unusual to hear an order of "A Quarter and Three Outs." Now, only let the present Ministers increase the price of bread, and they will very quickly hear a cry raised against them of "The Quarter and All Out."

"TO BE SOLD—THE CRYSTAL PALACE!"

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses, when in passing our pet Palace the other morning we saw a couple of huge posters stuck upon its south-transeptal doors, inscribed respectively with this breath-suspending

"NOTICE.

"SALE of the CRYSTAL PALACE, in Lots. Cards to view may be obtained at the Building, South Entrance."

We thought at first we were the victims of a distressing optical illusion, and we rubbed our eyes most vigorously to restore them to their natural state. But our energy was futile: and a second glance assured us that it was no illusion, but a painful fact. In vain we then tried to persuade ourselves we were standing in Dream-land, and not Hyde Park—in vain we endeavoured to imagine that somebody had chloroformed or electro-biologised us unawares. The startling syllables assailed us still: and although we nearly rubbed ourselves into a state of ocular lidlessness, alas! we could not rub that dreadful "Notice" out: nor by the strongest effort of credulity could we believe that we were duped by a mischievous misprint, and that in reality it was a *Sell*, not a *Sale*, that troubled us.

We are not naturally cowards. We believe that in case of Invasion, we should be found to do our duty as England might "expect." But we own we flinched from asking for a "card to view." We confess we wanted courage to pop *that* dreadful question. Our nerves were too severely shattered by the first, to risk the danger of a second shock. No—let the stronger-minded go, and *heavily* know the worst. Enough for us to warn the Nation of its favourite's impending fate. Enough for us to say that the Death-warrant is now actually in print, and that speedy intercession alone can cancel it. Already in our mind's eye we see the sentence carried out. Already in our mental ear we catch the ominous words "Going—going—going—" It rests with the Public Voice to say if the fatal monosyllable be added—"GONE!"

PAXTON forbend! that our Crystal Palace, after so bravely withstanding the storms of a SIXTHORP, should now be ignominiously "knocked down" by a common Appraiser's hammer!

THE MINISTERIAL CORN-CUTTER.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that having removed to new premises in Downing Street, he is now in a situation to put in practice those principles for the treatment of every kind of Corn, which he has long made his constant study. MR. DISRAELI no longer recommends his former mode of practice, by striking at the root; but he proposes to give ease by an equalisation of the burdens on the Corn, when he has ascertained where the shoe pinches.

MR. DISRAELI is happy to have it in his power to lay before the public the following valuable Testimonials:—

"From the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF DERBY.

"MR. DISRAELI has very skilfully managed the Corn with which I was troubled, so that I do not at present suffer any inconvenience. "DERBY."

"From an Agriculturist.]

"MR. DISRAELI hearing me complain frequently of Corn, has operated on my understanding so skilfully, that I sometimes do not appear to have any."

"From a Protectionist.

"I BEG to say, that I am the party that has always been crying out on the subject of Corn, and that if it had not been for MR. DISRAELI, I should not have had a leg to stand upon."

Political Colours.

As a general election is nigh at hand, it may be seasonable to suggest that if parties would adopt a greater diversity of colours, not confining those political emblems to "blue and buff," they would encourage trade, please the taste for variety, and more correctly symbolise their respective shades of opinion. The men of peace principles might decorate themselves with drab ribbons; flame-coloured favours would be proper for the "Irish Brigade," and the rest of the Papal party; green would suit the simple agricultural interest: and the out-and-out Protectionists should hoist the black flag.

"ENGLAND'S NAVAL RESERVE."

A PARAGRAPH, with the above heading, has been sailing through the papers. The only "Naval Reserve" on the part of England that we are aware of, is in not speaking out loudly against the gross mismanagement of our Navy by the Lords of the Admiralty.

THE GHOSTS ON THE VICTORIA TOWER.

'Tis twelve o'clock by St. Margaret's bell,
And the ghosts of St. Margaret's burial-ground
(You may know the locality by the smell)
Are beginning to rise for their midnight round.

Parliament Street is dreary and dead,
And hollow falls the policeman's tread,
And well-doing people are warm in bed;
Only there's waking in Westminster slum,
And Broadway tavern, and Pye Street den,
Where the flaring gaslights fitfully come
On slatternly drabs and ruffianly men;
And there's waking, too, of another sort,
In another house of doubtful report,
Where the Commons are met, and the Speaker is set,
With some little bills to dispose of yet;
And the Members are feeling excessively ill,
With BARRY's alternate hot-blast and chill;
And the head-achy lamps burn hot and hotter,
And talkative M.P.s prose and potter,
And weary reporters doze at their notes,
And tired-out Tellers miscount the votes;
But every one feels that it's no great matter,
In the part of the evening called "the latter,"
For it's only the Estimates that they're voting,
And "how the money goes" needs no noting.

O'erhead, enjoying the hush of the hour,
Two Ghosts sit upon the Victoria Tower—
And it needs no conjuror to reveal
They're the Ghosts of BENTINCK and ROBERT PEEL,
Still haunting the spot, by leave of the Fates,
To take posthumous notes of the Commons' debates,
And discuss, as they did in the days that are gone,
Of Free Trade and Protection the *pro* and *con*.

Says the Ghost of PEEL, "You're bound to admit
My Free Trade measures have been a hit;
Capital's gathering cent. per cent."—
"That's true," quoth BENTINCK's Ghost, "but RENT!"
Says the Ghost of PEEL, "The Revenue's rising
In a style that, even to me, is surprising;
Our imports increase to a vast extent"—
"That's true," quoth BENTINCK's Ghost; "but RENT!"
Quoth the Ghost of PEEL, "It plainly appears,
Five million taxes have gone in six years;
And yet there's a surplus—that is, there was meant
To have been one; but to the Cape it went"—
"That's true," quoth BENTINCK's Ghost; "but RENT!"
Quoth the Ghost of PEEL, "Since Forty-two
We've doubled Consumption and Exports, too;
And somehow we eat all the food that's sent"—
"That's true," quoth BENTINCK's Ghost; "but RENT!"
Quoth the Ghost of PEEL, "Our wages keep up;
The poor have cheap sugar to sweeten their cup,
And a bigger and lower-priced loaf to eat,
And a larger allowance of butcher's meat;
In short, all is plenty, peace, and content"—
"That's true," quoth BENTINCK's Ghost; "but RENT!"
Quoth the Ghost of PEEL, "This is really too strong—
Is there no other burden but this to your song?
To answer my reasons I thought you meant."—
"RENT!" quoth BENTINCK's Ghost, "RENT!! RENT!!!
RENT!!!! RENT!!!!!"

Whereat, with a frown of his shadowy brow,
The Ghost of PEEL made a stiffish bow.
"I see," quoth he, "'tis answer enow—
For in those four letters is summed the reply.
To all the figures and facts that lie
In Revenue tables and Custom House tomes,
In employers' ledgers, and workmen's homes;
In those four letters is writ the doom
Of the party that rallies around your tomb:
And 'twere well for England were that the worst
That is written in those four letters accurst.
But more is in them—there's civil strife,
And war betwixt classes—yea, war to the knife;
Election orgies, and aimless debate,
And rich men's scorn, and poor men's hate;
And it may be there's writ at the bottom of all,
In those four letters—your order's fall!
Oh! woe to me, and woe to you,
If ever these words of mine come true—
But, on England's tomb, in that grievous event,
You may carve the four letters that make up RENT!"

The voices ceased—the moon-beams fall,
Silvering the roof of Westminster Hall;
But, still, on the night-wind moaning went
A dying murmur of RENT, RENT, RENT!
As the rival Ghosts to their tombs returned,
Their midnight sessions duly adjourned.

HABITS OF THE BUSINESS-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Business-Member of Parliament is one who gets into Parliament for his own business, and not the business of the country.

A lavish distribution of promises previous to election, which are rarely fulfilled after it, forms one of the most decided habits of this Member of Parliament.

Beyond this he is most strict in keeping his engagements.

Receives voters from the country in the most cordial manner, if there is any rumour of a dissolution.

Votes with his

party—not as he thinks, but as his party thinks.

Doesn't listen to the debates—it might prejudice him.

Infinitely prefers his chop at BELLAMY'S.

Of all parties, likes an evening party best, next to a dinner-party.

Thinks a seat in the House precious hard work—so hard, that unless a Financial Debate is going on, it is impossible to sleep upon it.

Belongs to a Club, of course—very convenient for his letters, and safe retreat from country visitors. "MR. EMPERIE at home, Sir?"

"No, Sir. Gone to the Club."

Attends a Committee, when compelled, and writes his correspondence there.

Never suffers his mind to be confused, by allowing an argument for one minute to dwell upon it.

Keeps his thoughts and opinions from the view of others, by never speaking a word.

Is most loud and explicit, however, whenever he cries "Hear!"

Leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing; so, in asking for an appointment, he always writes in for it.

Never forgets a service he pays the Government.

Never omits to tell the Government so.

Keeps a memorandum-book, in which he notes every appointment or situation that is likely to be vacant, and with the price attached to each.

Likes an ambassadorship best, a long way off, where there is little to do, no one to know how you do it, and a good liberal sum given for it.

Is equally obliging in attending and leaving the House; but greatly prefers the latter.

Holds that a vote is a sacred obligation, which no Member should part with lightly before he has seriously considered how it is likely to affect his interests.

Balances regularly the state of parties, and serves that party with the greatest zeal which has the most to give.

Holds it as a maxim that that Government is not worthy to be supported which does not support its own followers.

Coughs, barks, brays, crows, neighs, on the shortest notice, as a matter of course.

Let the Business-Member of Parliament act strictly to these habits, and he must succeed.

He must try his hardest, do his strongest, and take whatever comes.

THE NEW TORIES.—The Tories of the present day, inasmuch as they represent the territorial interest, may be called the Terri-tories.



ALARMING!

Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE HAIR, SIR!"

Gent., very uneasy. "INDEED! AH! THEN I HOPE YOU'RE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T HUNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE HAIR HOF THE HATOMSPHERE!"

THE DANGEROUS ANIMALS BILL.

WE do not wonder at the Government opposition to this Bill; for if the Ministers undertake to deal with dangerous animals, they may be asked what they intend to do with the few remaining rabid Protectionists. One of the clauses had reference to farmers keeping savage bulls; but though the farmers have really been enough to make JOHN BULL rather savage at times, it is only by putting restrictions upon him that he is likely to become a dangerous animal. There was a little fun caused by the ATTORNEY GENERAL during the debate, but the report might have been richer, and we therefore supply a few of the principal omissions.

COLONEL SIBTHORP, hearing that rabid animals might be destroyed according to the present law, wished to know whether that mad wag *Punch* might not at once be destroyed as a dangerous animal.

MR. DRUMMOND would be glad to know if the Pope's insane Bulls might not be included in the measure.

MR. ALDERMAN HUMPHRY would suggest that March Hares should have a clause devoted to them.

MR. ROEBUCK had personally no objection to the Bill; indeed, he would carry it farther, and would introduce a provision for helping a lame dog over a stile, which he thought would be a suggestion of which Ministers would be glad to avail themselves.

COLONEL SIBTHORP was anxious for information as to the clause relating to dog-carts, which he understood to be already in operation within the Metropolis. Now, several military friends of his—Members of the House—were in the habit of coming down to that House in dog-carts, though he was sure they would not wilfully incur a penalty (*Hear*).

COLONEL THOMPSON feared that the House did not understand the subject of dogs. If there were any idle puppies sauntering about the

lobbies, they might have their attention profitably employed upon the question (*A laugh, a very faint one*).

After a few words from MR. PACK, who, speaking in the character of a whole Pack, could claim some sympathy for poor unfortunate dogs, the subject dropped for the present.

THE RITE OF HANGING.

ON Monday, last week, a remarkable execution took place.

"WILLIAM KALABERGO this morning suffered the extreme penalty of the law, over the Chapel, at the County Gaol at Oxford."

Thus writes the reporter of the *Times*, and he subsequently states that—

"The procession to the place of execution passed down the cell stairs, across the yard, and up into the Chapel, in which, in front of the communion-table, the pinioning took place."

Authority, then, has, once for all, pronounced its decision on the question of capital punishment. It has declared the execution of a criminal to be not only allowable, or merely just, but a holy solemnity. What else are we to think, now that at Oxford, the very seat of orthodoxy, a man has been hanged over a Chapel, after having been pinioned in front of the communion-table?

Parliamentary Privacy.

IF LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes thoroughly to stifle the discussion, and to prevent the publication of the debates that occur in his Senate and Legislative corps, he should cause the Chambers in which those bodies meet, to be constructed and ventilated after the fashion of the British Houses of Parliament; so that the assembly might be close, and the speakers inaudible in the gallery.



AN EASY PLACE.

The Judicious Bottle-Holder. "WELL, DIZZY, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR PLACE?"
D'I——i. "O, JOLLY! CAPITAL WAGES, AND ONLY GOT TO CARRY OUT THESE LIGHT THINGS AT PRESENT."

SHALL MORISON HAVE A MONUMENT?

THIS question is being put almost daily to the "People of England" in a series of advertisements; and as the parties concerned are doing all they can to turn it into a public question, they cannot blame us for saying a word or two in reply to it. We have no hesitation in saying, by all means let MORISON have a Monument; and we go even further, for we beg leave to offer a design, which the MORISONIANS are quite



at liberty to adopt if they think it appropriate. We recommend its construction, not of ordinary stone, but of the very stoutest "monumental brass," that being the material most in character with the intended object.

As the advertising columns of the papers are daily teeming with

REASONS WHY A MONUMENT SHOULD BE ERECTED,

We think ourselves at perfect liberty to add a few Reasons of our own, which have, perhaps, not occurred to those in whose hands the affair has hitherto rested.

1. Because MORISON was one of the most remarkable pillars of society.
2. Because he had a thorough knowledge of what his fellow-creatures would swallow.
3. Because he sent forth his pills in numbers, and Number One was the chief object of his solicitude.
4. Because he was engaged in a great struggle, and dealt out many a death blow in pursuit of his object.

We might add some special reasons why the Monument we have designed should be the one selected; but it may be sufficient to say that he contributed to numerous undertakings, and that his eulogy can be most appropriately conveyed in Mute eloquence.

The Female Franchise.

In the House of Commons, speaking on MR. HUME's Reform motion, MR. NAPIER is reported to have said—

"It was proposed that the franchise should be given to all persons of 21 years of age, who laboured under no mental or legal disability. Why, then, as had been asked before, should ladies be excluded?"

1. Because there is no evidence that any lady is twenty-one years of age; inasmuch as no lady will ever tell what her age is.
2. Because, as a poet says of the softer sex, "Angels are painted fair to look like them;" so that they are already represented fairly enough in all conscience.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.—The St. Stephen's Exhibition of Unprofitable Discussion and Empty Debate.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LAST.

(FOR THE PRESENT.)

In our position of *Moniteur* to the public in general, we proceed to publish the following Decree, which will be found the same in spirit, if not quite uniform in text, with the document just issued by the French President.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, considering nobody but himself, proceeds to regulate the relations of the Legislative Bodies or nobodies with himself, though he will respect no relationship as permanent or binding upon him, except his own relationship of nephew to his uncle the Emperor.

THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

The Council of State will be in a state of thorough submission to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who will send to them the work they are to do, which will prevent the necessity for their calling for orders at LOUIS NAPOLEON'S residence.

MEETING OF THE SENATE.

The Senate meets when LOUIS NAPOLEON pleases; and the Senate will cease to meet when it displeases LOUIS NAPOLEON.

BILLS.

As the duty of the Senate is only to accept LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Bills, the Senate will not be allowed to make any alterations in the form or value of any Bill offered for its acceptance by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

PROPOSITIONS TO MODIFY THE CONSTITUTION.

A proposition to modify the Constitution must be signed by ten Senators at least, and must be sent to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who will decide on the matter according to Art. 81, or any other Art that he may choose to exercise.

PLACE OF MEETING OF THE SENATE.

The residence in the *Rue d'Enfer* is devoted to the Senate; or the Senate is devoted to the *Rue d'Enfer*, as the most appropriate place for it, in the opinion of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

Bills will be presented to the Legislative Body by LOUIS NAPOLEON; and, if any amendment should be proposed, it must be sent to LOUIS NAPOLEON through his clerks, or Ministers, and, if his opinion is unfavourable, the amendment will be null and void.

MESSAGES AND PROCLAMATIONS ADDRESSED TO THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

As the messages or proclamations of LOUIS NAPOLEON are intended to be obeyed and not talked about, no message or proclamation is to be discussed or voted upon, unless by order of LOUIS NAPOLEON. A proclamation of LOUIS NAPOLEON dissolving the Legislative Body is to put an end to everything and everybody in the Legislature, which is to separate at the first blow, without any attempt to collect itself.

No Member is to speak without leave, and then only from his place; but every observation will be treated as out of place if it is distasteful to LOUIS NAPOLEON.

All signs of disapprobation and approbation are interdicted—so that laughing at a joke, or yawning at a dull debate, are not allowed to the French Legislature.

If the Assembly becomes tumultuous, the PRESIDENT may put on his hat, and remain covered himself until he can recover his authority.

MINUTES.

As what the Members say will be of very little moment, it will be confined to the briefest possible minutes, comprising merely the name of the speaker and how he voted.

Any Member, if the Assembly will allow him, may print his own speech, at his own cost; but it will be difficult to calculate the cost if it contain anything distasteful to LOUIS NAPOLEON.

DONE (again) MARCH 22nd, by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Free-will for Testators.

"WHERE there's a will there's a way," says the proverb; but the existing state of the law of wills, which renders a testament invalid if it happens to have been signed a hair's breadth over an inch from the bottom, upsets this axiom of proverbial philosophy in many cases, by giving no way to the will of the testator. The LORD CHANCELLOR is therefore greatly to be thanked for having passed a bill through the Lords to abolish this technicality, so wretched in itself, and causing so much wretchedness; and should the measure happily become law, it will be a fine feather in the new coronet of LORD ST. LEONARD'S. This is a good beginning on the part of the Tories, and if they go on in the same way, their Ministry will perhaps be more than transitory.



Rapid Undergraduate. "WELL, JACKSON! YOU SEE THEY'VE PLUCKED ME AGAIN.

Porter of St. Boniface. "YE-ES, SIR, I WAS VERY SORRY WHEN I HEARD OF IT, SIR."

Undergraduate. "AH! I DID INTEND GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND BEING AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION—BUT AS THEY WON'T LET ME THROUGH—I THINK—I SHALL CUT THE WHOLE CONCERN."

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT?

SURELY there must have been some mistake in the newspaper report of the case of CHARLOTTE LARKIN, widow, aged 42, indicted at the Lewes Assizes, before MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE, for the manslaughter of her son, THOMAS LARKIN, a child 10 months old. We find it stated that—

"This was one of those cases so frequently occurring in the country, where the deaths of children have been occasioned by the administration of narcotics sold under different names to the poorer classes for the purpose of 'soothing' their children. * * * * The prisoner was proved to have always previously exhibited great fondness for the child, and there was no ground for supposing that she had any idea of the dangerous consequences that were likely to ensue from her conduct. * * * * She was found Guilty, and sentenced to three months' hard labour."

There must, we repeat, be some mistake in this report; for there ought to be no mistake in the supposition, that the Lewes jury were men of common sense and common humanity, and there can be none in the general impression that MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE is precisely the reverse of an unjust and merciless Judge. Such a sentence as the above on such facts, is simply an aggravation of natural anguish; a perfectly unreasonable and cruel addition of punishment to the sorrow a mother must feel at having had the misfortune to lose her child through a mistaken attempt to comfort it.

If an error in the administration of a remedy, because it happens to be fatal, is to be punished with imprisonment and hard labour, we had better leave the sick and the suffering to die a natural death without meddling with them. Medical men, in particular, will do well to give up practice; because in their case an error in judgment will of course be considered peculiarly inexcusable.

Suppose not, good people, for one moment, that we defend the practice of mothers drugging their children with laudanum. Abominable is the only word for it in our dictionary. But, by leave of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the women are not the culprits. Other parties, surely, are to be blamed for this poisonous quackery, when ignorant females are encouraged to administer narcotics to infants, and thus cause those lamentable "cases so frequently occurring in the country," by the sale of "soothing," "elixirs," "carminatives," and "syrops," sanctioned and recommended by the GOVERNMENT STAMP.

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

STEWED DUCK AND PEAS.

AIR—"My Heart and Lute,"

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the dinner be;
Stew'd Duck and Peas are all the store
That I can offer thee.
A Duck, whose tender breast reveals
Its early youth full well;
And, better still, a Pea that peels
From fresh transparent shell.

Though Duck and Peas may fail, alas!
One's hunger to allay;
At least for luncheon they may pass,
The appetite to stay.
If season'd Duck an odour bring
From which one would abstain,
The Peas like fragrant breath of Spring
Set all to rights again.

I give thee all my kitchen lore,
Though poor the offering be;
I'll tell thee how 'tis cook'd, before
You come to dine with me:
The Duck is truss'd from head to heels,
Then stew'd with butter well;
And streaky bacon, which reveals
A most delicious smell.

When Duck and Bacon in a mass
You in the stewpan lay,
A spoon around the vessel pass,
And gently stir away:
A table-spoon of flour bring,
A quart of water plain,
Then in it twenty onions fling,
And gently stir again.

A bunch of parsley, and a leaf
Of ever-verdant bay,
Two cloves—I make my language brief—
Then add your Peas you may!
And let it simmer till it sings
In a delicious strain:
Then take your Duck, nor let the strings
For trussing it remain.

The parsley fail not to remove,
Also the leaf of bay;
Dish up your Duck—the sauce improve
In the accustom'd way,
With pepper, salt, and other things,
I need not here explain:
And, if the dish contentment brings,
You'll dine with me again.

"What Cheek!"

THE King of the Amazons, we read, replies to LORD PALMERSTON, that the presents sent to His Majesty by QUEEN VICTORIA, "are very acceptable, and are good for his face." If MESSRS. ROWLAND do not instantly announce that the presents in question were bottles of "Kalydor," they will throw away an excellent chance.

ELECTIONEERING PROSPECTS.

THE Free Traders look forward with confidence to the results of the next election, and yet, most probably, the landlords will be the chief gainers by it—unless it is attended by much less than the usual amount of drunkenness.

Papal Dealings with the Court.

So the presentation of MR. SHERIFF SWIFT's Chaplain, "MONSIGNORE" SEARLE, at the QUEEN's levee, has been cancelled, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has sent back the reverend foreign titular on his patron's hands. MR. SWIFT has found that he has done the POPE's business at Court to the effect of small profit and quick returns.

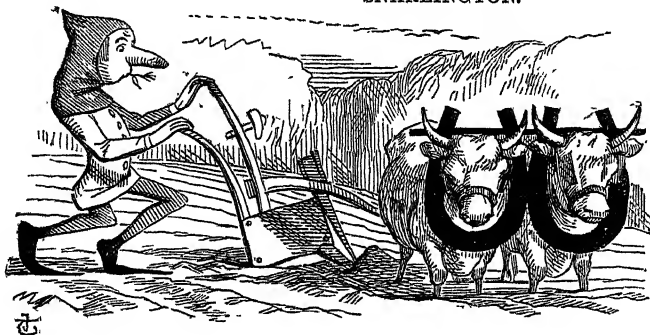
POLITICAL DEFINITION.

BASE RELIEF:—The Relief that our Starved-out Agriculturists would accept (if they could get it), in the shape of a 5s. duty.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

(From the Local Newspapers.)

SNARLINGTON.



secure 'all the eggs which may be unavailing for any but electoral purposes. A sheaf of loaded bludgeons arrived last night at the Cracked Crown Hotel; and we believe that both BLACK JIM and the LIGHT-WEIGHT PET have received their retaining fees. In Snarlington, at least, the true old English spirit is not extinct. We add, at the last moment, that our respected townsman and Coroner, LARYNX FLEAM, Esquire, immediately on hearing that a dissolution was certain, gave some handsome orders to his wine-merchant and jeweller. This is as it should be. Live and let live.

GREAT GROWLSBY.

The contest here will be severe, as the EARL of CAMBERWELL, who owns one-half of the borough, has just obtained a good lump of money by mortgaging the parish of Quaggington; while the DOWAGER LADY PECKHAM (his lordship's cousin and particular enemy), who owns the other half, has given notice to every one of her tenants, that if the EARL's candidate be returned, she will raise all their rents twenty-five per cent. A spirited struggle is therefore certain, but it is thought that the EARL's ready money will carry the day.

SQUASHBOROUGH.

Politics here are curiously involved. The "Staggering Sparrows," a club which has hitherto carried the elections its own way, has met a sudden and well-organised rivalry in a new union called the "Downey Robin Redbreasts" (who took their name from the red waistcoat of a smart auctioneer, their Perpetual Grand), and who, it is said, have exchanged an electric message with the great MR. COPPERAS, of London. The Sparrows stand well with the Corporation, from using the Bung Tavern, kept by the Mayor; but there are two benefit societies, the "Heroes of Glory," and the "United Anti-Procrastinators," both in the Redbreast interest. Unless some arrangement can be made, the welfare of the Squashborough public will be sacrificed, and a candidate, who has notoriously nothing but a miserable eight hundred a-year, earned by his labours at the bar, will carry off the prize. We hope better things from the good sense of both parties.

THE FANTAIL BURGHS.

There will be no battle this time. SIR PETER MCGRAWLER, of Fishmaws, in whose hands the representation lies, had threatened ejection and ruin to any voter who should support young MR. BLEAK. But the latter having proposed for MISS MARGARETTA MCGRAWLER (and his uncle, ALDERMAN TUNNIE, of The Loaches, having undertaken to see to the settlements), SIR PETER has sent a circular ordering the electors to return his intended son-in-law by acclamation.

BISHOP'S CROTCHET.

This quiet little town will be disturbed by the bustle of election. The Honourable MISSES MUMBLEPLUMB, the esteemed dowager heiresses, are so indignant that the townsfolk objected to the sermons at St. Sillery's being preached in Latin, as proposed by the Reverend ORIGEN ALTARFLOWERS (the ladies' Puseyite chaplain), that they have desired their nephew, CAPTAIN FITZDERBY, of the Guards, to come down and oppose the old Member, MR. JAMES BASKETWORK. The latter made his fortune in the town, and spends it there; and though not the wisest man in the world, is considered a better representative of the honest folk of Bishop's Crotchet than a "spangled officer." But the old ladies are on their mettle, and a costly struggle is commencing.

KILLCROCKERY.

Again a Saxon insult! How long, O Nemesis of the West, how long? The new proprietor of Mount Target, a London merchant, a vile trader, has dared to issue an address asking the suffrages of the Killcrockery electors. And this because he has reclaimed an estate, once an Irish gentleman's, from ruin, rebuilt the dilapidated mansion, and fed, with his wretched gold, some hundreds of starving peasants. On such grounds does the dastardly POPKINS (that is his plebeian patronymic) presume to stand upon Hibernian hustings. Well has the glowing Pindar remarked in his Georgics, *Qui Deum vulgus parcere prior demonstrat*, for POPKINS must be mad indeed. Irishmen, is this to be borne? Catholics, will ye endure it? A thousand echoes from the green hills of Clonmuddle haughtily answer with a reverberating negative. POPKINS for Killcrockery! *Faugh-a-ballaboo!*

GOTHBURY.

We await but the signal. The electors are ready—their souls in arms and eager for the pay. The original candidates meanly sought to avoid a contest, but our patriotic and wary rival agents, MESSRS. SWAG and MORUS, were alive to the interests of their friends and

fellow-townsmen, and the disgraceful juggle was defeated. A third candidate was procured from London; a rising young barrister, FLUCKS DE SLACKJAW, ESQUIRE, and his soul-stirring speeches have been received with a double enthusiasm, from their merit, and from the noble purpose they were serving. MR. DE SLACKJAW will go to the poll, and we need hardly add that both his rivals will have to draw pretty largely upon their dearly-loved gold. We congratulate our townsmen that their cause is in good hands. Votes will command twenty-five per cent. more this time than ever before, and, besides, MR. DE SLACKJAW's speeches are oratorical treats of no common order.

BALLYWOBBLE.

A difficulty has arisen in finding a second candidate, MAJOR SNAPSHOT, of Rifleton, having taken a solemn oath to wing anybody who comes down to canvass against him. This he calls taking a triggerometrical survey of his position. The Major attends a meeting of his constituents at the Bombshell Hotel every evening, and in the most affable manner answers all inquiries as to his political aims, by snuffing out candles with his pistols. He pledges himself not to miss his man; objects to the ballot because he likes to see where his ball goes, but is otherwise well disposed to the levellers. He is for popular education, thinking the young idea ought to be taught to shoot, and is very sarcastic on milder people, whom he calls Smooth Bores. Under the circumstances, his return seems probable.

THE AMERICAN CRUSADERS.

AIR—"Dunoe the Brave."

OLD HERMIT PETER was a goose
To preach the first Crusade,
And skase e'en GODFREY of Bouillon
The speculation paid;
They rose the banner of the Cross
Upon a foolish plan—
Not like we bistes the Stars and Stripes,
To go agin Japan.

All to protect our mariners
The gallant PERRY sails;
Our free-enlighten'd citizens
A cruizin' arter whales;
Who, bein' toss'd upon their shores
By stormy winds and seas,
Is wus than niggers used by them
Tarnation Japanese.

Our war-cries they air Breadstuffs, Silks,
With Silver, Copper, Gold,
And Camphor, too, and Ambergris,
All by them critturs sold;
And also Sugar, Tin, and Lead,
Black Pepper, Cloves likewise,
And Woollen Cloths and Cotton Thread,
Which articles they buys.

We shan't sing out to pattern saints
Nor gals, afore we fights,
Like, when they charged the Saracens,
Did them benighted knights:
But "Exports to the resky, ho!"
And "Imports!" we will cry;
Then pitch the shell, or draw the bead
Upon the ene—my.

We'll soon teach them unsocial coon
Exclusiveness to drop;
And stick the hand of welcome out,
And open wide their shop;
And fust, I hope we shan't be forced
To whip 'em into fits,
And chaw the savage loafers right
Up into little bits.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE FRENCH SENATE HOUSE.—"Keep it dark."

LIFE IN AN OMNIBUS.



Twelve Voices. "STOP!!!"

est attainment of human happiness;—but still we think any one of them is MAHOMET'S Paradise itself, (providing, of course, you escape dying, or being killed), compared to the LIFE IN AN OMNIBUS with twelve insides, two babies, a birdcage, a dog, and a washerwoman smelling strongly of rum and yellow soap! If DANTE had been alive at the present day, (and we can only regret he is not), he would certainly have placed his "Inferno" inside a Penny Omnibus!

However, there is a melancholy pleasure in smiling over the annoyances that other people stoically endure, after one has had the courage to say, "I'll endure them no longer myself." It is wrong to smile; but one cannot help it.

These annoyances waylay you at the threshold of the omnibus; follow you through that inextricable Leg Alley through which you have to squeeze your way, when directed to "The End Seat, Sir!" and dodge you at every step till you have taken that seat. We have come to the disagreeable conclusion—drawn from some fifteen years' painful experience—that if there is an "abode of selfishness" in this world, it is the interior of an English omnibus. Not a person makes way for you. "Find your seat as you can. Don't expect me to make room to accommodate you. You may stand up for half-an-hour for what I care. You may be rolling about from side to side, worse than any Government steamer; but don't fancy I'm going to assist you. Be as uncomfortable as you please, as long as I have my seat and am comfortable; it's no business of mine, and I won't stir an inch to oblige any man." Such seems to be the determined selfish policy of every man who sits inside an omnibus. Perhaps a little more courtesy may be shown to a lady; but it is so very little, a foreigner would scarcely notice it!

Now the action of putting the hand into the pocket is generally an interesting operation for the English mind. Assistance is mostly given to a man who shows a desire to perform that operation, so that he may perform it with the greatest ease to himself. But in an omnibus this delicate law of Anglican nature is reversed. The operator is wedged in so tight, that it is with difficulty he can move his arm to get his purse out. The fact is, every one knows that it is not to benefit himself, and they would see you and your purse at the bottom of the



"THE END SEAT, SIR!"

omnibus first, before they would move the thickness of a wafer to help you. How different would be the behaviour of these very gentlemen,

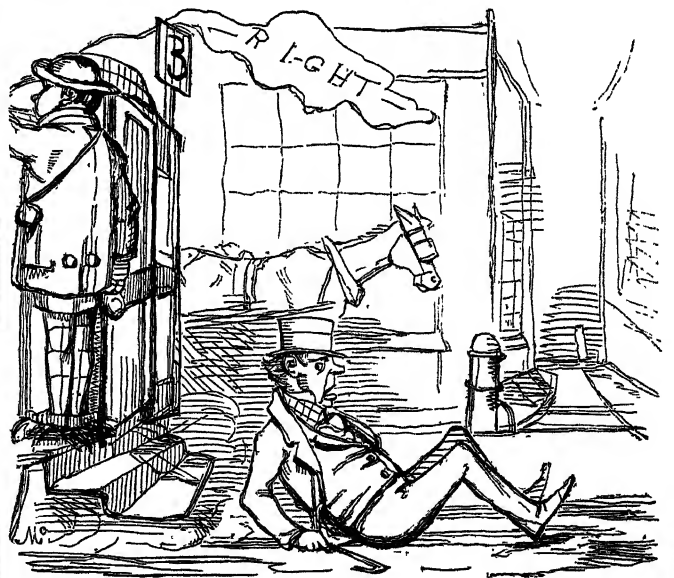


when standing behind the counters in their shops! This same sort of sluggish selfishness seems to take possession of the Conductor. He sees persons paying such little attention to each other's comforts, that he learns in time to pay no attention to them himself.

This must be the case, for we cannot otherwise account for the incessant warfare that is going on (during the 16 hours many of the poor fellows are compelled to work) between the conductor and his passengers.

The truth is, the selfishness inside gradually acts upon him, and he grows, at last, as selfish, perhaps more so than any one else. He notices that the universal law in omnibuses is, "Every one for himself;" and accordingly he applies that law to his own benefit. In the wild pursuit of it, it little matters to him what he does. He throws in children upon the mere speculation that "some Gent will praps have the kindness to take them on his knee;" he takes up any number of women, blissfully unconscious whether the Omnibus will contain them or not; he will not "Stop" a minute before it pleases him, though a dozen persons may be tugging at him all the while with a dozen hook sticks; and he will think nothing of "putting you down" in the middle of the road, if you have been at all free in telling him "what you think of his behaviour."

We are sure this is the reason why Conductors are so little considerate to the wishes of their passengers. And thus Selfishness is its own punishment! and, in the words of the celebrated verdict, we say "Sarve it right!"



"ALL RIGHT!"

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."



CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

From Old BROMPTON to his Daughter.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"I can refuse you nothing—nothing, at least, in reason; and VIOLET BROMPTON is not the girl to ask what her father should not grant. For, whatever resemblance a too partial world may have discovered between myself and PHŒBUS APOLLO, I have neither a mail phaeton in my coach-house, nor a female Phaeton in my drawing-room. And if my VIOLET, following in her father's incendiary footsteps, should succeed in setting the world on fire, I am sure it will be done only in the spirit in which, a very few years ago, she used to set fire to her snapdragons, that her friends might be able to see and snatch the richest and best of the plums in the blaze.

"You wish to publish. Aged twenty, next May; you have seen so much that you must tell something. You would be my little Special Correspondent from the Offer-producing Districts. You want me to emulate the magician whom I and MR. LANE saw at Cairo. I am to let an innocent child take ink into its hand, and then make revelations of sights it has seen. Be it so; but be sure that your ink is of the right sort, or your revelations will be apocryphal. Mind, I will have no blue ink, to produce a story like * * *, full of Latin and Greek quotations (for the most part, however, redeemed into womanliness by mis-spelling); nor red ink, for a dashing narrative of the loves of HER MAJESTY's army, like * * *; no, nor Cabinet ink, for a tale of a lover in Opposition, and a heart broken by the division-bell, like * * *. Nor, VIOLET, Daughter of the Magician, must the ink you take into your white hand be a mere contemptible 'writing fluid,' a pitiful negation authorship should repudiate. Ink is no mere 'writing fluid,' but has properties and virtues of its own, and has even a better pedigree to show than the holy oil with which the Church of Rome is preparing to oil her pet child, Louis, the Well-beloved—oil miraculously brought direct from Heaven for the kings of France, and left till called for at the oilman's in the Rue St. Honoré, No. 37 bis. Ink has a better pedigree than that. See that yours, my child, be thoroughbred. Enough of iron to keep your down-strokes steady as SIR PAXTON's columns, enough of gum-arabic to serve as bird-lime for winged thoughts (some people's fly away very unkindly, when they ought to settle on the paper), and only just enough of galls—which are but the results of morbid action—vegetable pearls, you know—to ornament your page in the fashion of the day. For, in the matter of fashion, I would not have you a literary Bloomer; I should be loath to expose you to the overpowering Epilogues of the Westminster boys, whose education

(as described by LORD WILLIAM LENNOX) gives them a readiness of satire which no lady nearer them than is Billingsgate, could meet with equal weapons. I shall not quarrel with your literary millinery, my love, any more than I have ever quarrelled with certain bills, at which, while I tested their arithmetic, MADAME ST. MOELLINE sitting by, smiling unconcernedly, but ready as a cat for defence, you would look up, half afraid papa might think those last four or five dresses a little too extravagant.

"You shall publish. But not, I think, my beloved child, precisely as you propose. You tell me, in your note, that you want your 'book' to be prettily bound, with golden flowers crawling over the back; and if the edge of the 'book' cannot be gilt, you will graciously compromise for a gilding on the top edges only. And in your P. S. you say, you must dedicate your 'book' to him who—but I will keep your secret. But a book!

"No, my dear. A maiden speech should not be long. Even when it is on the Address, and the speaker is blazing in a yeomanry uniform (the more decorously to review a Minister's awkward squad), a great nation is not much softened by the exertions of the military tailor, and is ungrateful to the 'echo,' if its repetitions are too numerous. An *aria d'intrata* should not last through a whole evening. And so with a young lady's first attempt at authorship. You shall gain, by degrees, upon the public, my affectionate child. You know the *Vicar of Wakefield* by heart? Well, it was MISS OLIVIA PRIMROSE that burst upon people and astonished them, while MISS SOPHIA won upon them and charmed them. You remember the result. MRS. THORNHILL was left a sort of widow bewitched—while MRS. GEORGE PRIMROSE, and her gallant young officer—But you are already convinced, VIOLET; and OLIVER GOLDSMITH has wrought another of his charming conversions. I wonder out of which of the novelists of the present day, future papas will be able to convert their daughters to wisdom! I suppose they will be driven to translate GEORGE SAND.

"So, VIOLET, it shall be thus. I will do for you what I would not do for a great many titled ladies I could name; and would name, but for making a hundred ancestral halls unhappy, by contradicting the assertions of their lovely owners—that they 'write for *Punch*.' Do you start at the name, as at the sound of a silver trumpet? The remarkable, the extraordinary man—pooh! The preternatural creature, or shall I say being, who owns that name, also owns your father as his intimate friend. I have not, hitherto, boasted of this, for there is pride enough in this world; but the secret is now yours. Yes, my friend *Punch* shall be your literary sponsor—he will not refuse the office. Send him, each week, a chapter of your long and eventful life, and, who knows, by your twentieth birthday you may have made a 'book,' gold creepers and all. Speak freely; the world is your godfather's friend, and will, I am sure, be happy to make your acquaintance. It will be your own fault if that acquaintance be not kept up.

"Bless you, my child! Observe in these words another proof of my confidence in you, for you have my fatherly benediction before your confession begins.

"Your affectionate Parent,

"BRIDLEGOOSE BROMPTON."

CHAPTER II.

MR. ALBANY SWELLINGTON to his Friend BROWN.

"BROWN, MY BELOVED BUFFER,

"[BROWN. I interline a word or two at the beginning of my letter to say that I am heartily ashamed of what follows; in fact, I don't believe I wrote it, but it must stand to explain the rest.]

"There are headaches which a fellow can bear; and, by Jove, BROWN, there are headaches which a fellow can't, shan't, won't, mustn't, and didn't ought to bear. I've got one of the latter sort, whereby this comes hopping from Brighton that you are all well, as it doesn't leave me at this present, and no mistake. I don't exactly know what I'm writing, and the lines seem to come down the page precious slowly. Didn't you expect me to dinner or something to-day? Well, I can't come. And I wish I could. Accept this apology, and believe me to remain yours, in a deuce of a state, A. S.

"How did it happen? The old way, of course. No, it was not, though! HARVEY's fault it was, this time; HARVEY did it all. I was in my room yesterday morning—it might have been about two in the day, for I had breakfasted early, and was smoking an innocent pipe, as I was going to write to my aunt, and I wanted to collect my reminiscences; she don't care to hear about dogs, and the odds on the Derby. In comes HARVEY BOTOLPH, wanting my stall at the Opera. Gave it him, (as there was nothing worth seeing) conditionally on his dictating a page of my aunt's letter; he knows about the Royal Academy, and new books, and fancy preachers—devilish well-informed fellow is HARVEY. Got over the letter so fast, that I felt quite literary, and I think this helped to upset me. Dressed, and went round to JEM's, and saw some rats killed, but had nothing but pale ale. Club; HORACE CLARK and WOBBLE WATTLE there, *au desespérar* (is that spelt right?) because a third fellow had thrown them over; and

they bothered me to be the odd man to a dinner at Blackwall. It was a case just like all others; deuced stupid before champagne, and just the same after it, only noisier. Drank a great lot of everything, with the usual philanthropic intention, namely, to see if it would make me like my neighbour better. It wouldn't. Got to town some way. Felt thirsty, so WOBBY and I had some iced punch—a good deal, I believe, and cigars—and I think we went to some theatre, but I am not sure. Is there any play or opera in which a black chap smothers a woman in a bed? I have a faint notion of some such scene having passed before my eyes—it might have been the Ethiopian serenaders, and yet I don't remember any music. Anyhow, we were turned out of the place for making suggestions to the actors for the improvement of the spectacle, but theatrical folks are proverbially ungrateful. Where we went next, I don't know, there were police to be treated, and I think I had some beer. We went to a glove-fight somewhere, and WOBBY being awfully cut, would spar, and was knocked under some grate, and may be there now for anything I know. I had a very extensive supper at the Cellars; in fact, two or three, for I kept forgetting that I had anything before, and was continually hungry, and paid for eight kidneys and five Welch rabbits, both of which things I hate, and I must have been rather queer to order them. I remember, too, tossing some fellows, Irishmen, for whiskey-and-water, and their taking me to some court, where five of them (I believe they were all Members of Parliament) lived in two rooms. We were very jolly, and I was very much affected with their recitals of the oppression this country practises on Ireland. By Jove, it ought to be looked to. Then I don't pretend to know much more, but early this morning I found myself near London Bridge chaffing some men going to work. All of a sudden a bell rang—it was the first train to Brighton. I thought of the sea, and that it would be nice and cool; so I got into the train and went to sleep, and when I awoke, a porter was pulling me out at Brighton. That's how it happened, BROWN, and you will see it was all HARVEY's fault, finishing my aunt's letter so fast. By Jove, how my head aches!



"I've had some brandy and soda-water, and now I am scribbling because I have nothing else to do. Life's a mistake. The world's a humbug. Devilish ugly and care-worn all the people look here. They are walking about after breakfast. The sun shines right in one's eyes, making one savage. But I'll have a weed and walk about too. Perhaps I'll drown myself.

"BROWN, my dear friend. Everything is changed. The world's Paradise. Everybody is an angel, one person particularly. But I can't explain myself now. I have told you why I will not cut out the above trash, but think no more of it. I want you to do a commission for me. It is important. Go to my rooms. VINCENT knows you—I don't think I shall keep VINCENT, his morals are loose), and will let

you do as you like. Do this. Take down all the pictures of ballet-dancers and all others that you would not hang up in your wife's room. Burn them, or send them to WOBBY WATTLE as my parting gift (I shall drop WOBBY, but not till he comes into his money; at present he'd think it was for pecuniary reasons). Take everything connected with smoking out of the place, and let VINCENT have fresh curtains put up. Tell VINCENT to stop *Bell's Life*, and all other sporting papers. Put all my cards and dice into the fire, and do the same with all the books you can find—they won't be many. You may have my foils, masks, and sticks—I shall have no time for them in future. And if you will call upon some respectable law-bookseller, and ask him to go to my cousin, ERASMUS GHERKIN, Inner Temple, and send to my rooms, instantly, such books as GHERKIN orders (I write to him by the Electric Telegraph), I shall be greatly obliged. And ascertain, if you can, what one has to pay to be made a barrister, and whether one can do it in half the time by paying or eating double, or both.

"You'll stare—I will explain shortly, but do the above in a crack. Is there not a song about SIMPLE SIMON and IPHIGENIA, going to a fair? I'm SIMON, or however you spell it, but IPHIGENIA's name begins with 'V.' Now, look alive, there's a good BROWN."

WHAT FOOLS SOME PEOPLE ARE!!

EVERY now and then there comes into our hands an envelope, with a superscription something like the following:—



We seldom look further than the outside, for we know pretty well beforehand what will be the contents of the offensive missive. We know perfectly well that the document relates to some "Vast sale of Grand Consignments of gorgeous and rare, &c., &c., removed from the Crystal Palace;" or of "Merchandise entered for duty," and

"REMOVED in Bond from the LONDON DOCKS for IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE, in consequence of the late Coup d'Etat in France, and Alarming Commercial Panic!!!"

We know that the whole must go "without reserve," and we are fully aware that the truth is so far told, for the parties are total strangers to anything in the shape of "reserve," being remarkable for their unblushing impudence.

We are perfectly aware that, if we visit the spot, we shall find a parcel of sinister-looking fellows, with very large false rings on their fingers, walking about the place, endeavouring, by the aid of puffing and bullying combined, to induce timid and weak-minded female visitors to purchase worthless trash at the highest prices. We know, that if we asked to see one of the "25,000 Splendid Robes (various) at 2s. 11d. a-yard," we shall be told that the whole 25,000 were sold yesterday, to either "Waterloo House," "SWAN AND EDGAR," or some other respectable firm, in order that some of the unhappy female fools, who will go to be taken in by these advertising impostors, may exclaim inwardly, "Dear me! how cheap the things must be here, when they are purchased to sell again by the regular shopkeepers!" We know thoroughly well, that if we visit one of these dens of deception, we shall see some poor unfortunate being half coaxed half coerced into the purchase of some rubbish, at double the price for which it might be had in any decent shop; and we know also, that if a lady has the sense and the spirit to resist an attempt at imposture, she will be insulted by one or more of the individuals with false rings on their fingers.

Feeling and knowing all this, we cannot help exclaiming to ourselves, "What fools some people are!" when we find that it is still worth the while of these swindling concerns to take premises, and send forth their fraudulent announcements in the heart of the metropolis. We had hoped the whole system had been so thoroughly exposed, that no one could be taken in, at this time of day, except an occasional dupe at a cockney watering-place; but as we find the humbug still answers, we can only think to ourselves "What fools some people are!" and do our best to render them wiser by a little wholesome exposure, now and then, of the tricks by which they are victimised.

WHO HAS THE BEST OF IT.—The only difference between the French Chamber and our House of Commons is this: In the one, Ministers will not allow the Members to say anything; and in the other, Members cannot get the Ministers to say anything.

A MINISTERIAL MESS.



ALMOST the grossest instance of adulteration that has yet occurred, may be recognised in the remarkable and somewhat deleterious compound that has lately been delivered in Downing Street. The article in question is a Cabinet Pudding, which, upon careful analysis, will be found to contain some very objectionable ingredients, and which are by no means genuine specimens of what they profess to be.

The Cabinet Pudding has as usual a basis of sponge, which adapts it for absorbing the quantity of good things, and especially the plums, with which it comes in contact. Some idea has been entertained of attempting

to improve the pudding by giving it a flavour of Peel, but the article is not to be had, and the few dry chips that have been introduced, are a sorry substitute. What renders the Cabinet Pudding a more alarming failure, is the fact that the mould is defective, and the mass will never assume a solid shape, as will be seen when it is turned out, and dished, as it is expected to be, within a rather brief period.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

BEIGNET DE POMME.

ATR—"Home, Sweet Home."

'Mid fritters and lollipops though we may roam,
On the whole, there is nothing like Beignet de Pomme.
Of flour a pound, with a glass of milk share,
And a half-pound of butter the mixture will bear.
Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like the Beignet de Pomme!

A Beignet de Pomme, you will work at in vain,
If you stir not the mixture again and again;
Some beer, just to thin it, may into it fall;
Stir up that, with three whites of eggs, added to all.
Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like the Beignet de Pomme!

Six apples, when peeled, you must carefully slice,
And cut out the cores—if you'll take my advice;
Then dip them in batter, and fry till they foam,
And you'll have in six minutes your Beignet de Pomme.
Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like the Beignet de Pomme!

CHERRY PIE.

ATR—"Cherry Ripe."

CHERRY PIE! Cherry Pie! Pie! I cry,
Kentish cherries you may buy.
If so be you ask me where
To put the fruit I'll answer "There!"
In the dish your fruit must lie,
When you make your Cherry Pie.
Cherry Pie! Cherry Pie! &c.

Cherry Pie! Cherry Pie! Pie! I cry;
Full and fair ones mind you buy:
Whereabouts the crust should go,
Any fool, of course, will know;
In the midst a cup may lie,
When you make your Cherry Pie.
Cherry Pie! Cherry Pie! &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—"*Ici on ne parle pas Français.*"

SHOCKING EFFECT OF LOAVES AND FISHES.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, in his admirable book *On Poisons*, has given very many examples of the extraordinary effect of bread, made of certain flour, and of fish in a certain condition, upon the human frame. The results have been strange and disastrous; but, to our mind, nothing so curious and fatal as those we are about to narrate.

There is a loaf, much sought after, made of flour ground and thrice bolted from golden grain, and eaten by a certain few in Downing Street.

There is, moreover, a most luxurious fish eaten in the same locality—a fish of the most delicious taste, and costly as the lampreys of Lucullus. The bread and the fish are much sought after by two privileged classes; who, indeed, from their very cradles, are taught to consider such bread and such fish as virtual sacred to themselves; the peculiar "good" provided by the gods for the two parties, born with palates especially refined and touched to appreciate and enjoy them. Nevertheless, delicious and desirable as are these loaves and fishes, they are apt to work the most extraordinary effects even upon the privileged eaters; if it so happen that they partake of them after long hungering for them.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR talks of a whole Canton of people being smitten with baldness, and other physical evils, from having eaten of bread made of diseased wheat; he also chronicles victims to the tunny-fish. Henceforth, let them be forgotten in the more modern results of a sudden meal upon the loaves and fishes of Downing Street. As the matter has really become town-talk, we violate no privacy by repeating it; on the contrary, we merely fulfil our humble duties of hebdomadal historian, commentator, moralist, satirist, and philosopher in general. Well, then, here is the root of the matter.

A noble Earl of unimpeachable fame; the very mirror of chivalry; the rose and expectancy of the landed interest; the Cicero of the House of Lords, and what is more, the Demosthenes of the *Morning Herald*—this noble Earl, whose name begins with a D, and ends, yes—for why should we conceal it?—and ends with a Y; this noble Earl has, within the last few days, given cause for the greatest anxiety on the part of his friends (and their name is landed legion), by manifesting, on certain occasions, the most extraordinary confusion of ideas. Several private and confidential consultations have taken place; and it is the conviction of the most experienced physicians and physiologists that the mental alteration, unfortunately developed in the noble Earl, has been caused by a sudden change of diet. The Loaves and Fishes have done it!

Vulgar mussels, impregnated with low ship-copper, will prostrate even a coalheaver. Wonderful is the impartiality of nature! An Earl cannot, with impunity, suddenly fall upon the fish, the delicate fish, the fish that surely has the regal purple, whereas other fish are white-blooded; the fish that feeds upon, and transmutes into itself, the Treasury gold;—even a chivalrous Earl cannot fall to with hearty good will upon such a fish, without losing his memory, and entertaining—if we may use so light a word—such a confusion of ideas, that he positively does not know an English summer from an English autumn; contending that when he implied May or June, he, of course, meant October or November. May brings hawthorns, and October barley; and they are both alike! June unfolds the rose, and November pulls down the fog; and garden flowers and London smoke, are they not synonymous? When a mind—once so logical—is brought into such a state by Treasury bread, eaten too new, and fishes, it may be, as the eaters thought, over-kept, it does teach us a lesson of humility; it does preach to us a reverence for a common nature, whether manifested in a fantailed coalheaver, or an Earl of stars and garters.

"Oysters and periwinkles"—says PROFESSOR TAYLOR—"have occasionally given rise to similar symptoms," *i. e.*, of irritation. About a fortnight since, MR. DR—LI did certainly show "symptoms of irritation;" but this was after an early, and almost his first, dinner off the fish of Downing Street. The Right Hon. Gentleman ordinarily speaks nothing poorer of the oyster than its pearls; but on the occasion of his answering LORD J—N R—S—LL, it was remarked that the speech of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had less of the purity of the pearl than the edginess of the shell.

Others of the Government have, more or less, displayed symptoms of the effects of their new loaf and fish diet. "Giddiness, unconsciousness"—says PROFESSOR TAYLOR—has attacked certain fish-eaters under certain circumstances. Now, we put it to ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER—(always a cool, impartial judge)—whether ADMIRAL BERKELEY—having eaten of the fish of Downing Street—did not display both giddiness and unconsciousness, when he talked of being able—at a few hours' notice—to girdle England with a protective fleet of steamers?

Before going to press, we made a dutiful and no less anxious inquiry at Downing Street, and found that the new loaf and fish eaters were quite as well as could be expected. Indeed—but this we must premise is their own statement—their new diet seemed to agree better and better with them: though detraction would whisper, that one or two upstarts, after having eaten of the fish of office, did walk stiffly, as though they had bolted the bones.



A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

Lady. "IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE WHO WILL SETTLE WITH YOU!"

Cabman. "NO, THERE AINT! THERE AINT NO GENTLEMAN HERE!"

Lady. "I TELL YOU THERE IS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THIS HOUSE."

Cabman. "OH, NO, THERE AINT, NOT IF HE BELONGS TO YOU!"

AMUSEMENTS OF PASSION WEEK.

THE present week is a week of inconsistencies. All the theatres are supposed to be shut, and yet all the theatres are actually open. Anybody who can do anything, and some who can do nothing, feel themselves at liberty to attempt to amuse an audience in Passion Week. At one establishment we are invited to witness a grand combination of "Francisco Wonders, Feast of Lanthorns, Flying Air Divers," and other startling attractions; while, at another theatre, we are promised a "Solo on the Concertina," as the grand point of the evening's amusement. The fact is, that the suspension for a week of dramatic amusement leaves a gap, which it is found desirable to fill up; and, as legitimate materials are prohibited, any stuff is thought sufficient to open a theatre with. Any individual who can imitate a saw, and give a faint idea of the frying of a pancake, or who can exclaim, "BILL, are you up there?" and can answer himself by saying, "No, I'm down here," to convey the notion of some one speaking in a cellar below—any person who can do this, or hold an imaginary conversation with an imaginary individual up an imaginary chimney, becomes at once a Poly-something or other, and announces an entertainment for Passion Week.

All those ingenious individuals who spread carpets in the public thoroughfares, and go through a series of tantalising preparations for a performance which never seems to come off, but which after a preliminary subscription from the bystanders, terminates provokingly before it begins—all the itinerant gentlemen with paletots over fancy costumes, and tin-foiled bands round their long-haired heads, become elevated during Passion Week into Unrivalled Acrobats, Olympian Competitors, or Brothers of some far-distant locality. They find themselves transferred suddenly from the stones to the boards, or from the gravel to the sawdust, and instead of a street circle of ragged lookers-on, they find themselves in the midst of a crowded theatrical audience.

In order that these irregular occupants of the various temples of the drama may get an extra feed, the members of the regular theatrical fraternity are curtailed of their fair proportion of dinner and salary—at least such of them as live from hand to mouth; while all are subjected to a sensible—or rather a senseless—reduction of income. If religious scruples require that there should be no acting in Passion Week, the same objections would certainly apply to the making of

RAPID ACT OF SAINTSHIP.

If an *auto da fé* is really an *auto* of a holy *fé*, and consequently a just and pious act—a rather large "if" this, to be sure—certainly the Editor of the *Morning Post* deserves to be roasted alive. In the course of some remarks condemnatory of SHERIFF SWIFT'S conduct in presenting "MONSIGNORE" SEARLE at Court, our contemporary, alluding to Mr. SWIFT'S regular chaplain, for whom the "MONSIGNORE" appeared as substitute, observes:

"Dr. CONNOR was in Ireland attending to his parochial duties. He could not divide himself, and be in London at the same time."

Here is heresy for you, Brethren of the Oratory!

Dr. CONNOR not able to be in London and Ireland at the same time! Of course he was, if a saint, as is not only quite possible, but very probable, perfectly able to be in two places at once; or if he chose, as a saint perhaps would choose, to economise miracle, he could easily have crossed St. George's Channel in an instant on his cloak, and then have gone to be presented to the QUEEN in that very cloak, and thus have wrought the conversion of a heretical SOVEREIGN and people, instead of getting rebuked by the former, and laughed at by the latter.

AN IMPROVED VERSION OF MACAULAY'S ZEALANDER.—Standing on the Bridge at Knightsbridge, and seeing but a few oyster-shells in Hyde Park to mark the spot where the Crystal Palace once stood!

fictitious pancakes in false frying-pans; the holding of false dialogues with people who have no existence; and the mendacious assumption of foreign titles by British tumblers, who twist themselves into all sorts of shapes, assume the mendacious character of Italian, French, or Bedouin Brotherhoods.

THE PROTECTIONIST CUCKOO.

THE Protectionist Cuckoo is already one of the rarest of birds, and the whole family will soon fade from the eye of the Political Naturalist. They are remarkable, chiefly, for the uselessness of their bills, which are crooked, and do not point straightforwardly to any particular object, but aim at reaching it in an indirect or roundabout manner. The flight of the Protectionist Cuckoo is so feeble, that it makes very little progress, and indeed is incapable of any high flight whatever. Its movements are effected by short and sudden hops; and, like the ordinary cuckoo, it makes its prey of the softest and feeblest among animated creatures that it comes in contact with.

The Protectionist, like the ordinary Cuckoo, has a strong tendency to take up its abode in a snug nest that has been already feathered by some prior occupant. An instance has lately occurred at a nest in Downing Street, which has been for some time occupied by a family of a different tribe, the head of which had in a pet hopped the twig, intending soon to return to his nest; but on coming back he found a Protectionist Cuckoo and party settled comfortably down in it.

A Few Dresses at the Drawing-Room.

THE EARL OF DERBY—in a sky-blue coat of Hope; with long ears of corn, worked in gold, very thick at the pocket-holes.

RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—Coat of blush-colour, embroidered with corn-flowers (of speech). Small clothes with large exchequer pockets beautifully worked with £ s. d.

ADMIRAL BERKELEY.—A complete suit of yarn, pitched very strong.

MEMBERS OF THE LATE CABINET.—All in cut-velvet.

HOW TO CLEAR THE HOUSE FOR A DIVISION.—Tell REID to ventilate it.



A BIT OF ANIMATED NATURE.
The Protectionist Cuckoo in the Hedge Sparrow's Nest.

A PETITION (AS IT OUGHT TO BE).

The Humble Petition of the Metropolitan Water Companies to the Commons House of Parliament, Sheweth,



HAT your Petitioners, in order to secure a monopoly of the Water Supply of the Metropolis, have spent large sums of money in Parliamentary contests, which sums they have not yet had an opportunity of fully repaying themselves out of the pockets of the consumers.

That your Petitioners have supplied Water of a very superior quality; viz., Thames water, of a much more nutritious character than any soft water, supplied in its natural state, possibly can be; the said Thames water being enriched with the sewage of the Metropolis, which is known to contain a large percentage of animal matter, not to mention the animalcules, shrimps, and small fish, which are supplied with it.

That your Petitioners are associated on the great principle of Self-government, or Government for Self and partners; which principle is incompatible with any supervision whatever.

That your Petitioners are assured that soft water supplies, from gathering grounds, would fail in drought; and that, if

Thames water be hard, it would be harder if there were none.

That your Petitioners ought not to be compelled to have recourse to a high-pressure supply, inasmuch as such a supply contravenes the great natural law that water finds its own level.

That your Petitioners object to give a constant supply, as such a supply would do away with the use of cisterns—the making, cleansing, and repairing whereof now create employment for a large body of industrious artisans, who would have to find other work were a constant supply enforced.

That your Petitioners object to any central superintendence, as your Petitioners know their own interest best; and that such interest is often as high as 20 per cent., which would be much reduced on any scale of rates likely to be sanctioned by a central supervising authority.

That your Petitioners believe that no gathering grounds can be so safely relied on as the gathering ground hitherto resorted to by your Petitioners: viz, the pockets of the consumers.

That your Petitioners believe a constant supply of water at high pressure to the street mains, would supersede that admirable department the Fire Brigade, and throw MR. BRAIDWOOD out of employment, besides impairing the income of the various Fire Insurance Companies.

That your Petitioners further believe that if water were supplied at a low price to the poor, the receipts of those excellent institutions, the Baths and Wash-houses, would be seriously diminished.

For all which reasons your Petitioners pray to be heard by counsel against any bill for improving the Metropolitan Water Supply.

And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.

An Affair of Honour.

It has been announced that a sum equal to about £400,000 out of the proceeds of the timber from the confiscated estates of the ORLEANS family is to be invested in Rentes as a subsidy for the Legion of Honour.

Receivers of stolen property are universally regarded as partakers in the theft; and, if the Legion of Honour consents to share in the ORLEANS plunder, it will verify the proverb of "Honour among Thieves."

THE PROTECTIONIST PRO-TEMS.

THE DERBY Cabinet would, if it could, put us on low diet. This consideration prevents us from calling it a provisional Government.

THE LAST CHARGE OF STANLEY.—We are sadly afraid that the last Charge of STANLEY will be Five Shillings—by way of Duty upon Foreign Corn.

"MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN IN THE OBSERVANCE."

THE other day, there was a trial for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant was a young butcher. The young butcher's love-letters were read. One love-letter concluded, after a high flight of passion, with—"Good-bye, dear, for the present—I'm going to kill!"

Punch read the report, and indulged in a philosophical chuckle; for, alas! that butcher-boy was but too striking an example of the way in which sentiment merges into trade. In a higher rank, a youth might break off his love-letter to go and make money, or to go to TATTERSALL'S, and yet not be a truer lover than that homely butcher-boy, who went off to administer to a calf such a wound as Cupid had inflicted on himself.

But suddenly a thought struck *Punch*. We have heard nothing of the approaching marriage of P—E L—S B—E lately. Some months ago, was not that young genius to be married? Is it the fact, then, that his passion broke off abruptly, for reasons precisely the same as those of the butcher-boy? Perfidious butcher-boy! Thou wert, then, a plagiarist! Thou stolest thy idea from the P—E! Yes, the P—E broke short off in his courtship—he was "going to kill!"

NOT SO EASILY LET OFF.

THE only use that can be made of the old Birmingham Muskets is, that they be immediately discharged—from the British service.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE REPORT.



IT is a common trick to write in lemon-juice between the ink-lines of a letter that which may escape the eyes of those unaware of the secret acid. Hold the sheet to the fire, when slowly down upon the paper the hidden marks, and the true correspondence stands revealed. *Punch* knew that tricks had been played with the above-named report; and although SIR JOSEPH PAXTON had exposed the juggle as played upon himself—nevertheless, thought *Punch*, there is more to come out. On this he held the Report to the

fire of his glance, and out came the subjoined evidence—although officially suppressed—written in lemon-juice.

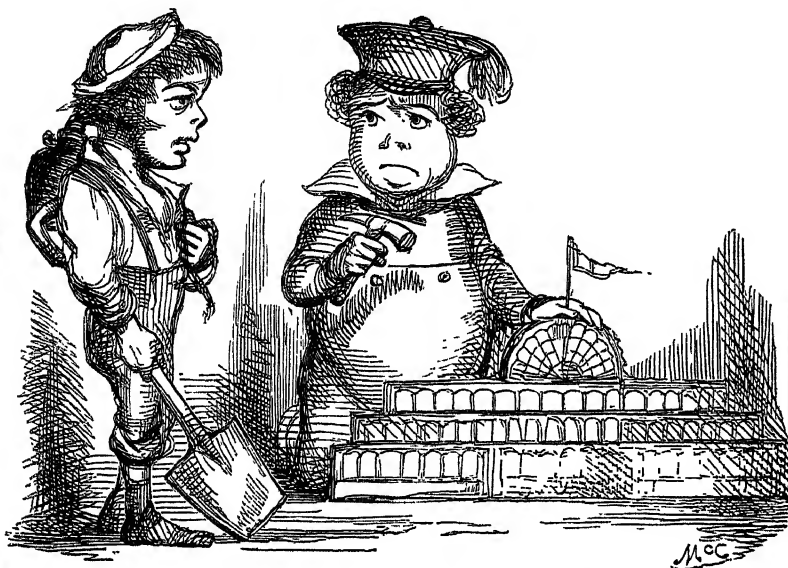
LORD STONEHENGE *Examined*.—Thinks the Crystal Palace a bore—a very great bore. It's done what it had to do, and there's an end of it. When you've grown your cucumbers, you don't want a cucumber-frame all the year long? Besides, lives in the neighbourhood, and therefore the Glass Thing would be a nuisance—an insufferable nuisance.

THE DOWAGER LADY POMPADOUR.—Had no idea when she came to live in the neighbourhood that there would be such an invasion on the rights of nobility. There was a talk about amusing the mob. Hadn't they got children—she was sure she had seen poor children—certainly children; and couldn't they stop at home and be amused with them? The low people that were brought last year past her door almost sent typhus fever into her best bedroom. If the lower classes wanted a Glass Palace, as it was profanely named—(what next, when in her time what was called the swinish multitude was now called the people)—let them go to France, where she heard they were going to build one. She begged to state *this* as an alternative: either the Crystal Palace should move, or she would.

THE HON. CAPTAIN MARTINGALE, OF THE RAINBOWS.—The thing was a dem'd humbug—he would say, altogether humbug! There was no place for horse exercise if the Park was desecrated—yes, that was the word—desecrated by dem'd glazier's work. If you'd no horse exercise, how would you get your cavalry? If you'd no cavalry, how would you repel an invasion? Would Nobden and Bight—what were the fellows' names?—Would they do it upon a pair of piebalds? If you'd no cavalry—which was the brightest gem in HER MAJESTY'S crown—diadem he should say—and begged HER MAJESTY'S pardon—yes, if you'd no cavalry, England was gone—insolent foreigner—homes and altars—tricolor over the Marble Arch—and all through a dem'd dropsical overblown melon-frame, that, he didn't believe, would grow a melon after all.

SIR ADAM ARARAT, BART.—He was not prejudiced; at his time of life, no man was. But he would say this, and say it in the calmest, most dispassionate manner—for as he said he was above prejudice—he would say that until last year the people—that is, the mob, for he met

none of the people, as they were called, at the Noah Club—the mob had done very well without a Palace, and if they once had a Palace of their own, well, good-bye to the British Constitution; and this he would say, *without* prejudice!



"O! Don't Break that up, MASTER BULL!—It would be of Great Service to me."

THE BITTER BEER CONTROVERSY.

A CONTROVERSY, involving much bitterness, has lately been raging in the newspapers on that flattest of all subjects, Beer; and it is a remarkable fact that some of the parties to the quarrel have, evidently, not thought "small beer" of themselves, or their commodities. Somebody happened to declare that strychnine was used in the manufacture of bitter ale, when nearly every brewer of that article "rushed into print," for the purpose of puffing his own peculiar beverage. One firm proposed that a commission should be immediately appointed to inquire whether there was really nothing but mischief brewing on the premises; and another firm offered to open its vats to the gaze of curiosity, and bring all its bungs into the eye of the closest scrutiny. Our old friend the British public is a little apt to exaggerate when it takes it into its head that it is being imposed upon; and when an article has once got a bad name, nothing is had enough to meet the popular notion regarding it. For instance, milk, which is actually nothing more than mere whitewash, is popularly supposed to be a compound of sheep's brains and other filth, by the side of which chalk is innocence itself; and nobody who buys a pound of sugar can be induced to believe that he is not purchasing a great deal more sand than saccharine. Porter has been described by some who have taken an erroneous view of PORTER'S *Statistics*, as a compound of Spanish Liquorice and Horse-flesh, though we think it would be difficult to trace a relation between the knacker's yard and any of our great London breweries.

Our friend, the *Lancet*, by its exposure of certain tricks in the coffee and other trades, has made the public suspicious of nearly everything that is sold for food; and the popular supposition that bread consists of nothing but alum and plaster-of-Paris may soon again have its partisans. For our own parts, we are not disposed to look at the worst side of everything, and we are inclined—perhaps too credulously—to believe that our tea is not *all* birch-broom, nor our port-wine *all* sloe-juice. Everything, however bad, has some redeeming quality. Mankind is not all bad, and coffee is not all chicory. There is but one thing in the world to which we would refuse credit for some extenuating circumstance—and that article is the cheap Sausage.

"MODIFICATION."

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Good people, don't heed the objection,
That we aim at restoring Protection;
It's quite a mistake
That we e'er meant to make
Such a gift to our rural connection.
'Tis true, that with *your* approbation,
And all for the good of the nation,
Some measures we've plann'd
For improving the land,
And encouraging good cultivation;
But that will make no alteration,
On Free Trade not the least innovation,
'Twill merely be "Modification"—
As plainly we'll make it appear.

The farmers are ready to storm us,
And rents, so the landlords inform us,
Are shamefully low,
While the burdens, you know,
Upon land come to something enormous.
You, of course, can have no inclination,
For these interests' extermination;
So we're sure you will see
No objection can be
To remodelling local taxation;
And if by a slight transportation,
Their load we can shift on the nation,
You'll approve such a "Modification,"
Though bread be a trifle more dear.

For the land, as you know, the sole fount is
To which all the liberal bounties
Of the poor rate are due,
And the highway rate too,
Not to speak of the rate called "the counties'."
Now if, as an alleviation
Of the Landlord's depressed situation,
We could lay on town backs
Some three-fourths of this tax,
'Twere absurd to call that spoliation—
To people of fashion and station,
You'd ne'er grudge the poor consolation,
Of a trumpety "Modification"—
To the tune of eight millions a year.

From that very large interest—the Shipping—
Protection you've lately been stripping,
And never again
Will those much-injured men,
Their hands in your pockets be dipping:
Yet, though we see acceleration
In the tonnage of each foreign nation,
Spite of HERRIES and YOUNG,
We have overboard flung
The old laws that tied up Navigation.
But if we could guide importation
By rules of strict reciprocation,
That were surely a "Modification,"
'Gainst which no one could e'er interfere.

Then there's sugar, which constantly dinn'd is
In our ears, from the East and West Indies,
And on which we'd a case,
Ere we came into place,
Would have made the most awful of shindies.
Yet PAKINGTON'S great moderation,
And the Planters' known self-abnegation,
Have settled e'en *that*;
So, though sugars "rule flat,"
Yet in *them* there'll be no fermentation;
Yet still, upon consideration
Of the great cause of Slave-liberation,
We may find a "Modification"
Is quite indispensable, here.

But any re-opening the question
Of Free Trade, we will all like a pest shun,
Even CHRISTOPHER'S self
We will put on the shelf,
If he venture on such a suggestion—
And after much deliberation,
We've determined on this declaration;
Protection we drop—
And the sign of our shop
Henceforth undergoes alteration.
Yes—this is our determination,
On which we will go to the Nation;
Not Protection, but "Modification,"
Which are different things—'tis quite clear.

A Large Protest.

THREE Deputies (who may be looked upon as the three last representatives of *Egalité, Liberté, and Fraternité*) refused to take the oath of allegiance to LOUIS NAPOLEON'S new Government. We are astonished ourselves at the largeness of this number: for ever since LOUIS NAPOLEON has been at the head of French affairs, we should have thought his conduct had been such as to have made every Frenchman swear.

MORAL MADNESS.



ALL Chancellors of the Exchequer are alike, in one respect. It is the lot of each to be the recipient of money-letters from monomaniacs afflicted with morbid irritability of conscience. The patient who furnished occasion for the subjoined paragraph in the *Times*, must be very bad—he is so inordinately good:—

“THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the halves of three notes for £50, for Income-Tax supposed to be claimable from ‘X.’”

The most scrupulous person, if sane, one would think, would like to be quite certain that his Income-Tax, was due before he paid it—would, if there were a doubt

on such a question, give himself the benefit of the doubt. The acuteness of the moral sense of “X” can only be exceeded by the obtuseness of his intellectual faculties.

A BLACK PRINCE AND HIS BROTHERS.

THE Puseyites should send out a mission to Africa. They have a fancy for black letters; and a piece of black literature, published in LORD PALMERSTON’S recent blue book, may be considered, moreover, to invite their ecclesiastical labours. The composition is that of his sable majesty GUEZO, KING OF DAHOMEY; a missive addressed by the ebony monarch to QUEEN VICTORIA. The royal negro begins with the following salutation:

“THE KING OF DAHOMEY presents his best compliments to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. The presents which she has sent him are very acceptable, and are good for his face.”

Hence it might be surmised that our gracious Sovereign Lady, imagining that he might perhaps wear boots, had sent him certain bottles of DAY and MARTIN, which he had used as a cosmetic. His face, however, is something that it would be difficult to improve. Alluding to the Slave-trade, he says, with native cheek, perfectly splendid without polish—

“He cannot see that he and his people can do without it. It is from the Slave-trade that he derives his principal revenue . . . He begs the QUEEN OF ENGLAND to put a stop to the Slave-trade everywhere else, and allow him to continue it.”

But this last passage suggests that any missionary charity we might be disposed to extend to GUEZO might begin at home. His petition is simply a bold straightforward appeal for protection. GUEZO might ask the “territorial interest,” “Am I not a man and a brother?” Does he not stand in that fraternal relation to the gentlemen who want the Corn-trade put down everywhere else, and themselves alone to be suffered to carry it on?

GUEZO’S claim to brotherhood with certain eminent persons does not rest here. Another of his requests is this:

“THE KING also begs the QUEEN to make a law that no ships be allowed to trade at any place near his dominions lower down the coast than Whydah, as by means of trading vessels the people are getting rich and withstanding his authority.”

Who are the commercial “upstarts” whom some of our feudal-minded magnates are so desirous to put down, but people who are getting rich and withstanding their authority?

The military ardour of KING GUEZO is, lastly, a point wherein he might claim kindred with many chivalrous and high-spirited individuals among us—we beg their pardon—above us. He declares that

“He hopes the QUEEN will send him some good Tower guns and blunderbusses, and plenty of them, to enable him to make war.”

So that before making any attempts to wash this sovereign blackamoor white, we ought to have a rub at some of our own noblemen and squires, who oppose Free Trade and pacific principles, precisely like GUEZO, illustrious among the Kings of Niggerdom.

A Joke’s a Joke for all that.

At the Royal Italian Opera, the other evening, there was present among the audience a WAG, whose hopeless condition may be inferred from the fact, that when offered the use of an opera glass, he remarked that, “to take in the full scope of all the beauties of *Tell* would require nothing less than a Tel-e-scope.” The unhappy individual has since quitted his family and become a member of the Police Force.

CONTRASTS WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

“Comparisons are odious.”—*Copy Book*.

So, the Palace of Crystal is doom’d to come down,
Says my Lord, the Adviser-in-Chief to the Crown;
The world that, amazed, its creation beheld,
Shall be still more astonish’d by seeing it fell’d.

Our Metropolis can’t quite be call’d over-graced
With structures and monuments famous for taste;
And in pulling things down, one perhaps might suggest,
That we better might do, than begin with the best.

Shall the Palace of Crystal fall? ere we demand,
We might ask, shall the Palace of Buckingham stand?
With its parts so misfitting, before and behind,
Like a mermaid—the female and fish ill-combined.

Is the Gallery, which pepper-dredge turrets adorn,
To continue a mark for the finger of scorn;
A dungeon for Art upon Europe’s best site,
A place to keep pictures in out of the light?

Shall the Wellington Statue—npraised by a trick
Upon poor BURTON’S Arch still be suffer’d to stick?
Well—peace may depend on the comical view,
Which must make every Frenchman forgive Waterloo.

Must the pigtail of GEORGE, the third king of the name,
In Pall Mall, still procure him ridiculous fame?
And his son and successor—a sight to deride—
By Saint Martin’s Church sit like an ostler astride?

Shall the DUKE OF YORK’S image stay mounted on high,
As if it were JENNER’S; as near to the sky,
As though YORK were owed a vast debt by his race,
Instead of the contrary being the case?

Yes, these and such objects are all to remain;
They are eyesores—regarded with scorn or with pain—
To the heart of the nation endear’d not at all;
Most people, indeed, would rejoice at their fall.

Had thy fabric been rear’d in the public’s despite;
Were it heavy and dull, as ’tis graceful and light;
Had thy name been the hissing and joke of the land,
Crystal Place, thou then hadst been certain to stand.

But, being the wonder of civilised man,
For use, beauty, skill of construction, and plan,
As LORD DERBY remark’d, amid cries of “Hear, hear!”
Thou, “beautiful building,” must now “disappear!”

Cocks—A Parallel.

SOULOUQUE is a full-bloom emperor; LOUIS NAPOLEON is only an emperor in the bud. But the Cock of Hayti, and the Cock Gallic, or Cock of France, do, in the similarity of their fate, supply a parallel. Birds of a feather instruct together. A letter from Hayti, dated Feb. 8, 1850, and quoted in the *Presse* French newspaper, tells us how the Emperor sacrificed to the shades of his father and mother. Together with a sheep and a bird was sacrificed a cock!

Within a few days past, the Cock of France has been sacrificed by the President to the shade of Napoleon; and in place of the dead poultry, the nephew of his uncle supplies—from Boulogne *abattoir*—his own eagle.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Of all the Sovereign People there are none who so richly deserve the title as the people in Australia and California—for there it is the fault of every man if he doesn’t pick up sufficient gold during the day to make him a Sovereign before the evening.

An Ingenious Mechanic.

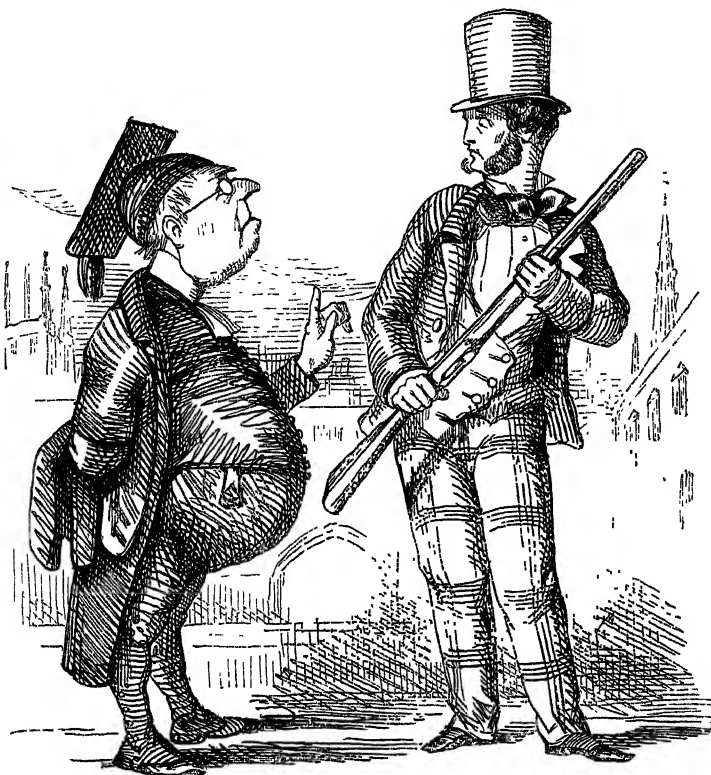
THE *Morning Post* tells us, that

“A wheelwright at Huddersfield has built a grand waggon in a chamber over his shop, and is unable to get it out.”

This clever artificer might be employed by the Commissioners of Public Works, if they mean to carry on business in the style of their predecessors.

A BITTER TRUTH, OR A BITTER CALUMNY (as the case may be).—Strychnine.

“THE ROUND OF ALL THE PAPERS.”—*The Globe*.



TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY RIFLE CORPS.

(BY A SURVIVOR.)

"Abstineas ab omni genere et apparatu bombardarum."

CLEAR NECESSITY FOR REFORM.

To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. |

You tell us, BENJAMIN, I see,
You won't concede Reform,
Except on "clear necessity"—
That is, a general storm:

You mean to say, you'll stop your ear
To Justice and to Reason,
And only yield—for very fear—
To something like High Treason!

Brigands the self-same rule obey:
'Tis constantly their course
By no means to resign their prey
Till they're compelled by force.

Deys and black Monarchs justice, so,
Will still withhold, unless
"A clear necessity" they know
Decidedly to press.

Till "clear necessity" bears down
Off Lagos or Algiers,
And by a British fleet the town
Is blown about their ears.

The Empire of "If."

LOUIS NAPOLEON will not become an Emperor, unless provoked to take that dignity. The idiot of DOCTOR JOHNSON, when put into an ill-humour, threatened to "go and sleep out all night upon the bridge." If France is quiet, the PRESIDENT remains President; but if France kicks up a dust, up goes LOUIS NAPOLEON with it. The French Empire is the embryo of an—"If."

MR. HUMÉ'S PLACE.

JOSEPH HUMÉ has attained to a very high position; for, during a long career, he has been steadily pursuing Reform up-hill.

BOOKED FOR PARIS.

It would be very foolish for LOUIS NAPOLEON to erect a new building in the Champs Elysées, on the plan of the Crystal Palace, when there is one already finished, and ready to his hand. Why doesn't he send over and buy up the original building in Hyde Park, exactly as it stands? The MESSRS. PICKFORD would pack it up very safely, and deliver it in a large case (labelled, of course, "GLASS, WITH CARE"), at his door, at a very trifling expense for him. We should prefer this disgrace to the one of its destruction—for Englishmen then, when they heard their fathers talk with pride about the Great Exhibition, that had attracted all the world to London in the year 1851, would have the satisfaction of knowing that the wonderful building which had contained it was still in existence, and might still be seen—only, they must go to Paris to look at it!

Refreshing Source for Congratulation.

THE astonishing genuineness of Bitter Ale, as deposed to by so many Bitter Ale merchants, ought to make an Englishman's heart leap with joy, that there is, at least, one article of consumption that goes down his throat that is *not* adulterated! The Spring of Health in England must surely flow with Bitter Ale; for it seems to be infinitely superior to water—at least the water so called, which is supplied to us by our filthy Water Companies.

TO BE SOLD.—THE BIG BELL of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. As this Bell, which made so great a noise in the last Assembly, is now completely muffled, it would be parted with, a great Bargain, being of no earthly use to its present owner. It is just the thing for a Dustman, or for a Roman Catholic Chapel, as it has been accustomed to be rung at all hours; or else it would suit the purpose admirably of any vulgar rich people who think it fashionable to ring a bell violently in the open air every day merely to let their neighbours know they are going to eat their dinner. The annoyance, in any case, would be perfect, as the noise the Bell makes may, without any affectation, be called quite stunning. For terms, address to L. N., Elysée, Paris.—N.B. No Muffin-makers need apply.

AN AMENDED PROVERB.—Good Champagne needs no Gooseberry-Bush.—Walker.

A LITTLE DERBY DAY.

THAT extract from the Jockey Club, the Cabinet, was greatly delighted at Northampton races the other day. The Whittlebury Stakes were won by the EARL OF DERBY's *Longbow*, which "got the pull" upon *Dangerous* and *Postulant*, and even defeated the *Captious* nag, from the Westminster stables. It was observed, too, that *Longbow* imitated his owner's tactics, and literally made it a "waiting race," by delaying the proceedings for an hour, for want of a shoe—we beg pardon, plate. One of the subscribers, moreover, was fined "for not declaring his colour;" but this gentleman, curiously enough, was not the EARL OF DERBY.

A Hint to Disraeli.

WE cannot believe that BEN. DISRAELI, the literary man, will consent to the destruction of the Crystal Palace. He, at least, will not be guilty of such an act of Vandalism. No, we are sure he will interest himself to the utmost for its preservation, and so earn for himself the proud title of having given England the first *Conservative* Ministry that ever did anything for the Million.

ARGUMENT FOR THE BALLOT.

It is said that the Ballot would afford no cure for bribery; but who would buy a vote if he could not be sure of it? Adopt the plan of secret voting, and though the constituency might be bought, it is probable that the candidate would be sold.

ADVICE TO CERTAIN CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *Athenæum*, in a lively paragraph directed to merciless correspondents, says, "Think twice, before you write once." *Punch* begs leave to amend even this excellent counsel, and says, "Think twice, and then don't write at all."

A DEMOCRAT'S DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.—A Gentleman is one who has no Business in this world.



PLEASURES OF THE STUDIO.

AT THE BEGINNING OF APRIL, WHEN EVERY MOMENT IS OF CONSEQUENCE, MR. FLAKE WHITE'S MODEL FOR HAMLET APPEARS WITH A BLACK EYE, WHICH HE DECLARES IS THE EFFECT OF INFLUENZA.

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART II.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, ALBERT, dear,
For I would see the May sun rise on the Crystal Palace clear;
It may be the last May morning that its light roof will be seen,
For perhaps they'll lay it low in the Park, as it had never been.

Last May I oped the mighty Show; we had a glorious day,
And everything went off, dear, in a most delightful way;
And you read the Address so well, and minded all the stops;
And there was that old Chinaman, with his pig-tail and Bath chops.

Of course LORD SEYMOUR must be right; we ought not to complain;
But I own it seems a pity to pull it down again.
That Iron Duke of WYATT's comes so ugly 'gainst the sky,
One wants some graceful object but to relieve the eye.

A Crystal Palace of its own New York's to have, I see,
And another, too, in Paris erected is to be;
And with pride both French and Yankees will show transept, aisle, and
nave,
When in the dust of Rotten Row ours long have found a grave.

When summer comes again, love, after our breakfast light,
We shall never walk the Princes down, to see that wondrous sight;
You know before the crowd came, how still it was, and cool,
I've no doubt the children learnt more than if they'd been at school.

A charming Winter-garden, I'm sure it would have made,
All alive with flowers and fountains, a world of various shade;
With statues peeping from the leaves, and perfumed airs that pass,
Bringing the sweet South home to us beneath that heaven of glass.

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE—ALMOST.

Not very long ago, and it took three years to grow a pineapple: the fruit may now be produced in perfection in about six months. This is a great step; nevertheless, our age grows Emperors—(thanks to the peculiar dunghill!)—in a much shorter time.

"History"—writes the *Times*, upon the harlequin-like change of LOUIS NAPOLEON—"History has scarcely recorded a more strange incident than that a man who for four years could hardly get a bill cashed in the city of London, save on usurious interest, should now be worth £500,000 a-year," and lord of the palaces of France. Very good: but time is often the most ravenous—the most exacting of usurers; and who shall say what per centage the President may yet be called upon to pay for the some time use of the principal?

Nevertheless, write the President's apologists and admirers, all is calm in France. In our Old Bailey Court, last week, two burglars, by name JAMES MURPHY and JAMES WILLIAMS, were tried. A police constable gave evidence that he stopped the prisoners with a bundle, saying, "What, you've been hard at it, mate?"

Whereupon, burglar MURPHY replied—"It is all serene."

"Translate the meaning of that," said the counsel.

"It means," said the policeman, "quite calm, beautiful."

The great Parisian burglary of the second of December was, in its result, according to some folks, "all serene;" for at this moment trade flourishes, and Paris is "quite calm, beautiful."

Poor MURPHY is not permitted to benefit by what he deems the "serenity" of his burglary—he is found guilty; but then the burglary of a whole nation is another matter; and justice has to bide her time for the sittings of that Old Bailey that passes sentence upon usurers.

There is to be a statue—long talked of—of "My Uncle" NAPOLEON, on the triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile. It will represent the Emperor—not the Emperor in the shell, but the full-grown and plucked Emperor of 1815—in full coronation robes, with the sceptre in one hand, and the globe, surmounted by a cross, in the other. The figure is to be seated upon an eagle rising out of a thunder-cloud. Let this statue have a companion by all means; the Emperor that is to be, holding a bottle of champagne (in commemoration of the Boulogne invasion) in one hand, and a Strasburg sausage in the other. He may, moreover, be seated upon a colossal magpie (the bird of vulgar plunder), rising out of a cloud of civil smoke, the smoke of the second of December.

"THE STOMACH AND ITS DIFFICULTIES."—The greatest difficulty, with many people, is filling it.

LORD SEYMOUR's wild and wayward, but he's out of office now, And LORD JOHN MANNERS is so kind and courteous, all allow;
That though I can't speak a word, dear, a hint *you* might convey,
How very sorry I should be to see it swept away.

You might point out to DISRAELI that it would be a bore
To waste in pulling down a hundred thousand pounds and more,
And that when FOX AND HENDERSON and PAXTON all declare
That for five thousand pounds a-year they'll keep it in repair.

Good night, dear ALBERT; call me before the day is born,
I should like to see the sun rise on the Palace this May morn.
But after all, I hope and trust it's not to disappear;
They'll surely never pull it down—Do you think they will, my dear?

Our Country and our Colonel.

THERE are words which we despaired of ever hearing from the lips of our Colonel. They have been breathed at last. They were spoken on MR. WALPOLE's motion for the introduction of the Militia Bill. The Honourable and Gallant Member for Lincoln is reported to have said

"HE PLACED CONFIDENCE IN THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND THEREFORE HE SHOULD SUPPORT THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BILL."

At length, then, we have a Ministry with which the Colonel is satisfied. Will the country be satisfied with it too? In that case, our country and our Colonel will be of the same mind.

MIND AMONGST THE POLICE.—A Policeman, whose Letter we must not mention any nearer than by saying he belongs to the Polite Letters, when he alludes to his cook, always calls her his "*area pensée*."

"EAU-SUCREE"—THE HELICON OF FRENCH ELOQUENCE.



So all speechifying is to be prohibited in the Chamber of Deputies, there will be an end to the *eau-sucrée* that used to be handed to the orators to quench their thirst for eloquence. We believe this custom of drinking sugar-water at the Tribune was originally instituted to encourage the consumption of French sugar; but if the custom is to cease, it is terrible to think what will become of the two or three proprietors who have thrown every beetroot they had into that exceedingly small field of commerce. It is clear a blight will fall upon it worse than any that ever fell upon a potato-field. The poor *Betteraves* will be completely ruined, literally pulled up by the roots, and for the future will have to mix only with salads, instead of the great men—the VÉRONs, the PATUROTS, and PÂTE-RÉGNAULTS — of the French Assembly. We see but one hope of staving off this certain ruin. Let the same quantity of sugar which was formerly consumed, be melted down into barley-sugar-sticks, and one of these *bâtons de sucre d'orge* be presented to every *Député*. It will reconcile him to the loss of his dear *eau-sucrée*, and moreover will deprive him of any desire of opening his mouth as long as he can employ his lips so much more agreeably by keeping them closed. The sight of such a Parliament, too, would be as good as gold to LOUIS NAPOLEON'S heart, for he would then be able to see realised a Stick in every Member.

The Stingo Cure.

It is probable that the Cold Water Cure will be quite superseded. An advertisement has appeared, calling the attention of invalids to the "REV. J. LANE, Saltash Parsonage, Plymouth, and many others, lately cured with the delicious and reasonable ALE brewed with water from 'HABY HILL'S WELL.'"

What will the Teetotallers say to a Clergyman cured by drinking beer? We are not informed of what malady it was that the reverend gentleman was cured with the delicious and reasonable ale, but we suppose it was dropsy, as a necessary condition to his relief must have been tapping.

"SMALL CHANGE."

THE Electors of Youghal have cashiered Mr. CHISHOLM ANSTAY, and are bent on conferring their confidence on Mr. BUTT. This seems capricious. What need of changing the representative, if they only wanted a Butt?

Common Sense on 'Wheels.

MANY of our cheap Omnibuses, we see, still keep the exploded label "EXHIBITION," on their not very newly painted panels. Now, it would be far more appropriate, we think, if they were to retain the first syllable only of "that once familiar word;" for everybody but a 'bus-man must know that x algebraically denotes an *unknown quantity*, and would, therefore, fitly typify that hitherto quite "unknown quantity"—a pennyworth of 'Bus.

NEWS FROM SPAIN.—The press has been abolished by a single order of the Court. It is expected that the next decree will, in addition to this, formally abrogate the mischievous invention of printing.

EXPECTED ARRIVAL IN LONDON EVERY DAY.—MR. BARNUM, to bid for the Crystal Palace.

ODE TO THE REV. ROBERT WHISTON,

Late Master of Rochester Grammar School.

Al! why did you publish Cathedral disclosures,
Of a good Dean and Chapter such painful exposures,
That they've everywhere roused very great indignation
Against those holy gentry for gross malversation!
Such grounds 'tis no wonder that you were dismissed on,
Wicked BOB WHISTON.

And so it appears that you can't be contented
With the sack by those preachers of meekness presented,
And in open Court seek to make good your assertions:
You had better admit them unfounded aspersions
Than their truth in that obstinate manner insist on,
Wicked BOB WHISTON.

Don't you know—though the maxim is not in the Bible—
That the greater the truth is, the greater the libel?
Had you falsely accused them of positive stealing,
The offence had been less than abuses revealing;
By charges, a basis of fact that exist on,
Wicked BOB WHISTON!

In accordance, of course, with their sacred profession,
They might have forgiven the little transgression
Of slander; you humbly beseeching their pardon;
A sinner repenting they could not be hard on;
As it is, they'd deprive you of means to subsist on,
Wicked BOB WHISTON.

You expect to be trusted with children's tuition!
You, a fellow who'd train them direct to perdition!
You, a vile anti-shovel hat pamphlet inditer!
Don't you know what you're called by a reverend writer?
On account of your book he cries out, *Atheist* on,
Wicked BOB WHISTON.

TWO ANSWERS WANTED.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL wishes us to believe the following extraordinary assertion:—

"No doubt LORD TORRINGTON was a distant relation of his (LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S); but LORD TORRINGTON did not owe to that relationship his appointment to the Governorship of Ceylon."

Now, we should like to receive answers to the two following questions:—

"Whether, supposing LORD TORRINGTON had *not* been a relation of LORD JOHN'S, he would have received the appointment at all?"

"And if so, what were his extraordinary recommendations for the office? for we are afraid that, beyond the accident of his Whig relationship, he was not possessed of a single one, as the result too painfully proved?"

It would have been better for LORD JOHN RUSSELL to have confessed manfully—"Yes, LORD TORRINGTON was my relation, and, as I looked upon that recommendation as the highest possible qualification for office, I appointed him accordingly; and you, gentlemen, who now taunt me with this act, would have done precisely the same if you had had the same opportunity."

If LORD JOHN had spoken as above, we should have been happy to have agreed with him, and even to have cried "Bravo!" but when a Whig Minister tells us that he did not appoint a most incapable man to a certain office, simply because that incapable man happened to be his relation, we must say, knowing what we do of Whig Ministers, that it astounds us so much that we cannot possibly bring ourselves to believe it!

Our Monuments.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times* very properly advocates the appointment of a Minister to take charge of all tombs and monuments of kings and chiefs. Why not? And how easy would it be to turn a Minister of Woods and Forests into a Minister of Stocks and Stones! Indeed, LORD SEYMOUR could double both posts: being both green in experience, and petrifying in manner.

Our Maniac's Last.

(Fresh from Bedlam.)

WHY should a man, when he's eating salt fish on a Good Friday, take no egg-sauce with it?—For fear his appetite should get egg-sauce-ted (*exhausted*).

BITTER BEER.—One authority is yet wanted as to the quality—healthful or otherwise—of the bitterness of our bitter beer; that authority is—GENERAL HAYNAU.

FLOWERS ALL ROUND MY HAT.



FINE Cargo of French Artificial Flowers has been consigned to *Mr. Punch*, of 85, Fleet Street. Below is a specimen of the same. The manufacturer is his Eminence the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX: you know that Cardinal Archbishops are rare hands at making artificial flowers—of speech. These may be described as ornaments to a certain pat of rhetorical butter, spread very thick upon LOUIS NAPOLEON the other day by his above-named Eminence, on the occasion of having his new Hat put on his head by the PRINCE PRESIDENT, and in acknowledgment of that complimentary act of menial service. The “name” which the Cardinal represents as having undergone such wonderful

metamorphoses is, of course, that of BONAPARTE the Elder. Here is your pretty posy of papistical flunkeyism and soft sawder:—

“France is not ungrateful; 50 years later, that name, hailed as a recollection and a hope, was borne from the cities to the plains on two occasions, and was transformed into two immense facts by the most spontaneous and irresistible outburst of which the history of any people makes mention.”

Fancy a name which was at the same time a recollection and a hope, being borne from an indefinite number of cities to as many plains, not only once, but on two occasions, and then transformed by a spontaneous and irresistible outburst into two immense facts. Fancy this process; for, who ever saw the like anywhere but at Vauxhall, or in the fairy scene at the end of an Easter burlesque? If we could venture on the flowery style, we should rather describe the “name” alluded to, as an infatuation and a flam, transformed by audacity and intimidation into two immense humbugs.

The worst of the Cardinal’s *bouquet* is, that it has a considerably too strong savour of adulation. Its perfume is not pleasant. If such a nosegay were stuck in a true man’s bosom, it would make him hold his head up as high as possible.

Mr. Punch does not know what his Eminence of Bordeaux is pleased to call his flowers of eloquence. Now there is a little modest flower, just out, with the other Spring publications, about this time, with which, perhaps, they may be classed, not for their modesty, but for another reason, in scientific botany. That is the *anemone*—in plain English, wind-flower; which seems to *Mr. Punch* to be the fittest denomination for these extremely inflated blossoms of balderdash.

Bloomer’s Practice of Physic.

AMONG the news from America, we observe it is stated, that at Cleveland, U. S., nine ladies are studying the Homœopathic system of medicine. Homœopathy is a very proper medical system for female practice. It is to be wished that ladies, in drugging their children, would always adopt the Homœopathic plan, and particularly that nurses, when they wish to “soothe” babies, would limit their remedies to infinitesimal doses of DUFFY and DALBY.

HOW TO COOK A FRENCHMAN’S GOOSE.

(An Infallible Recipe, by an Irishman.)

PUT Paris in a state of *Sage*, with plenty of *Bay-in-it*.

Parliamentary Chemistry.

MUCH trouble is sometimes experienced in overcoming the resistance of a refractory Ministerial body. The best mode of manipulation is to take your PREMIER, reduce him to a very small minority, and stir him continually till he dissolves.

MUTE ELOQUENCE.

THE EARL OF DERBY enjoys a reputation for eloquence, and so does MR. DISRAELI: and yet we find that neither of them can speak out.

A LITTLE NEARER THE TRUTH.—The “*Code Civile*” no longer exists in France. It is to be called for the future the “*Code Militaire*.”

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(From our own Clairvoyant.)

OUR readers will admit the *exclusiveness* of our intelligence, when we assure them, that of all the forthcoming works we are enabled to announce, not one has as yet reached even the blotting paper of its author. Thanks to the cerebro-penetrating qualities of “our own Clairvoyant,” he can discern the baby-bookling in the brain, long before it is brought to be christened in the inky font.

For their sakes, as well as our own, we are sorry that we cannot promise our Circulating Librarians much novel-ty at present. With the exception of another half-dozen or so from MR. JAMES’S never-flagging nibs, there are but few vestiges of hero-creation now visible in the cerebral horizon. We may venture to prophesy, however, that our friend *Florence Sackville* will shortly be rivalled by *Geneva Bagtown*; while *The Daffy-down-dilly of St. Peter’s* will form an appropriate sequel to *The Lily of St. Paul’s*.

It is almost needless to say [that a whole host of petty plagiarists have laid hold of SIR FRANCIS HEAD’S *Faggot of French Sticks*: which, as a general rule—proved, proverbially by the (“base”) exception—our contemporaries have most unmercifully cut up. We shall not insult our readers with the details of this titular trash. Enough that *A Bundle of English Umbrellas* stands first upon our list. *Ab uno, &c.*—the rest may readily be imagined.

Our parliamentary gobemouches will rejoice to hear that a couple of political pamphlets are shortly intended. The one is a ventilation squib, called somewhat aptly *The “Bleak House” that Barry built*: and “dedicated most respectfully to the King of Architects, by one of his influenzaed Commons.” The other will also be found to plagiarise the title of a well-known serial work; for we are telescopically assured that it will be christened “*Our Mess*:” and *how we hope to get out of it*. We are not as yet at liberty to divulge the authorship; but popular prejudice will, perhaps, rightly assign it to a literary and leading Minister, whose fitness for the Exchequeriship was doubtless judged from his eminent expertness in figures (of speech).

We have but space for another intended pamphlet, which in truth we might almost term a political one, considering with what interest the question has been recently discussed. (See HANSARD’S *Great Refreshment Debate*, Feb. 4.) With a frank and engaging quaintness, it is headed *Anything but cold Mutton*: being in fact “*A Husband’s Reply*” (and a very sensible one too, we think) to LADY CLUTTERBUCK’S widely advertised and important query, “*What Shall we Have for Dinner?*”

THE ENSUING ELECTION.

IN these days of electioneering corruption we have reason to look with peculiar alarm at an advertisement from a respectable firm, which undertakes to canvass the whole community. This object is to be effected by means of tents, to be set up by EDGINGTON AND Co., who, with a shrewd appreciation of the present state of uncertainty in political opinion, offer to supply for the forthcoming election “all sorts of mottoes, and all kinds of banners.” Nothing is said about price, but we have no doubt that all the old Protectionist watchwords, in every shade and colour, may be had cheap, as they must positively be cleared off at the next general election, after which no further use can be made of them. We hope that COLONEL SIBTHORP will introduce a Bill at once to disfranchise EDGINGTON AND Co., on the ground of their being ready to sell banners and mottoes to any side that will pay for them. We, however, do not believe those gentlemen to be any more inconsistent than their customers. To accommodate some of these, it is, we believe, intended, that a number of flags should be prepared, having “Free Trade” on one side, and “Protection” on the other. Such an article would be found well adapted to such constituencies as that of St. Alban’s, which would thus be prepared for any “eligible” candidate on either side of the question. We are not aware whether old mottoes will be taken in exchange for new, but we have been given to understand that a new article is coming out, consisting of flags with inscriptions which may be read either way, and which, it is anticipated, will be very much in demand by the Ministerial candidates.

He never will be such a Fool!

LONDON has not so many handsome buildings that it can afford to part with a single one—especially one so peculiar, so original, and so beautiful as the Crystal Palace. We can only say, therefore, that if JOHN BULL consents to its being pulled down, after erecting it at an expense of £150,000, he “has been a great fool for his pence.”

THE PRESENT CRY OF THE “COUNTRY PARTY.”

“HOLD hard!” is the motto of the Ministry just now: both as to the reins of power, and their tongues.



WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

Sister Mary. "WHY, CHARLEY, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM QUITE MISERABLE!"

Charley. "AH! AINT I JUST! HERE'S MA' SAYS I MUST WEAR TURN-DOWN COLLARS TILL CHRISTMAS, AND THERE'S YOUNG SIDNEY BOWLER (WHO'S NOT HALF SO TALL AS I AM) HAS HAD STICK-UPS AND WHITE CHOKERS FOR EVER SO LONG!"

NO JOKE OF LORD DERBY'S.

THE EARL OF DERBY has been wickedly maligned: he has been charged with the execution of a joke, when his meaning was the very best seriousness of which a Prime Minister is ordinarily capable. The noble Earl, says the *Herald*, the champion of the Premier's gravity—did not mean it as an after-dinner joke when he proposed that the militiamen, about to be raised, should have the franchise in virtue of their uniform. "Jokes come in with candles," says CHARLES LAMB; but this axiom applies to ordinary spermaceti, and not to Treasury wax. Yet well would it be for this melancholy country, implies the *Herald*, if the jokes of Prime Ministers were ordinarily of such valuable significance, enshrining in their pleasantness—as a *bon-bon* contains a moral in its sweetness—such political worth as the assumed waggery of the EARL OF DERBY on the enfranchisement of the new militia.

Well, why has such an original, such an instructive thought, been abandoned? Why has MR. SECRETARY WALPOLE discarded an idea, so fruitful, so significant? We do not see why directions for voting might not, at the due season, have alternated with the lessons of drill:—

"Stand at ease.—Purity of Election."—

"Attention.—Measures, not men."—

"Shoulder arms.—And up with the Loaf."—

"Make Ready.—No Bribery."—

"Present.—No Anti-Corn Laws."—

"Fire.—And down with the League."

We think the Protectionist Cabinet has lost considerably by foregoing this original idea. Pipe-clay would have well symbolised the purity of Protection; and patriotism have met with commensurate reward. And

THE POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

BARLEY WATER.

AIR—"On the Banks of Allan Water."

FOR a jug of Barley Water
Take a saucepan not too small;
Give it to your wife or daughter,
If within your call.
If her duty you have taught her,
Very willing each will be
To prepare some Barley Water
Cheerfully for thee.

For a jug of Barley Water,
Half a gallon, less or more,
From the filter that you bought her,
Ask your wife to pour.
When a saucepan you have brought her
Polish'd bright as bright can be,
In it empty all the water,
Either you or she.

For your jug of Barley Water,
'Tis a drink by no means bad,
Some two ounces and a quarter
Of pearl barley add.
When 'tis boiling, let your daughter
Skim from blacks to keep it free;
Added to your Barley Water
Lemon rind should be.

For your jug of Barley Water,
(I have made it very oft,)
It must boil, so tell your daughter,
Till the barley's soft.
Juice of a small lemon's quarter
Add; then sweeten all like tea;
Strain through sieve your Barley Water—
'Twill delicious be.

Mr. Roebuck and King Charles.

MR. ROEBUCK told the folks at Sheffield, that so little did he care to hide the fact that the necessary expenses of election were paid for him, that he would print the matter, "and put it on the statue at Charing Cross." We think this is a little hard upon KING CHARLES. Having paid to the utmost on his own account, why should he, for one moment, bear the expenses of any other politician? Would not the statue of the DUKE OF YORK be more appropriate for all bills of expense, especially if unpaid?

THE REAL "THEATRE OF WAR."—Astley's.

whereas the militiaman, with the ordinary rifle, should have had only one vote, he who would shoulder a double-barrel should have enjoyed two. Moreover, an instalment of the ballot might have been tried with the militia; for balls, substituting bullets.

A LAMENT (TO BE SUNG WHEN TOO LATE) FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

OH! where, and oh! where, is the Crystal Palace gone?
It's gone to please the French, for by us away 'tis thrown!
And it's, oh! in my heart, that we'd kept it safe at home!

Oh! where, and oh! where, did the Palace rear its head?
It stood close to the Barracks, with their wall so black and dead;
And it's, oh! in my heart, that they'd knock'd down that instead!

By what hands, by what hands, did your Crystal Palace fall?
By the nominally great, but in intellect the small;
And it's, oh! in my heart, that they'd heard the public call!

Suppose, and suppose, you should want it back again?
You might all sit crying over it for twenty years in vain!
And it's, oh! in my heart, they'd allow'd it to remain!

NATURAL.—An Englishman lately inquiring his way to the French Senate House, was waggishly directed to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.



MINISTERIAL "ADVICE GRATIS."

Punch. "YOU ARE VERY SHAKY, D—BY. YOU'LL INJURE YOUR CONSTITUTION IF YOU DON'T 'GO TO THE COUNTRY.'"

THE NEXT "ANNEXATION."



ARRY, the spirit of enterprise for which our Transatlantic kinsmen are remarkable, is, we have reason to believe, about to be exemplified in a speculation on a considerable scale of grandeur. The readers of the *Times* will doubtless have been struck with the following significant intimation in reference to the American naval expedition to the Asiatic seas, from the New York correspondent of our contemporary:

"We have 'finished up' America, as the phrase goes; and as there is nothing to hope for in Europe, the eye of the nation, which has for some years been resting on the glittering quartz mountains of California, is now bent on the ancient shores of Asia; there will doubtless be opened the next act of our republican empire."

This announcement, we understand, means neither more nor less than that the citizens of the great republic are about to engage in what might be called—but for an obvious etymological reason—the eighth crusade. It is simply their intention to annex Palestine to the United

States, and to place the Stars and Stripes on that eminence where formerly floated the flag of GODFREY OF BOUILLON. They do not, however, by any means propose to tread in the steps of that hero—either with peas in their boots or without—for his namesake, the inventor of the famous cordial, is a GODFREY more likely to be followed by the countrymen of BARNUM. Their object is to acquire possession of Jerusalem for the purpose of restoring it to the Hebrew race, for an adequate consideration, of course, in the shape of dollars. They have also in view, among other inducements, the valuable water privilege of the Jordan; the waves of which celebrated river will soon probably enter into the composition of sherry cobbler, cool as the hardihood of the inventors of that refreshing beverage.

THE AFTER-DINNER JOKE.

(TO BE SUNG AT ALL MINISTERIAL DINNER PARTIES.)

Oh! do not take us at our word;
Or heed us whatsoe'er we say:
For that which over-night you heard,
We may, perchance, retract to-day.
Though on a new Militia scheme
Last night our Secretary spoke,
Regard it as an idle dream;
'Twas but an after-dinner joke.

Though to dissolve we gave a pledge,
And on our promise some have bet;
At once they'd better try and hedge—
We are not quite in earnest yet.
What we upon that topic said
The other day, we now revoke;
Our leader's speech should have been read
As a mere after-dinner joke.

Though we have promised o'er and o'er,
When raising opposition's din,
That we Protection would restore,
We hold another note, when in.
Our speeches, as the farmers' friends,
Have long ago gone off in smoke.
Protection answer'd then our ends;
'Tis now an after-dinner joke.

So merrily we rule the land—
For novelty is full of charms—
As long as we can make a stand
We fear not all the Whigs in arms.
We feel our right to take our turn
At Government, like other folk;
To grieve at failure we would spurn:
'Tis but an after-dinner joke.

A CLINICAL CASE OF LARCENY.

A PRESCRIPTION in BATES's *Pharmacopœia*, illustrative of the state of medicine some two centuries ago, directs the apothecary to take forty live toads, burn them a certain time in a crucible, and reduce their remains to a black powder, adding the scientific remark, that "*it prevails admirably in the cure of the epilepsy*."

The physician of DR. BATES's day was not to be blamed for administering toad-charcoal to his epileptic patients. He practised according to the science of the period, and following BATES and the other lights of it, might have innocently prescribed powder of calcined reptiles, or mummy, or fiddlestick's end.

Penal law is moral physic, and judges and magistrates can only administer punishments as medical doctors do remedies, conformably to the rules of the faculty, and the received maxims of legal therapeutics.

Mr. Punch may, therefore, in a case of crime, object to the treatment without accusing the practitioner; demur to the sentence without denouncing the judge. Hoping this distinction will be noted, *Mr. P.* solicits attention to the following circumstances. By various newspapers it is reported that at

"LAMBETH.—EDWARD WHITE, an urchin of only 10 years of age, was charged before the HON. G. C. NORTON, with stealing a penny biscuit from a little girl in the public street.

"The mother of the youthful delinquent, a decent-looking woman, who appeared overwhelmed with grief, informed the magistrate that for upwards of three years her son had been a most artful and confirmed thief. *Every means* had been resorted to by herself and her husband to cure him of his propensities, but it was all to no purpose; and the boy himself said that *his disposition to steal was so strong that he could not resist it. When punished, and even tied up for weeks together, he said it was of no use; that he was a regular JACK SHEPPARD, and should pursue the same course.*"

So it would seem that this child was not one of those that are spoiled by sparing the rod. A good trial, doubtless, had been given to birch, cane, strap, and the like counter-irritants, for the cure of this larcenous *prurigo* of the fingers. But the complaint was obstinate; as will further appear from what ensues:—

"MR. NORTON. Has he ever been in custody before?

"MOTHER. He has been frequently given into custody, but on account of his extreme youth, and my interfering in his behalf, the parties let him off. He has been brought home at all hours for being found on different premises, and has frequently carried away everything he could lay his hands on in my place.

"MR. NORTON (*to the Prisoner*). Well, what have you got to say to this extraordinary conduct of yours—this disposition of yours to steal, and carry away everything you can lay your hands on?

"PRISONER (*coolly*). I wish I could leave it off, but I cannot.

"MR. NORTON. Indeed! and so you will be a JACK SHEPPARD?

"PRISONER. Yes, Sir!

"MR. NORTON. I must see and cure you of these propensities; and shall begin by seeing what 10 days' solitary imprisonment and a sound whipping will do."

The medicine as before. The only remedy that DR. NORTON—not, mark, by his own fault, but by that of his *Pharmacopœia*—can prescribe. How might the medicine have been expected to act, even if experience had not proved it likely to fail? A child displays a propensity to steal at seven years of age, and at ten appears to be an incorrigible little prig; is sensible of a thievish impulse which he wishes to restrain, but cannot. Does not all this imply a real deformity of mind; and is it not as wise to attempt to cure that by flagellation as it would be to resort to the same process for the removal of the hump between *Mr. Punch's* shoulders?

The acquisitive instinct is asserted by phrenologists to be connected with a portion of brain that forms an actual hump, or bump, when "acquisitiveness" is out of proportion to the other feelings and faculties. Illustrations of this fact may be seen in MR. DONOVAN's window in King William Street, Strand, next door to the Roman Catholic meeting-house. They consist in the casts of the heads of certain rogues, and if there is any truth in phrenology, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with the consent of prelates who shall be nameless, might furnish MR. DONOVAN with more. At any rate, an excessive desire to appropriate is a tumour of the soul, whether or not it is connected with a swelling of the head, and is not likely to be abated by the raising of wheals on the back: at least according to the philosophy of *Mr. Punch*.

That a confirmed scoundrel should be kept in check—if possible—by the beneficent whip recommended by DR. THOMAS CARLYLE, *Mr. Punch* may concede, because there is no other way to manage him; fear for his own hide is the only motive he can be supplied with for not wronging others. But can all this be predicated of a child of ten? Cannot his mind, somehow, be expanded, by some such a thing as education, in those directions wherein its proper development would counteract the love of pilfering? Surely; unless it is irremediably dwarfed and shrunken in its higher regions; and in that case, an Asylum for Idiots might be suggested in preference to the whipping-post.

It is, at all events, the opinion of *Mr. Punch*, M.R.C.S., that flogging will not remove a constitutional propensity to steal, and if tried for that purpose, will be found to be a useless laceration of integument: and perhaps, in a more advanced state of psychology, such a remedy will be thought as absurd as we now think DR. BATES's burnt toads.

SILENCE!—The only tongue allowed in the French Assembly, is that of the President's bell; and even that, we hear, is muffled!

THE WAGGERIES OF WAGNER.



OUR old theatrical figure of "a popular performer in two pieces," is likely to be realised at last, for we are promised MADMOISELLE JOHANNAH WAGNER this year, at both the Italian Operas. Lest there should be any fear that the marvel may not be so great after all, but that the lady may appear at the two different theatres at two different times, we are guaranteed against all chance of this easy and common-

place solution of the difficulty, by the startling assurance that her performances will be confined "exclusively" to each establishment. WAGNER is a name familiar to the readers of German mysteries, and these, perhaps, will be prepared to reconcile the conflicting statements of the rival Operas, by anticipating that there may be a number of real appearances at one theatre, and an equal number of supernatural appearances at the other. For ourselves, we do not profess to be able to solve the riddle, but wishing success to both, we shall be glad if both fulfil their promises; and we hope MADMOISELLE WAGNER may make the fortune of her Majesty's Theatre, as well as of the Covent Garden Opera.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER III.

It was considerably past high noon on a beautiful summer's day, during the earlier portion of the reign of the British QUEEN VICTORIA, when two individuals, of different sexes, were seen making their way, in an easterly direction, along the cliffs of Brighton. The sun shone out brightly; and, if the birds did not sing upon the trees, it was chiefly because there were no trees for them to sing upon. But the sea, dashing upon the shingles, made its own rough music; and, far away on the horizon line, the white sails of the fishing-boats, glistening in the light, might seem the wings of some preternatural beings, sentinelling the rock-bound island of the free.

I feel it right, as the authoress of these papers, to state that the above beautiful piece of writing is not my own, but was kindly given me, as a beginning, by a celebrated novelist of the day, who happened to call while I was puzzling my poor little head how to commence my story befittingly. I am quite afraid that there will be no more like it, and that it will resemble the splendid copper-plate writing with which our writing-master at school used to begin each of the pages, sadly contrasted by the weak, irresolute up-strokes and down-strokes of the pupils.

Well, one of these "individuals," the gentleman, was my papa. He is still a very handsome man, who, I am quite sure, remains a widower only because he chooses, for there are hundreds of charming girls who would jump at him. His manly and erect figure would look perfectly imposing in uniform; and, if those dreadful French should come, and papa should have to arm in our defence, I am positive that the instant he comes upon parade he will be chosen Lord Lieutenant, or whatever the highest rank in the militia may be. He is so cheerful, and so good-naturedly sarcastic, that he is quite delightful society for any one who understands him: but I think that most of the young men whom we know are rather afraid of him. As we used to walk along the cliffs, or on the Parade, the wind doing its best to blow us into the heart of Sussex, and papa striding steadily onwards, pulling poor little me with him, and every now and then turning his dear old face full upon the sea, as much as to ask the wind which of them it thought would be tired first, I used to feel as proud of him as it was possible under the circumstances; namely, my breath being quite taken away, my bonnet turning from side to side like the cowl of a chimney-pot, and my dress doing its best to get back to the comfortable warm wardrobe out of which it had been taken.

The other of the two persons was myself. Now, I am always delighted when, in a novel, I come to the description of the heroine, and read how her glossy hair lay in braids of exquisite smoothness, and how their rich dark purple contrasted with the polished alabaster of her complexion. But I must dispense with all this in my own case, for I

have been obliged to introduce myself at a moment when my hair was anything but smooth, or in exquisite braids, and my complexion was just the reverse of either polished or alabaster. For we had been down at Brighton some time, and what with bathing (which makes it quite impossible to keep one's hair nice), and what with boating, and fishing, and riding, and general exposure to the weather (for I can't bear those "uglies," which look like models, in blue, of the canvas-enclosures at the end of the bathing machines)—I say of all the sun-browned, gipsy-looking things you ever saw, I had become the wildest. Of course, all that is over now, and I have regained my drawing-room looks (whatever they may be); but, on the day of which I speak, I should be telling a most dreadful story if I said that Miss VIOLET BROMPTON, walking by the side of her papa, looked anything but a pretty girl (I *will* say that) in the best health and the sauciest spirits, and in one of the loveliest morning dresses you ever saw, (I *will* say that, too) and I must reluctantly leave all the rest of my personal advantages to be inferred from the sayings and doings of other people. It is not for me to make the observation that the young men of the present day are not blind, and that there are plenty of lovely girls in the world; and, therefore, that if one obtains an unusually large share of attention, there must be something about one distinguishing one from other people.

Papa likes places for such odd reasons. One gentleman likes Brighton, because you come tearing down from town in less time than it takes an omnibus to get from the City to Hampstead. Another, because BRILL's bath is the finest plunge he knows. Another (a selfish, greedy creature), because he can get a better dinner at the Bedford than his poor dear wife, who is always ill, can give him at Camberwell. Papa likes Brighton because the Parade is, he says, a great shelf on which all sorts of types of past days are put away. I don't pretend to understand all his historical allusions, (though I flatter myself I do know rather more history than little CAPTAIN WELWYN, who objected to go to LADY LINDENDRY's *bal costumé* as *Edward the Black Prince*, because he did not like a character which, he conceived, required him to blacken his face.) but it is very amusing to hear papa point out the people who have figured in times gone by. There are old, wicked-looking men, with thin faces, long noses, and quaint hats, who have drunk Regent punch with KING GEORGE THE FOURTH at the poor Pavilion, and have seen the King make his coats fit in the wonderful

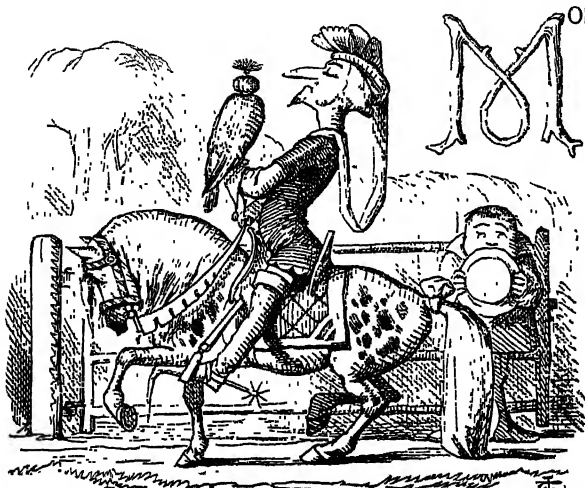


manner they did, by snipping off every wrinkle with a pair of scissors, and having the holes fine drawn. There comes a gentleman in nankeen, with bright brass buttons on his light-blue coat. He toddles along on his ivory-headed bamboo, feebly enough now, but he was another sort of person one evening about fifty-two years ago, when, as he will tell you (winking wonderfully at nothing), he was planted in the first row of the pit on the first night of *Pizarro*, to cheer all the patriotic speeches. He carries a snuff-box which was JOHN KEMBLE's, with the great tragedian's autograph, under a piece of glass, in the lid. This officer in the Bath chair, who is always muttering, and who makes his servant wheel him out in the worst weathers, helped LORD NELSON to bombard Boulogne, and hopes, he says, before he goes to Heaven, to hear that the same thing has been done again, only with more success, and that "poor PARKER" has been avenged. This is SIR AUDREY BLATCH, in the great coat, buttoned to the chin. He refused to look at the

Koh-i-Noor, at the Great Exhibition, because in 1802 he bid for the Pigot diamond, as agent for a Russian Princess (upon whose hand he had designs), and having gone as high as nine thousand guineas, he was afraid to go higher;—it was knocked down for nine thousand five hundred—the Russian lady threw him over in a huff, and “he has hated the sight of diamonds ever since.” But these two very old ladies in the low carriage are much more interesting people. One of them, when a girl, was a sort of maid-of-honour to the DUCHESS OF KINGSTON when that dreadful person was tried before the House of Lords for having married two husbands, and gave evidence for which LADY KITTY CROCODILE, as FOOTE called her, flew at her with a horsewhip when she got home—she has a scar on her neck, they say, from one of the Duchess’s slashes. The other, with a black wig and shades over her eyes, is her cousin, and still older, and has had love made to her by MIRABEAU, and was herself in love with BARRINGTON, the pickpocket—neither connection over-respectable. And there is a Swiss lady in mourning, which she has worn for nearly sixty years—she was a *protégée* of MADAME DU BARRY, and was compelled to witness the poor creature’s guillotining, after which she escaped from France in male clothes, and never returned. She lives in one room with a large bay window, and has a wonderful collection of lovely little china boxes, painted with shepherds and shepherdesses, which she likes to show to people, poor old thing! These are some of the folks papa has pointed out to me in our walks, and especially about the time we have been going to MUTTON’S for our ice—the errand on which the “individuals” were bound, at the time so beautifully described for me at the beginning of this chapter.

That day an odd thing happened; but I can’t tell it, properly, until this day week.

THE DUTIES OF A WHITE WAISTCOAT.



OST people know that LORD JOHN MANNERS belongs to the Young England School, and in that capacity always wears a White Waistcoat; for no Young Englander is to the heart a Young Englander, unless his heart beats against a spotless White Waistcoat.

It may be as well, therefore, to inquire—since White Waistcoats have had such a lift on the “body politic”—what the duties of a White Waistcoat are.

These duties consist as follows:—

Never to show itself, excepting in the very best circles—the dress-circles, we may say, of society—for fear of its purity becoming stained, by mixing with the inferior classes who go to the Pit and Gallery.

To profess a great love for popular amusements; and yet to be the foremost in smashing—or attempting to smash—anything that promises to promote them—as in the instance of the Crystal Palace.

To wish to revive the sports and pastimes of the Middle Ages—which is curious enough, for that was a period when White Waistcoats were unknown.

To desire to go back—whereas it is well-known that a properly-constituted White Waistcoat never goes backward, but rather delights in standing boldly out in the front of things.

To express an utter contempt whether our wealth, trade, commerce, arts, sciences, perish or not, as long as we have our “Old Nobility” left.

To give the people plenty of cricket, trap-and-ball, rounders, greasy poles, jigs, reels, and *Sir Roger de Coverleys*, varied occasionally with a bath or a lecture, to make them perfectly happy, and sublimely indifferent whether they have political rights or not.

In short, to send society back as near to the Middle Ages as possible, when life was one continual dancing round a May-pole, and such a thing as the “Poor Man” was unknown.

The above are the duties which every one who wears a White Waistcoat should have nearest to his breast.

WANTED, A WIFE.—APPLY AT THE TUILERIES.

THE French President, it is said, is turning his serious thoughts towards a serious subject—matrimony. And with this intent he is getting rid of an old love, in due obedience to the old saw, ere he begin with a new. The Elysée is to be cleared and lustrated, and then LOUIS NAPOLEON will take a wife. The next question is—whom is he to take?

A Princess of Sweden stood high upon the Presidential list; but it is said she has recently embraced the Protestant religion; and this choice makes the poor girl ineligible.

The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has no daughters to spare: again, the Autocrat is despotic in the matter of the Greek creed, and insists that his sons and daughters-in-law shall fall in, like a line of soldiery, to his way of thinking.

Prussia is, unfortunately, Protestant; and there is nothing sufficiently high and promising in the Court of Austria.

Spain has nothing better than a daughter or so—by a left-handed Hymen—of the pinchbeck DUKE RIANZARES.

Portugal might offer; but as yet is silent.

Holland’s religion forbids any banns.

Belgium has “no daughter to marry;” and LOUIS NAPOLEON would, in popular phrase, be an ugly neighbour as a son-in-law.

Well, failing in royal blood, we see but one lady whose moral courage and whose social renown are worthy of the notoriety achieved by the President. That lady is—LOLA MONTES. There is, to be sure, a disputed marriage; but the POPE—who has been so kind and courteous of late by mouth of a Cardinal—the POPE who, time out of mind, has been the prime dealer in fuller’s-earth to take out all sorts of spots—the POPE may annihilate the past, the present, and the future, and make two lovers—when they love—supremely happy.

PARALLELS FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

THERE are certain landlords who have quite as much right to compensation for the losses they have sustained through legislative enactments, as any individuals of that class, though their complaints have not been loud, albeit deep, and however much savouring of the nature of imprecations. We allude to certain functionaries connected with the Shrievalty, and mostly of the Hebrew persuasion, who before arrest on mesne process was abolished, were wont to derive magnificent incomes from the extension of a slightly expensive hospitality to gentlemen in difficulties and durance.

The deputy of the Sheriff, on whom devolves the duty of carrying out the *ultimatum* of the law, is, equally with his brother officers and the landed aristocracy, entitled to a proper allowance for the loss of his vested interests, or property in capital punishment, which he has been in a great measure deprived of, by the extensive abolition of hanging.

The Medical profession ought to have been compensated long ago for the discovery of JENNER; for vaccination is not nearly so profitable as small-pox.

HOLIDAY EMPLOYMENT FOR THE CABINET.

THE EARL OF DERBY at Brighton—in humble imitation of SIR ISAAC NEWTON—picking up Protection shells (when he finds them) by the great Sea of Truth.

MR. DISRAELI at Bucks, with a view to the future Equalisation of the Burdens on Land, calculating how many black beans make five.

LORD MALMESBURY at Eel Pie Island, defining—for the use of foreign Governments—when an Englishman may be sabred by a foreign soldier, and when he may not.

The Secretary of the Colonies, in imitation of the projector who thought to obtain sunbeams from cucumbers, sedulously endeavouring to extract “Hope” from the “Cape.”

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, as Lord of the Admiralty, studying to master the seeming impossibility of making all transports carry life-boats.

LORD MANNERS before the Glass of the Crystal Palace, wondering *how* he looks, and *what* the people think of him?

Sportsmanlike Offer.

A VERY useful little book has been published, called, *How to see the British Museum in Four Visits*. Its success has induced the dauntless writer to undertake another guide—one for the accomplishment of a far more difficult feat. It is to be entitled, *How to find a Book in the Catalogue in Four Hours*. The promise is bold, and we suspend our judgment. The feat has never yet been performed; but this is the age of progress, even at the British Museum.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.



THE following letter has been sent to our Office, evidently in mistake:—

"Matrimonial Office, Union Court, Love Lane.

"(STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

"SIR, "YOUR esteemed favour of the 10th ult. came duly to hand, and, agreeably to your desire, we have the honour to forward to you our quarterly sheet of photographic likenesses of our Female Clients. We were very sorry that the Ladies you fixed upon in our last year's sheets were all engaged before your duly honoured application arrived at our Office; but we hope to be more fortunate in our present sheet, which we flatter ourselves contains some highly eligibles. We should, however, recommend as early an application as possible, as this being leap-year, Ladies are looking up, and considerably risen in the Market, and shares in their affections and fortunes are now much above par. Should you not be particular to a shade, we should respectfully beg leave to recommend No. 7, her father having very large estates near Timbuctoo, to which she will be sole heiress, in case of her twenty-seven brothers dying without issue. And should the Great African East and West Railway be carried forward, the value of the Estates would be prodigiously increased. No. 8 is a sweet poetess, whose "Remains" would probably be a fortune to any Literary Gent. to publish after her

decease. No. 9 has been much approved by Gents., having buried eight dear partners, and is an eighth time inconsolable.

"Further particulars may be had on application at our Office.

"We beg also, respectfully, to inform you that your esteemed portrait was duly received and appeared in our last Gent.'s sheet of Clients; but we are sorry to say as yet no inquiries respecting it have come to hand.

"Permit us further to remind you that a year's subscription was due on the 1st of January, which, with arrears amounting to £4 4s., we shall be greatly obliged by your remitting by return of post.

"With most respectful impatience, awaiting a renewal of your ever-esteemed applications, and assuring you that they shall be duly attended to with all despatch, secrecy, and punctuality,

"We have the honour to be,

"Esteemed Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant's,

"HOOKHAM AND SPICER,

"Sole Matrimonial Agents for Great Britain.

"P. S.—We find our female clients run much on moustaches. Would you allow us humbly to suggest the addition of them to your portrait in our next Quarterly Sheet? It could be done at a slight expense, and would probably ensure your being one of our fortunate clients."

MUSIC FOR THE POPE'S BRASS BAND.

Mr. Punch has employed an eminent composer to set the words of the popular song "*There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*," to a new tune, or to speak, perhaps, rather more correctly, to an old one. Hope is telling a tale, which by the kind and wise permission of rival factions, is, if flattering, not likely to prove illusory to those dear priests, who are so strenuously endeavouring to decorate the stiff necks of Englishmen with "the sweet yoke of Rome." As the *Times*, in a recent leader, says, in reference to the Island of Saints—the land of veracity, tranquillity, and tenderness of human life:

"The recent misfortunes have swept away many of the gentry, who, whatever their other faults, were yet, by the extensive possessions of which they were the nominal owners, bulwarks against the influence of the priests. That bulwark is removed, and from this and other concurrent causes, we are to expect a fearful increase to the numbers of the Irish Brigade. In the nicely balanced state of English parties, these nominees of DOCTORS CULLEN and WISEMAN will possess great power."

Considering this; considering how beneficially the influence of CULLEN and WISEMAN has been working of late in Parliament; how it has tended to promote union amongst reformers, and to expedite the business of the country; what advantages we are likely to derive from its increase; what wholesome restraints upon the liberty of speaking and of the Press; what an impetus to moral, intellectual, and physical research, and to education; what pleasant interferences with our family arrangements; what an interesting emasculation of our national character; and what a salutary humiliation of the English name, are

likely to result from the predominance of the papal party in the House of Commons, and therefore, proportionally, from the augmentation of the holy Irish Brigade: for these various considerations, affecting the prosperity and glory of his native land, Mr. Punch has caused the song "*There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*," to be arranged to the "*Gregorian Chant*," to be sung by all Jesuits, Oratorians, Passionists, and in all and sundry monasteries, nunneries, and convents, whereof the inmates are yearning for the subjection of this realm of England to the Roman See; and also after dinner, in those loyal societies where the Pope's health is proposed before her MAJESTY'S, in lieu of the heretical anthem of "*God save the Queen*."

How easy, to be sure, it would be for the Ministers and the Opposition to combine against WISEMAN and CULLEN, and neutralise the blessing of an additional batch of Irish Members, by passing, immediately, a judicious measure of reform, providing for the corresponding enlargement of the English and Scotch constituencies! But that party jealousies forbid: so, ye monks and friars, and foreigners who desire to humble proud Albion in the dust, sing away "*There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*," through your noses.

ANSWER TO A FAIR CORRESPONDENT.

"MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the young Lady who is so anxious to know the age of LORD JOHN MANNERS, and begs to say he doesn't know; but, inferring from the fact of LORD JOHN wishing to revive the Mediæval times, Mr. Punch would think that his Lordship must be a Middle-aged man."

REAL FOOD FOR THE MIND!



COMMEND me, *Mr. Punch*, to a capital article in the *Church Review* on the Morality of the Stomach! It is gratifying to find a Church organ directing its attention seriously to the state of the interior. The Reviewer discourses admirably on DR. MOORE's orthodox text,—

"The regulation of our appetite is among the chief of our daily duties."

"His sentiments are not those of a Puseyite, or what I call an Oxford fast-man. He has no bias towards *soupe maigre*, or any other superstition. He does not recommend red-herrings, but refinement. He truly observes,

"It is said that no fact is better established than that diet greatly modifies the temper."

"How often have I experienced this great truth when my steak has been overdone, and I could get no pickles! And he continues,—

"Hence GALEN told the philosophers to send all the bad characters to him."

"What a beautiful prospect of the amelioration of our species this sentence opens up! Hitherto, in trying to discover the right system of convict-discipline, we have been beating about the bush. We have found it at last; fare is the thing; an entirely new system of prison-diet. We must, as the *Church Reviewer* says, 'feed the industries and the virtues with their daily bread, from among the riches of this kind which the earth is instructed to yield.' The daily bread of the industries and virtues is not brown Tommy. The Reviewer appears to mean fruit by it. He has apples in his eye, apparently; gooseberries and currants also, and the other natural delicacies of the season. So, then, instead of from three months' treadmill or oakum, we may hope to have the offenders of a new era sentenced to certain terms of pine-apple, or strawberries and cream.

"Does the earth really bring forth natural remedies for moral evils? I wonder what vice truffles are good for? Would I not set about reforming it in earnest, if subject to it, which I should almost wish I was! No matter. I will take the antidote on speculation. I dare say that there is some poison in my nature that it may counteract.

"I know I am troubled with a slight acidity of temper; and believe that I have more than once found it corrected by stewed mushrooms.

"I hope, however, that fruits and other vegetable productions are not the only aliments of the virtues and industries. From the rapidity with which subscriptions pour in after a charity dinner, I am strongly inclined to think that real turtle is nutritious to munificence, and I wish it were the daily, instead of the occasional, food of that principle in myself. The same remark may be made of whitebait, and, indeed, of venison, and the other elements of a truly generous banquet, inclusive of the beverages, from iced punch to champagne, and so on, which attend it.

"Some kinds of food, it is well known, increase the bulk of the muscles; others run to fat. If the brain has distinct organs, one species of comestible may go to nourish one; another may be the special *pabulum* of another. Underdone beef may have a determination to destructiveness—milk, to benevolence; having thus, in reality, the relation to human kindness ascribed to it by a form of speech.

"This theory appears to be borne out by the fact, that indulgence in too many good things occasions (unfortunately) a general fulness of the head, tending to apoplexy.

"In these days of Socialism, Communism, Fourierism, and the like wild theories, it is refreshing to meet with so sensible a notion as the gastronomic regeneration of Society.

"I say that the *Church Review* deserves our best thanks for the light it has thrown upon fasting, which, philosophically considered, is merely abstinence from all food likely to disagree with the higher faculties. For my part, I intend to reform and repent on a series of good dinners. I shall exemplify the precept of that excellent ecclesiastic who sings,

"He who leads a good life is sure to live well!"

"Experiments only can determine on what particular delicacies we should cultivate our better feelings. I should be happy to institute researches into this branch of Moral Philosophy, if I had the means;

and a few subscriptions, to encourage so laudable a study, will hardly be grudged by the Public—will readily, I trust, be taken in by you—and will, I am sure, be thankfully received by your humble servant,
"GUSTAVUS."

A NEW CHAUNT FOR ROCHESTER CHOIR.

WE'RE surprised, MR. WHISTON, you thus should insist on
Your scandalous charges 'gainst dignities high;
Putting forth a vile bead-roll, which proves each Cathedral
A den of thieves, robbing small boys on the sly!

A Son of the Church, too, and wielding the birch, too,
Within the dread shadow of Rochester's pile,
When you ought to have capp'd her Dean, Bishop, and Chapter,
To show them all up in this merciless style!

And when you've the face, sir, to make out your case, sir,
With facts and with figures that none can deny;
What means the denial you make on your trial,
Of "*gravius delictum*"—"crime blackest of die?"

If our ancestors foolish had notions so schoolish,
In this nineteenth century, sure you don't mean
To contend that the birchings of fifty young urchins
Ought to cost half as much as the keep of a Dean?

With changed value of money, there's nothing so funny
In the charge of a Canon being duly increased;
But it raises one's choler to be told that a scholar
Ought to have his allowance enlarged like a priest.

As one, sir, who teaches, you should heal, not make breaches,
And by your example to meekness invite;
Not set on inferiors to judge their superiors,
And drag disagreeable truths into light.

Zeal lacking discretion don't suit your profession,
And to tell truth at all times is only for fools;
Why, if you *must* write, sir, not speak your delight, sir,
At the way Deans and Chapters behave to their schools?

Had you praised our discerning, unselfishness, learning,
Our strong sense of justice, by courtesy ruled,
Laid it on hard and hot, sir, for all that we're not, sir—
You'd never have been as you now are, unschooled.

MUMMERY AT MIDNIGHT.

EXETER is a soil fruitful in extravagance. A Bishop has blessed the see, and lo! it is monstrously prolific. During Passion Week, one REV. S. LEE, of the parish of All Hallows, announced his intention of holding a "Midnight Mass." The thing, however, was not permitted; doubtless to the Christian sorrow of the Tractarian experimentalist; otherwise, we are informed, the matter would have come off, as they print in the play-bills, with "new and startling effects." Many of the zealous would have typified the faith within them, by carrying to the Mass a dark-lantern; whilst fancy-dresses, à la GUY FAWKES—with the supplementary grace of a mask—had been bespoken by the more enthusiastic. We may daily expect a very pastoral and pious letter on the subject from BISHOP PHILPOTTS to MISS SELDON.

RULES FOR HEALTH.

By a Scotch Philosopher, who has tried them all.

NEVER drink anything but water.

Never eat anything but oatmeal.

Wear the thickest boots.

Walk fifteen miles regularly every day.

Avoid all excitement; consequently it is best to remain single, for then you will be free from all household cares and matrimonial troubles, and you will have no children to worry you.

The same rule applies to smoking, taking snuff, playing at cards, and arguing with an Irishman. They are all strong excitations, which must be rigidly avoided, if you value in the least your health.

By attending carefully to the above rules, there is every probability that you may live to a hundred years, and that you will enjoy your hundredth year fully as much as you did your twenty-first.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—A Precocious Cadet at Addiscombe, being asked for his opinion on the subject of Calibre, replied at once that he considered it a decided Bore.

HAVOC IN ROMAN HISTORY!

To PROFESSOR FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, on the *Strength of his recent Work, "Regal Rome."*



HOW could you, FRANK NEWMAN, with cruel acumen, Beso'hard in your earnest pursuit of the True, As the names of old glory, in Rome's early story, To resolve into myths in the manner you do?

The pious ÆNEAS henceforward must be as

An incredible WALKER—a fabulous NOAKES; And "fidus ACHATES" conjoined as a mate is With ELIZABETH MARTIN—a humbug and hoax.

The views you've asserted, the faith have subverted Which youth upon REMUS and ROMULUS pins;

Like bubbles you've burst 'em—no wolf ever nursed 'em; They were what you may call MRS. HARRIS'S twins.

As for NUMA POMILIUS, and TULLUS HOSTILIUS, Whom the juvenile student confidently crams, They're nothing but fudges imposed on young drudges—Chimeras of bottled smoke, phantoms, and shams.

The doubts you awaken, so wholly have shaken Our belief, that, in short, it is equally small As regards ancient Romans, and ghosts, dreams, and omens; For we almost suspect there weren't any at all.

The QUIRITES we question; and for our digestion The PATRES CONSCRIPTI are something too tough; With consuls and lictors, whom boa-constrictors May swallow; and tribunes, and ediles, and stuff.

We doubt both HORATI, and eke CURIATI; And infer that their fight could have never occur'd: In the DECI off quoted, so called self-devoted, We consider all credence as simply absurd.

In the two brothers GRACCHUS, no more than in BACCHUS, Do we put any faith: we class PISO with PAN, And METELLUS with JANUS, and CORIOLANUS With APOLLO, convinced there was no such a man.

Our assurance of MARIUS is very precarious; And SYLLA on rather loose evidence leans; The legend of CRASSUS smacks much of Parnassus, } And is only a story to tell the Marines.

Of CURTIUS the jumper, the tale is a thumper, So monstrous, that modern Rome scarcely has told—And she doesn't boggle—of pictures that goggle, } Or statues that nod, one more glaringly bold.

Unsatisfied reason on CATILINE's treason Is forced with the eye of suspicion to look; And will the oration bear investigation In which they say CICERO brought him to book?

Of BRUTUS and CASSIUS we can't be so rash as To credit one half, if one word, that we read; And POMPEY and CÆSAR by many degrees are Too apocryphal fellows to hold in our creed.

There are SALLUST and LIVY—we'd trust HOOKHAM SNIVEY As soon as the former—must take, we're afraid, The other one's statements with suchlike abatements As we do those which BARON MUNCHAUSEN has made.

Of the scoundrels and heroes—the CATOS and NEROS— We are led to adopt one like sceptical view; For their actions related so long back are dated, And so very far off, we can scarce think them true.

You prove ancient History so clouded with mystery, We'd as readily credit a troubadour's rhymes; And the Past seems with fable so mixed, that we're able To believe little more than we read in the *Times*.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER IV.

As if I cared in the least about the creature! or had given him the least tinny-tiny bit of encouragement in the whole world! And yet papa has been going on at me, in his quiet teasing manner, for I don't know how long. Just as if it was my fault! or as if there was any fault at all anywhere, except that stupid Mr. MUTTON's, for not having his shop made twenty times as large as it is, so that people could eat their ices without other people brushing so closely by them, in passing, as to knock the spoon out of their hands, and so give more people an excuse for getting other spoons and presenting them. Not that I see much harm in that, but papa is so aggravating when he likes. I believe he could talk round and round a Bijou Almanac until it seemed a Post Office Directory. And then he's so good-natured all the time, that—But I promised to tell all about it.

I suppose everybody in the world knows MUTTON's at Brighton. Papa calculates that on an average, during the season, 2000 jokes are made, every week, on the unfortunate man's name. Every new-comer, of course, considers it his duty to be smart on poor Mr. MUTTON, and wonders that people who have been down at Brighton for three days don't laugh. Even papa himself made a joke about him, but it was in Latin, and addressed to two fast Oxford men, who, of course, did not understand it. But DR. CLOISTERS, Dean of St. MILDEW's (who knows that papa is intimate with several Bishops), applauded it so heartily, that I made him write it down for me. Some young officers, it seems, had been running in debt with Mr. MUTTON, who could never get any money from them. But as two of them came into the shop one day, papa, quoting the Fourth Satire of HORACE ("v. 12" the Dean has written, but I don't know what that means), described them as people,

"Longa quibus facies Ovis erit;"

which I understand meant people to whom Mr. MUTTON would pull a long face.

Well, MUTTON's was very full, and we were all taking our lunch in that comfortable state of squeeze common at supper-time in third-rate squares, where folks who can't afford to give many parties, ask three times as many people as the poor little house will hold. One don't mind it at supper, however, because sometimes good comes out of it, and at any rate, it would be ill-natured to complain; but in a hot shop, in the middle of the day, it is very disagreeable. Papa and I were separated, and I was standing, and making haste with my strawberry ice (spoiling my gloves, indeed), in order to get away, when that MRS. MAJOR KILPIGGIN, of somewhere in Ireland, came pushing past me, with a great plate of smoking soup held tight in both hands (her gloves were safe enough, for, if she has any, she never brings them out), and knocked my spoon out of my fingers, sending a dab of strawberry ice into the red-hot face of GENERAL BANGLE, who was sitting near me—and serve him right, for his Anglo-Indian selfishness in not giving me his seat. I expected to hear the ice hiss on his fiery cheek. MRS. KILPIGGIN held on her way; but looked round, with her good-natured Irish grimace (there's no being angry with that merry, vulgar face), and cried out,

"Ye'll hold the silver toigter, darlin', when ye're my age."

(And tight enough she holds it, if all is true that people say about her; and that plate of soup was her dinner for the day; but, then, MAJOR KILPIGGIN will play at billiards with everybody, and everybody will beat him, and half-pay won't go far with billiards and seven children, poor creatures.) But she never even begged my pardon.

In a moment I was conscious of a very strong odour of tobacco, and a rather tall man leaned over some others, took a plate, on which was another spoon about to be handed to somebody else, and offered it to me, with a sort of grave bow. I took it, of course, and then I thought I would look at the civil person who had given it to me. He was certainly handsome, but looked as haggard and dispirited as if he had been up about a hundred nights, and had not been exactly drinking water all the time. His dress was careless, rather than slovenly, but altogether he had the look and manner of a gentleman. And that is all I should have ever thought about the matter; but as I looked at him, he actually coloured. Now, gentlemen do not often do this; but when such an accident does happen, they always seem heartily ashamed of themselves. But this person, although his face flushed all

over, appeared quite unconcerned about it, and, indeed, about everything else, except my poor little face, at which he continued to look, not exactly staring, but with a fixed gaze, like that mentioned in the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Novels, when the heroine meets somebody who is "her Destiny." Perhaps I stood his look the hundredth part of a moment longer than was quite proper, but his face interested me, and I was thankful for the spoon. And then I looked at my ice, and the next moment rude old GENERAL BANGLE got up and stretched himself along the counter to get at another great sticky Bath-bun. In an instant his chair was taken from behind him by my haggard-looking friend, and placed for me, and the General, never dreaming of what had happened, would have gone down on the floor, but for the other saying, in a careless kind of way,

"Thank you; I'm sure you're very polite."

I do not think such a charge had ever been brought against GENERAL BANGLE in all his life; and turning round, with natural indignation, to meet his accuser, he saw his chair gone, and the stranger motioning to me to take it. I would have



slipped away, but the crowd prevented me, and there was nothing between standing by a chair, looking awkward, and taking it. So I did the latter, but with such a pretty smile of thanks to the old General, that if he had not been a dreadful old Bengal royal tiger, he would have been delighted, instead of enraged. As it was, however, I am ashamed to say that he not only muttered the word "impertinent," so loud that everybody around could hear, but actually put another word before it, which papa calls "the theological equivalent for very."

Everybody looked round, and I was in terror that I was going to be made the centre of a scene. But my new friend had not the slightest intention that I should be placed in a false position; for, turning completely from me, and, in fact, interposing between me and the angry General, he said, quite loud and cordially,

"Ah, GENERAL BANGLE! I beg your pardon, I did not recognise you."

"Sir," said the General, (I could not see his face, but his voice was very furious) "I don't know you, but I know—"

"My friend WOBBY WATTLE; you were going to say you knew him? Yes. I had the pleasure of seeing you at his rooms the day you called" (this was said very distinctly) "to pay the fifty pounds you lost to him at *écarté* on Sunday week. He's very well, and eager to give the revenge you promised to take."

I could not, as I have said, see the General; but what I could see was the face of his wife, who had been sitting near him. Fiery as the General is, Mrs. GENERAL BANGLE is his implacable superior officer. Terrible as he is to the world, to him she is far more terrible. She is a rigid theologian (Clapham patent), and a still more rigid financialist. And here was her husband convicted at once of gambling and of losing, and of doing both on a Sunday. As I glanced

at her face, which was at a white-heat, I thought how much better it would have been for the General, if he had offered me the chair originally, like an officer and a gentleman.

"GENERAL BANGLE lose fifty pound at cards!" she almost screamed. "You can't know what you are talking about, young man." And her eyes quite flashed.

"Having had the honour of being witness to the payment," replied the other with great politeness, "I can testify to the alacrity of the General in discharging his play obligations. I gave WOBBY cash for the cheque, to save him the trouble of going to—to RANSOM'S—I think that is your banker's, General?"

"You were in town on Sunday week, BANGLE," said the lady, in a low deadly voice, "and you told me the name of the chapel you went to three times that day, and the heads of the three discourses. We had better go home. Bring the Bath bun with you, as, having been broken, it must be paid for, I conclude." And the General was taken away to undergo the *peine forte et dure*, it is supposed, and he has not been heard of since.

Papa, as the little scene ended, was standing near me, greatly amused. I told him in two words how it had arisen. I saw he was looking very curiously at the gentleman who had caused it, and who, I felt, had resumed his original occupation of admiring Miss BROMPTON.

"MR. ALBANY — Something?" said papa, in his good-natured manner, "Were you not dining at the Parthian Club about a month since, with MR. NIMROD McBLAZES, the great mammoth slayer?" I think papa knows everybody.

"ALBANY SWELLINGTON," said the gentleman, looking immensely delighted, and expecting, I do believe, that he was going to be presented to me.

"Ah!" said papa, "how tough that saddle of mutton was, that day! Come, VIOLET, my dear, let us have a blow on the pier."

I could not help giving poor ALBANY one look as we went out, but papa need not have noticed it.

ROSAS WITHERING.

THE despots of the continent will perhaps consider that we Englishmen are atoning for our protection to liberal refugees—our great offence—by giving protection to ROSAS. Yes, ROSAS has actually landed here, and taken up his abode on our domestic hearth!—the tiger-cat is sprawling comfortably before the English fire.

One thing is perfectly clear. Something must be done for ROSAS. A whisper has gone abroad that the excellent tyrant is in reduced circumstances. Now is the time for the reactionary party. Pay your money, gentlemen. You don't surely intend that ROSAS shall have to resort to public mendicancy. We cannot think without a tear (which may be seen at the office) of ROSAS sitting on the pavement—drawing with coloured chalk the head of JUDAS on the stones to excite the sympathy of reactionaries!

The younger DRONYSIUS, in old times, when kicked out of his kingdom, turned schoolmaster. But modern tyrants have not the necessary knowledge to fill that situation.

Twopence more! This is the great ROSAS who supplied the jails and gallows of his country so long. Business in that line falling short, ROSAS has been obliged to withdraw, and throw himself on the charity of the inhuman. The application, we believe, is to be backed up by a fragment from the appropriate *Beggar's Opera*—

"ROSAS and party their wants disclose;
Tip him some money for victuals and hose!"

or, if there should appear to be an indecorous levity about that, *Punch* will have no objection to dash off a parody about ROSAS by Bendemeer's Stream, as his contribution to the subscription. We hope to hear of its being set on foot soon; for, if ROSAS is in difficulties, how can he go to the fashionable balls of the season? unless, indeed, he can manage to do, what he made his countrymen often do—dance upon nothing!

HOW TO VENTILATE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Destroy the rotten boroughs that, duly represented, continually reek there.

AN "AIRY NOTHING."—The Ventilation of the House of Commons.]

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DESTRUCTIVES AND THE FIRST OF MAY.



THE Chartists and revolutionists, as they were called, had their Tenth of April. The vulgar mob—the unwashed—the profligate and brutalised were all for the perpetration of precious mischief, to be arrayed and disciplined; and led on to the destruction of our constitution—that “entire and perfect chrysolite”—by GENERAL DEMAGOGUE! And this on the Tenth of April.

And now, the elegant Destructives of Hyde Park propose to have their First of May. The refined

crowd—the perfumed mob—the delicate and exquisite rabble of May Fair—have vowed to destroy the people’s chrysolite—the Crystal Palace—to have, in fact, their destructive First of May.

The Tenth of April saw FEARGUS O’CONNOR in all his pride of generalship. And, for the First of May, we may read—“LORD SEYMOUR, *vice* FEARGUS O’CONNOR, superseded.”

That Tenth of April is still a grand day in the memory of the men of order. Even now, eloquent Members of Parliament, touching upon the “political earthquakes that have rocked, and crushed, and scattered foreign Constitutions,”—even now, they glowingly apostrophise “that great moral triumph of the Tenth of April.” We have no doubt that the French President, himself a constable on that eventful day, is now and then suffused with a recollection of its glory.

Well, threatening anarchy was defeated by a combination of the orderly and the pacific. Let us, on the First of May to come, adopt the like means triumphant on the Tenth of April, now historic. Let all the wise, and good, and peace-loving combine to put down the Destructives of Hyde Park—to scatter and confound the Mob of May Fair!

What says SIR JOSEPH PAXTON? What does he promise the people by the conservation of the Crystal Palace? Hearken!

“Three modes of appropriating the Crystal Palace may be at present specified, with sufficient distinctness, to show how it is intended to combine the instruction and recreation of the people with the advancement of the arts, science, and manufactures.

“In the first place, a portion of the space may be allotted to a winter garden embellished with fountains, statuary, geological specimens, and a great variety of other interesting objects.

“Another portion might be appropriated for the reception of new inventions and of a ‘trade collection’ in illustration of the commerce of the country.

“Lastly, the building might contain a gallery of design, for the promotion of taste among manufacturers and the public; and lecture-rooms and museums, which would relieve the already overcrowded state of many of our greatest scientific institutions.”

Oh, people! Your winter garden—that may be—is threatened! Your fountains dried up! Your statuary—that great silent teacher of the grand and beautiful—refused!

Your lecture-rooms and museums—that may be—sacrificed to a mob of the idle and the particularly select!

People of England! law-lords are arming for the First of May. Dowagers will take the field—exclusive lordlings gallop to the demolition.

People of England, swear yourselves in to yourselves as special constables to preserve this Crystal Palace, and defeat the Destructives of the First of May!

An Old Saying pulled to Pieces.

WE have it on the authority of an old saying, that there is “wisdom in a wig;” but a young lady, who has been two or three times to the Ladies’ Gallery in the House, declares, that, “though she has always paid the greatest attention, she never could see the least ‘wisdom in a Whig,’ or in a Tory either.”

NOTORIOUS HANDS AT PEACE-WORK.—MESSRS. COBDEN, BRIGET, and STURGE.

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE STAGE.

THE Astronomy of the Stage often presents phenomena which would startle even the indefatigable gentleman who seems to pass his life in sitting up all night at Bermondsey, and despatching from that most anti-celestial address the result of his observations in the form of letters to the *Times* newspaper. We do not mean to underrate the value or importance of this gentleman’s series of nocturnal games at stare-cap with the moon and stars; but, on the contrary, we appreciate with thankfulness every new announcement of some nebulous speck which has never before been seen, or of some peculiar affection of the adjacent weathercocks which leads to the inference that there is some unusual disturbance of the sky blue, or the milky way, or the electric currents. We, however, think the Astronomy of the Stage would, if accurately noted and reported, furnish that wholesome mystification to the *savant* which seems necessary to fit him for the task of public enlightenment. In the Astronomy of the Stage we do not include that annually increasing family of stars which our old friend, MR. C. ADAMS, brings out of his packing-case for exhibition at the Adelphi during Passion Week, and which, in the present year, enabled him to announce no less than

22 ADDITIONAL PLANETS.

If the progress of discovery continues at its recent rate, and MR ADAMS still proceeds—

“On Orreries’ heads Orreries t’accumulate,”

we shall know of no parallel to his number of additional planets, but the so many “thousand additional lamps” at Vauxhall, on a gala night. Excluding MR. ADAMS and his collection of “pretty little twinkling stars” from the more vulgar astronomy of the stage, let us look at the moon as it rose the other night, “round as my shield”—or, rather, as my hoop, for shields are no longer worn—in *Guglielmo Tell*, at the Royal Italian Opera. The moon rose majestically over the dramatic mountain tops, at about its ordinary rate; but having reached a certain point, the concealed luminary stopped to admire itself in the lake below, and would proceed not an inch farther during the remainder of a very long act, though it had been travelling, for the previous few minutes, with at least its usual rapidity.

Though the conduct of the moon was not consistent with the rules of Astronomy in this instance, yet, on the whole, it was a well-conducted moon; for we have known theatrical moons that have never moved at all, and have exhibited a flickering light, and have sometimes been even snuffed out, leaving a dull white orb apparent, until the re-illumination has been attended to. As to the moon in *Guglielmo Tell*, it was an excellent moon as far as it went—our only objection being that it did not go far enough, but pulled up for the night before the completion of one-fourth of its naturally appointed journey. Had it been the sun, we should have endeavoured to find an excuse in allegory, and we might have presumed that the horses of the chariot of the sun had suddenly knocked up; but for Luna we can see no reasonable apology. It was, however, fortunate, on the whole, that the moon was not prepared to continue her natural course; for, had she proceeded, she must have passed out of sight long before the Patriots had finished assembling by her pale light, and swearing vengeance beneath her glimmering rays; or even before *Mathilde* had concluded her request that Luna would, by the aid of a certain *dolce reflesso*, point out the exact path through which *Arnoldo s’aggira*!

An Old Law Lion.

IN MR. FORSYTH’S excellent work, *A History of Trial by Jury*, he cites certain peculiarities of the ancient German tribunals. And one of these was a rule that the presiding officer should sit cross-legged, “to signify the repose and gravity proper to his office,” and further that he should sit “like a grim-looking lion, with the right foot crossed over the left.”

Englishmen have improved upon all this. Only take as an instance our Court of Chancery. There is no “grim-looking lion;” scowling with a “gloomy stare” upon affrighted suitors; but, typical of Chancery system, a most civil and withal astute fox, puckering his nose and twitching his whiskers at the geese that come and are driven before him.

State of Parties in the House of Commons.

A YOUNG Lady writes to us, to say that “The parties, which she hears so much about, in the House of Commons, must be dreadful stupid things; for, from what she has been told, there is no music, no dancing, no ices, no supper, no bon-bons, and no flirting at them—and she cannot possibly imagine how any party can go off well without them.”

THE WORST FORM OF FRENCH TYRANNY.—Nearly 1,200,000 French corsets are imported into this country every year!

PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Cinabue Cottage, Camden Town.

"KNOWING how truly you appreciate *'High Art,'* I want your candid opinion of the accompanying Sketch. Do you consider it *'the thing'* for the Public and for Posterity? My husband *used* to see things as other people do—but he has lately become a Pre-Raphaelite. He expects to make quite a hit next year, with some old subjects—in a new dress. He gilds the skies, counts the blades of grass and the pebbles—shaves the shepherd boys' heads, and adds a yard to their smocks, clips the trees, and dams the water. When *dry* enough, they are to be framed *'selon les règles,'* and named *'Legends.'*

"He is now diligently copying a Noah's Ark, and making studies from the contents, for *his Great Work* of next year, 1853! He has had in a barrow-full of stones, and is watching a pot of Couch-grass with extreme anxiety.

"I was sadly afraid when he chose the subject, that we should have been over-run with *all sorts* of Birds and Beasts, walking up and down the stairs, two and two, all day; but luckily he prefers the form and spirit of the Nurnberg toys.

"Last week he copied a fine cabbage, on both sides, to have it correct. The art certainly has its peculiar difficulties; it took 25 fresh Herrings to make a pair, in his *'Sea of Galilee,'* which he studied, all from *nature*, off the Coast of Cork. He was two months about them, and, you know, Mr. Punch, they are a fish that *don't keep.* But he has *only Landscape* difficulties to contend against, as he can always find a *Figure* to suit in the Missals at the British Museum, *already coloured*—which saves a world of trouble. My husband is draining the Tea-pot, Mr. Punch!—so I must stop.

"Always yours with esteem,

"MARY BILES."

"P.S.—The accompanying is his *last!*"Y^e LEGENDE OF SAINT TABBACCA.

Dreadful Complaint of the Lungs of London.

LOUD complaints have been made against the state of the grass in our Parks. It is curious that these complaints should be made against Ministers like the present, who, owning so many race-horses, would watch very jealously, one would imagine, that everything should be perfectly fair above ground in all matters relating to the *Turf.*

ANOTHER CONVERSION TO ROME.

So anxious are the Roman Catholics to make the most of every little conversion that does or does not exist, that we wonder no zealous member of that modest community—MR. RUGBY WILBERFORCE, for instance—has thought of claiming, for the glorification of the Romish Church, the "CONVERSION OF THE FIVE PER CENTS" that has recently taken place in France.

BALD FACTS.



WE had always been taught to think that personal attractions were nature's gifts; but it seems, from the Advertisements, that natural adornments are quite as saleable as any other commodities. Our eye has just been caught by the tempting announcement,

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR FOR ONE SHILLING.

There is something startling in the idea of "A Shilling Head of Hair," which suggests the phenomenon of a wig for twelve Queen's Heads, or Postage Stamps. On reading a little further, we make the discovery that these Beautiful Heads of

Hair are sold by the bottle, and consist of a specific for preventing the hair from turning grey; an invention which, we are told, is "Invaluable in the Nursery." We have seen babies with bald heads; but a grey-haired infant is a curiosity quite worthy of the experimentalist who offers to protect the inmates of a nursery from hoary locks for one shilling. The same spirited individual proffers to the public "pearly teeth at eighteen-pence a pot," and "balmy breath," "free, for twenty postage stamps." As to ourselves, we patronise none of these things; but if we resort to any expedient for preserving the few remaining patches of stubble on our poor old head, we shall try the effect of mixing with our own thin remnants of hair a few of CHUBB'S Patent Safety Locks.

"TO BE SOLD IMMEDIATELY—THE CRYSTAL PALACE!"

WE have already prepared our readers for this otherwise startling announcement. A fortnight since we warned them of their favourite's impending fate. We assured them plainly then, that the death-warrant was in print, and the time of execution probably not far distant. And we have now to tell them that the fatal day is fixed, and the name of the appointed CALCRAFT officially announced.

By Special Penny-a-Liner we are informed that a phalanx of gigantic posters have been pasted on the South Transeptal Entrance, severally headed with the Royal Arms, and stating with a brutal matter-of-factness, that—

"MR. LEREW is honoured with Authority from the Royal Commission

To Sell by Auction, on the Premises,

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING, HYDE PARK,

On Monday, the 26th of April, 1852, and following Days,

At Twelve for One o'Clock each Day."

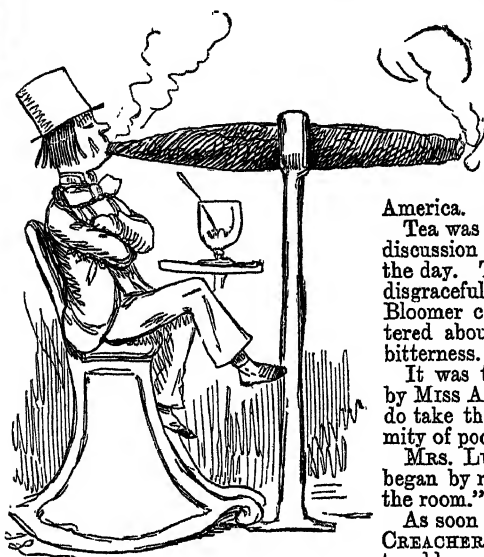
The words "Royal Commission" we take to be a misprint for "Commissioners of Works;" for we cannot believe the former Body to be capable of anything half so foolish as the wanton destruction of the only National Building that an Englishman is not ashamed of owning. The choice of an Auctioneer as their destroying agent, is a bit of sagacious policy well worthy of the Opposition party. It bears a logical significance, quite on a par with their other reasoning. For what more convincing proof of "the instability and weakness of the Building" could possibly be given us, than that a single blow from an Appraiser's hammer would suffice to *knock it down?*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A MEMBER of a Young Man's Mutual Improvement Society" is informed that the Conscript Fathers of Ancient Rome were not persons who had been "drawn for the militia."

HEIGHT OF ARISTOCRATIC PRIDE.—An astronomer of distinguished family declines to inspect LEVERRIER'S new planet, on the ground that it is a *parvenu!*

LECTURE AT THE STRONG-MINDED WOMEN'S CLUB.



THE STRONG-MINDED WOMEN held another meeting last Wednesday, in MRS. MAJOR WRIGHT'S back drawing-room, in A—Square.

Cards had been issued for seven o'clock, and at precisely a quarter past, the room was so crowded that there was scarcely a footstool unoccupied. On the sofas we observed some of the strongest-minded women in the world, whose opinions have created not less disturbance in England than in America. To mention their names would only occupy space.

Tea was brought in at half-past seven, and a most animated discussion immediately ensued upon the prevailing follies of the day. These were lashed in the severest manner, and the disgraceful scandal of ladies not more generally adopting the Bloomer costume (some beautiful prints of which were scattered about the room) was commented upon with the usual bitterness.

It was then moved by MRS. MAJOR WRIGHT, and seconded by MISS ARABELLA PANTILETTES, that MRS. LUCIUS CREACHER do take the chair, which was carried with the greatest unanimity of pocket-handkerchiefs.

MRS. LUCIUS CREACHER, after removing her spectacles, began by requesting that "CHRISTOPHER, the Page, do leave the room."

As soon as this order had been complied with, MRS. LUCIUS CREACHER, brushing her hair back off her forehead, proceeded to address the meeting thus:—

"LADIES—THE SUBJECT OF OUR LECTURE THIS EVENING, IS SMOKING!!!"

"Of all selfish, degrading, injurious, deleterious, abasing vices—for it's more than a fault, it is a positive vice—there is none equal to that of Smoking! I do not hesitate to say that the man who smokes is lost. How different does his whole nature become, when once he has taken a cigar in his hand! I really believe that the root of all matrimonial differences is the tobacco-plant. If not the root exactly, at all events it is a most prolific branch. (*Clattering of tea-spoons*). Look at the same man before he has smoked, and after he has smoked. It is a well-known painful truth that the bloom of health cannot stand before the withering effect of tobacco-smoke. It turns the rosy carnation of Beauty into the pale ash-colour of Disease, as if the cheek it had blighted had become impregnated with the material itself during the process of consumption.



"But it is not only the destruction to their health and their morals, ladies—it is not merely in a sanitary or in an ethical point of view that we must look at this mighty question of Smoking, but it is also in a pecuniary light—though, in connexion with smoking, I detest the very mention of the word 'Light.' Smoking is not only a highly injurious habit, but it is likewise an exceedingly expensive one, and, for that reason alone, I would have every ounce of tobacco thrown into the Thames. It is an extravagance—and an extravagance, which, let a man's necessities be what they will, is never suppressed. It is the very last luxury which a man denies himself, and I have known men, whose wives,

to my knowledge, hadn't had a new bonnet for a whole twelvemonth, still coolly persevere in spending their sixpence or their shilling a-day in smoking. Now, a shilling a-day is 365 shillings a-year—no less a sum than £18 5s.—(*cries of 'Dear me!'*) Now, if this sum of £18 5s. was put by every year, they would have for it a very respectable Cashmere shawl, which they might present to their wives on their birthdays—but, no! catch them doing it. Such is the ingrained selfishness of Man, that I really believe he would prefer his pipe of tobacco to the handsomest Cashmere that ever came from the looms of India (*profound sensation*).

"But it is not only the expense of smoking; there is another expense connected with it. The vices of smoking and drinking generally go hand-in-hand together; for you may put it down almost as an invariable rule, that the man who has a cigar in one hand, holds a tumbler in the other. It would seem that tobacco was a plant that would not flourish unless plentifully watered with what is called Grog. I know that my husband—who, when I married him, wouldn't touch anything stronger than elder wine—will drink now of an evening as many glasses of grog as he smokes pipes; and he would sometimes have more, if I didn't take the key of the cellaret up-stairs with me to bed (*fashionable laughter*).

"I think I have satisfactorily proved the injury that arises from this baneful habit; but there is a greater injury still, that remains to be explained. It is the injury it does to the furniture, and every one's clothes. Whose curtains are safe? whose carpet is respected, when once a man is allowed to smoke in the house? As for comfort, it flies out of the window directly you open it to let the smoke out; and you have but two alternatives—either to sit still, and be suffocated; or to sit in a draught, and be chilled to death—and I hardly know which is worse.

"And if you remonstrate—if you declare you will not put up with this disgraceful state of things, which makes it difficult for you to find a room the next morning in which you can breakfast with comfort—the remedy is almost worse than the disease. You drive your husband elsewhere to enjoy his pipe—though what enjoyment it can be to him, I cannot make out. He goes to his club, or to the nearest hotel or public-house, to smoke with other smokers as bad as himself; and if you are wise, you had better not inquire what hour it is when he returns home!

"I sum up the evils of smoking to be as follows: Lassitude, great expense, drunkenness, injury to one's clothes, carpets, and curtains—departure of everything like comfort—headaches, latch-keys, late hours, and total wreck of everything like domestic happiness! (*suppressed groans*). Evils, ladies, most awful to contemplate; and which it behoves us, as strong-minded women, to combat as much as lies in our power.

"What the enjoyment of smoking can be, baffles my wildest imagination; but, as it is the object of our society to investigate everything that may be attended with anything like a bene-



THE EASTER RECESS.

Dizzy. "OH, NO! I'M NOT AT ALL GIDDY. I SHOULD LIKE TO GO EVER SO MUCH HIGHER."

ficial result for the Regeneration of Man, I have brought a cigar with me, purposely to smoke it, in order to know what the feeling may be like. I now move for your permission, ladies, to try the experiment."

This being speedily granted, a light was brought, and the intrepid lecturer began, in the most heroic manner, to whiff the cigar, which she described as being sold to her "as a full-flavoured Cuba." She represented the effects as being of a most nauseous description, and was proceeding most warmly to explain her sensations under the existing experiment, when, from some unexplained cause, she came to a sudden stop, and, turning very pale, sank down upon her chair.

At this point, a gurgling sound of suppressed laughter was heard, and the door being thrown open, CHRISTOPHER, the Page, was discovered to be outside, listening at the key-hole. His ears were severely pulled by every one present, and the meeting abruptly broke up in a state of the most talkative excitement.

Thus ended the Lecture, by the Strong-Minded Women's Club, upon Smoking, with no other result than MRS. CREACHER being carried up to bed, very ill, by four Strong-Minded Women.

MR. JEREMIAH TOPS' ADVICE TO THE FARMERS.



I BE a zimpul varming mun, a plane
unpolished veller;
At meetuns and at 'lections, zur, I cannot
blare and beller;
I loike a price vor wot I grows, but yet
I can't agree
As wuts and tummutts arn't as dear as
such loike ort to be.

Purtection may be woundy nice, but
then I allus zay,

That if it gives me
zummat more,
whoi! zummun
helse mun pay;
And as I loike
to vind things
cheap, wen I
be vorced to
buy,
I'm notzurproised
that hother men
should veel the
zaam as I.

But if un be, or if
un baint, there's
such acoil about
un,

I tell 'ee plain, we varming men mun even do without un;
Foive Bob a quarter munnot set the land agin the town,
Or make we country chaps vorget our dooty to the Crown.

And, dang it! wen I think of all the row and hagitashun
Wich zuch purceedings mun purdooce throughout the British nashun;
Wot mischief-lovin chaps would come a-ripping up old sores;
Wot poor men's scowling faces we should zee about our doors;

Wot heaps of larned herrings we mun hear on heither side;
Wot jokes and gibes and cuttin words we varmers mun abide;
Wot cute long-winded vellars from Lunnun would come down,
To tease and haggrawate us in hevery market town;

Wot angry meetuns there would be disturbin hevery shire;
Wot landlords there would rave and swear, vor tenants to admire;
I veel as such a row as this would be too much for we;
Zo! Darn the Dooty! Let un goo! and let we varmers be.

If we have been but hardly used, yet still I mun maintain
'Tis voolish to purwoke our foes to beat us once again;
And he wool be the varmer's friend who virst the matter drops,
Mun be the fixed and firm belief of

JEREMIAH TOPS.

Hard Swearing in France.

A most startling article appeared last week in the *Times*: it was a catalogue of the various oaths taken by French statesmen and French officials, from the time of the Consulate to the time of the last oath proposed by the President;—oaths of all colours, and all as seriously carved as the patches of harlequin's jacket. The President has, of course, his own notion of an oath—that is, of an oath sworn by himself. When a Chinaman is sworn, he breaks a saucer. When a LOUIS NAPOLEON swears, nothing is broken except—the oath.

THE GREAT PRIMA DONNA QUESTION.

SINCE the departure from among us of the Swedish Nightingale, there has been no excitement in musical circles to equal that occasioned by the rumoured appearance of the Mitcham "Lark," who is now formally announced as being "exclusively" engaged at no less than seven suburban tea-gardens. From exclusive sources of information, we are enabled to furnish the following interesting particulars. The "Lark," who is a native of Mitcham, first attracted the attention of the beadle, who had overheard her youthful warblings through an open window, and by whose introduction she became a member of a local singing-class. Having been induced to take a short solo in the MS. Symphony of a professor, known—to his family and a few friends—as the Brompton BEETHOVEN, the "Lark" was favourably noticed by the Drum of a military band who happened to be present on the occasion. At the suggestion of the Drum, the friends of the "Lark" article her for three years to a tea-garden Flute, at whose benefit she at length appeared, when she took all the tea-tables by storm, in "*I'd be a Butterfly*," which she gave in character, with practicable wings and a real "bower."

From this moment her career was one of uninterrupted triumph, to the enjoyment of which a hopeless passion for a popular "Bones," whom she had met professionally among a party of Ethiopian Serenaders, was the only drawback. Some say that she was never justified in fostering this unhappy attachment; while others aver with equal confidence that the gentleman was devoid of feeling, and that his heart was so completely wrapped up in his "bones" as to be hard and insensible towards any tender influence. The attachment of the "Lark" to the wayward Ethiopian has, however, given a dark complexion to her otherwise brilliant career; and, though many have wondered at an infatuation exhibited thus perseveringly towards an unworthy object—and such an object as an Ethiopian Serenader necessarily makes himself—it is the excuse of the "Lark" that, like *Desdemona*, she "saw his visage in his bones."

Blighted in her earliest affections—which had all the gushing, but none of the ripeness, of the gooseberry—she transferred her love exclusively to her art; and created immense sensation by her "Poor Mary Anne!" which was got up expressly for her, with a "real willow," at the Royal Twankey Tea Gardens, in the neighbourhood of one of our large manufacturing towns. Her fame having reached London, the Manager of one of our Metropolitan Music Halls hastened to secure her services on her own terms, which included the deposit of her railway fare to London; but, unfortunately, nothing was said about the class by which she was to travel. This point remaining indefinite, the matter came to the ears of the energetic *impresario* of one of our suburban Saloons, who immediately sent down a first-class ticket for the "Lark," by which he is supposed to have secured her "exclusive" services. To add to the complication of affairs, it seems that part of the stipulated contract with the "Lark," was the promised engagement of the "Bones," already alluded to—which induced the Manager of a favourite Temple of Apollo, at Chelsea, to strain every nerve and muscle to secure the "Bones," which he has succeeded in doing; and he now claims to have also obtained the right to the "Lark's" exclusive services.

A few days will, no doubt, determine the point at issue; but at present the name of the Mitcham "Lark" stands at the head of so many contradictory announcements, that we know not where we ought to place our confidence.

Melancholy Intelligence.

DIED 'the other day, sincerely execrated, the Income Tax. The motto selected for its hatchment will (it is to be feared) be "*Resurgam*." The following lines may, in the meanwhile, be consecrated to its memory:—

Affliction sore in me you bore,
Remonstrance was in vain!
And shortly I—though now no more—
Shall trouble you again.

An Extravny Taste.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,—I am not partial to reading; but taking up the paper just now, I saw that a MR. SEELEY, a bibliopool—if that's how you spell it—says that 'books are articles of luxury.' I beg to give the most unqualified contradiction to that statement.

"A GUARDSMAN, BUT NOT OF THE BLUES."

"P.S. I am no bookworm."

UNPARALLELED BORES.

THE *Gloucester Chronicle* describes a singular phenomenon called the "Severn Bore." The Severn may have one remarkable bore, but that is nothing to the crowded steam-boats and filthy water which are the bores of the Thames.



Inquisitive Young Lady. "PRAY, MR. SMYTHE, WHAT ARE THE HOLIDAYS IN YOUR OFFICE?"

Overworked Employee. "OH!—A—EVERY DAY, FROM 10 TILL 4, AND ALL DAY SUNDAY."

THE BRAZEN HEAD AT SUNDERLAND.



HERE are many dummies, the dummies of human flesh—and let us be thankful for their dumbness—in the House of Commons. They say, or rather walk—stepping out the monosyllables into the lobby—"yes" or "no," and there an end. Their constituencies, by means of such potent words, are supposed to declare all their wants, and to record all their opinions. Very good. A monosyllable is the nearest of kin to silence—and silence, or its next relative, is held by certain philosophers to be a profound thing.

Sunderland is represented; but not by a mere fleshy dummy.—No; the material of the representative is almost of eternal stuff. FRIAR BACON made his Brazen Head vocal with three sentences. The town of Sunderland has its Brazen Head; and though it has remained silent as the brass-knocker of a house in Chancery during the present session of Parliament, it has lately talked a bit in Sunderland; talked that it may, at the next election, be again returned to show what gold with brass may do.

The Brazen Head talks to its admiring constituents. The Brazen Head enounces its opinions.

The Brazen Head thinks SIR JAMES GRAHAM "an artful dodger."

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

BARLEY BROTH.

ATR—"The King, God Bless Him!"

A BASIN of Barley Broth make, make for me;
Give those who prefer it, the plain:
No matter the broth, so of barley it be,
If we ne'er taste a basin again.
For, oh! when three pounds of good mutton you buy,
And of most of its fat dispossess it,
In a stewpan uncover'd, at first, let it lie;
Then in water proceed to dress it,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
In a stewpan uncover'd, at first, let it lie;
Then in water proceed to dress it.

What a teacup will hold—you should first have been told—
Of barley you gently should boil;
The pearl-barley choose—'tis the nicest that's sold—
All others the mixture might spoil.
Of carrots and turnips, small onions, green peas,
(If the price of the last don't distress one),
Mix plenty; and boil altogether with these
Your basin of Broth when you dress one.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Two hours together the articles boil;
There's your basin of Broth, if you'd dress one.

The Father of the French Nation.

AT the review of the troops in Paris, on Easter Sunday, LOUIS NAPOLEON—they write—was well received by his soldiers; and "persons stationed here and there"—civilians—"cried out, '*Vive le Père du Peuple!*'" The manner of the cry, it is added, showed it was a cry to order. "Long live the Father of his People!" What, now, was the amount of wages paid to the criers? Three—four—or five francs a mouth? Say, the highest sum: surely, never did father suddenly have so large a family at so small a cost. These "Fathers of the People," however, are apt to be very like Saturn, the first mythological father of his people; and he was always filled with the paternal desire of eating his children.

MODERN ARMOUR.—The only uniform in HER MAJESTY'S Service in which the Coat of Mail is retained, is the Postman's.

The Brazen Head, with a most glittering smile, "thinks it ought to know *what* a dodger is."

The Brazen Head thinks the Corn Laws a hasty wrong, committed upon the landed interest. And the Brazen Head has, "it should hope, studied the meaning of wrong in all its branches."

The Brazen Head would, nevertheless, *not* repeal the Corn Laws, wrong as they may be.

The Brazen Head thinks the Ballot "un-English." And the Brazen Head has a particular knowledge of what *is* "un-English," from its multifarious dealings with other people's "Spanish."

The Brazen Head will vote only for a national education, "based on the Bible!" The Brazen Head will continue to bow reverently towards "our venerable establishment of the Church," with all its present glories of Bishops, and Deans, and Chapters. The Brazen Head will not trust to the "voluntary system," which many folks thought odd; no Head, like unto the Brazen Head, having such experience of the facility with which people sometimes part with their money. But, all things, political and social, the Brazen Head will have "based on the Bible!" The Bible before all things,—and this is right. And; when the Brazen Head talked reverently of the Bible, it was observable that its nostrils had dilated and expanded, and a brighter light shone from the brass, as though it snuffed the savoury mess of pottage that was "cooked" to deceive the patriarch.

Louis Napoleon's March.

DURING a review by LOUIS NAPOLEON, the other day, of two brigades in the Place du Carrousel, it is said that a band continued playing, "*Partant pour la Syrie.*" How long will it be ere the tune changes to "*Partant pour l'Angleterre?*"—the words adapted to a certain march, sometimes performed in the British Army by way of farewell, on the part of his fellow soldiers, to a comrade, on the occasion of the regiment depriving itself of the honour of containing him.

NECROMANCY IN AMERICA.



spirit. The gentleman denied the harsh impeachment, and has sought legal redress against the mediums."

Medio tutissimus ibis, we should say, is a maxim that does not hold good with regard to any dependence on these Yankee mediums, mis-called Rappers, as they are clearly not worth a rap; but another aphorism is exemplified by their very familiar spirits, whose familiarity doth breed contempt.

EAPING across the Isthmus of Panama is a mere joke to establishing a communication with the other world. The latter triumph of enterprise is, however, an American fact; and there are persons in the land of JONATHAN whose regular employment seems to be to transmit intelligence from disembodied spirits. So common a branch of industry is that of these people, that, in the compendious and business-like language of the nation, they are currently called "mediums;" and here is a story about some of them, extracted from the Transatlantic news of the *Morning Post* :—

"The Spiritual Rappers have got into trouble in New Berlin, Chenango Co. Two mediums having tendered their gratuitous offers to a gentleman who patronised them, in common with several others, produced sundry communications from the paternal ancestor of the gentleman by no means agreeable to him. The spirit accused him, according to the mediums, of having beaten and chained the corporal body formerly possessed by the said

THE OMNIVOROUS CORPORATION.

J. B., in the *Times*, laments the carelessness of the civic authorities in suffering the remains of antiquity, such as the undercroft of Gerrard's Hall, to be demolished and destroyed, and expresses the fear that those worthy persons will, as certain corporate brethren of theirs at a fashionable southern bathing-place, when solicited to encourage an artistic exhibition, asked of "pictors," be ready to say, "What's the use of antiquities? You can't eat 'em, and you can't drink 'em. What's the use of antiquities?"

But one would think that the Corporation of London could eat antiquities. Its members are famed for an ostrich-like digestion; and the bronzes, arms, ornaments, and vessels, that are dug up in London, disappear as rapidly as the eatables at the Lord Mayor's feast. Time, that consumes all things, especially relics, devours less food altogether than the City.

Inaudible Sounds.

WE well remember being puzzled by a pamphlet we once saw, entitled, *A Treatise on Inaudible Sounds*. We know we stretched our imagination to the utmost, but for the life of us we could not imagine the existence of an "inaudible sound," with the exception, perhaps, of that of a codfish.

Time, however, and M. LOUIS NAPOLEON, have together helped to reconcile the anomaly. There can be no question whatever now, that *inaudible sounds* are the speeches in the French Senate.

THE BEST HAND AT PIECE-WORK.—MONSIEUR SCRIBE.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S EASTER OFFERING.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER dined with the LORD MAYOR on Easter Monday, and in courteous return for turtle, made a speech; and in this HIS GRACE had a decided advantage over the EARL OF DERBY, who, upon the health of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers being given, adroitly enough talked away, and made no speech at all. And this circumstance suggests to us the necessity of the Corporation "keeping a poet," that the bard may furnish Ministers with songs for certain occasions, where speeches, in the real sense of the word, are not to be spoken. The EARL OF DERBY is said to possess an excellent tenor voice, and might have trolled off some pretty nonsense verses to the tune of *Corn Rigs are Bonny*, or *Meet me when the Bloom is on the Rye*. This, however, for the future.

The BISHOP's speech—though given over the festal mahogany—was not of vain and carnal things, but of education—a subject, at the time, no doubt, of exceeding interest to the noblemen, members of the Corporation, and citizens therunto listening. Such a theme over a City dessert must have been even as "apples of silver in platters of gold"—very beautiful, if none of it eatable. The BISHOP gratefully avowed that he owed his education to the City of London, and, "in the position where it was now his lot to be placed, he had endeavoured, and he trusted not without success, to transplant some goodly saplings from the oak of the London educational institutions."

The oak of education,—and in London! The "*London Oak*!" Is it a sign? There was, we know, the "Cocoa Tree;" and there is still the "Flower Pot;" but we never heard of the "London Oak." But we detect the error at once—it is a mistake, a blunder of the reporters. And thus our intelligence enables us to anticipate the courteous note that the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER would otherwise write to *Punch*, in these words:

"The BISHOP OF MANCHESTER presents his compliments to Mr. *Punch*, and begs of him, as Corrector-General and Critic-Universal, to amend an error of the press in a report of the BISHOP's speech at the Mansion House on Easter Monday. The BISHOP is made to speak of the OAK of the London educational institutions! The blunder will be self-evident to every intelligent mind; nevertheless, the BISHOP desires the insertion of the following *erratum*: for 'OAK,' read 'HOAX!'"

The error, after a little consideration, is evident; nevertheless, it is only due to the BISHOP, as a Bishop, that he should set himself right with the world. We have quite sufficient of the comprehensive British Oak, without any additional London Oak. Again, oaks have not hitherto been associated with the instruction of youth,—but trees with

twigs more flexible. The "oak" of education! Why, the late debates upon education in the House of Commons, where sectarian squabbles with sectarian, so that whilst law-makers disagree, children morally pine—the whole course of the wrangle shows the Bishop could not mean "oak." No: the House of Commons itself cries—"HOAX!—HOAX!"

A TYBURNIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



As a general rule, every man to his taste. There is, however, a sort of bad taste that may be called too bad. Here is an example both of the rule and the exception:—

"I do hope LORD JOHN MANNERS will be firm, and not give in to the threats of unpopularity from scribblers in the *Times* and others. Let him do his duty to the Park, fearlessly and firmly, as LORD SEYMOUR did

before him, and not sacrifice the quiet inhabitants of this neighbourhood to the interested views of MESSRS. FAXTON AND CO."

This is a paragraph extracted from a letter in the *Morning Post*, signed "A TYBURNIAN," urging the demolition of the Crystal Palace. The Tyburnian gentleman has, of course, a perfect right to entertain and express whatever opinion he likes on that subject. But he rather exceeds the limits of propriety in imputing interested motives to the architect of the Crystal Palace, if he means to include him in his imaginary firm of FAXTON AND CO. Indeed, the Tyburnian's epistle may be said to be so far scurrilous, and perhaps even to merit for its author the appellation of "scribbler,"—a word defined by DR. JOHNSON to mean "a petty author; a writer without worth." Such a letter may be considered worthy of an inhabitant of Tyburnia, in days when Tyburnia rejoiced in the Tyburn Tree.

THE VOICE OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.



to announce another miracle! An ass has spoken for Protection! After CHOWLER comes HEE-HAW. The wonder was manifested at Bury, in Lancashire, during the electioneering visit of MR. F. PEEL. The Honourable Gentleman purposed to address the electors at the Town Hall: it was crammed; and, it seems, very many were the disappointed Protectionists outside. Never-

theless, they *would* be heard. "The instinct of the multitude is ever right," says LAMARTINE, and so it proved with the multitude of Protectionists without; for, not being able to be heard themselves, they chose as mouthpiece for their combined arguments and aspirations, a—full-grown donkey.

The reporter writes of the excluded—"They put the climax to the annoyance, by bringing a donkey under the windows, who discoursed most eloquent, but certainly not harmonious, music. MR. PEEL appeared to enjoy the joke." And MR. PEEL was very right.

After awhile the proceedings began, MR. PEEL delivering his opinions upon the Corn Laws. "He believed them to have worked admirably for the country."

"Hee-haw!" cried the Donkey.

"They had given food to millions."

"Hee-haw!"

"They had produced a condition of prosperity, unparalleled in the history of England."

"Hee-haw!—hee-haw!"

"And the people of England would never again consent to eat a dear loaf when they could get a cheap one, that landlords might screw high rents from the cupboards of the country."

"Hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!"

The replies of the donkey were given with considerable emphasis, but it was the general feeling that his arguments were in no manner different from those of MESSRS. CHOWLER and party.

However, at all times it is delightful to chronicle the gratitude of nations and parties,—so rare is its development. The eloquent ass of Bury has been purchased by a distinguished ducal Protectionist; and, turned into a paddock, will, for the remainder of his days—without working for it—crop the sweetest of English grass, and eat the very best of English beans.

An ill-natured free-trader has—in the savageness of his soul—likened this easy condition of the eloquent and certainly not over-rewarded donkey to that of the Corn-Law Landlord,—All clover, and no care!

CONVERTS IN BUCKRAM.

FALSTAFF's arithmetical abilities, as exercised on the "men in buckram," appear to have been greatly exceeded by the addition and multiplication of one WILBERFORCE, son to a respectable man of that name, but now Secretary to a Papist Association for swamping the House of Commons with Members for Rome. This individual's cleverness at ciphering has been evinced in his estimate of the number of persons who have turned Roman Catholics at Rugby; but the REV. MESSRS. MOULTREE and PAGE have shown that in the figures of WILBERFORCE, the most remarkable is the figure hyperbole. It is very curious that not only do the theological dogmas of WILBERFORCE's persuasion require the exertion of great faith to be believed; but the same demand is also very commonly made by the personal statements of its advocates. The process of inquiry would seem to be hardly more damaging to the pretensions of the Popish priesthood at large, than it is to the claim of certain disciples of theirs to credit. The character as well as the number of WILBERFORCE's converts appears, on investigation, to be somewhat different from what it had been represented by him. With respect to one of them, at least, MR. PAGE, after intimating that he was not a gentleman of very strong Anglican convictions, observes—

"Indeed, he had successively belonged to the various places of worship in the town, and only a short time before his becoming a Romanist, he complained to me of not being sufficiently supported in his business as a jobbing tailor by my congregation."

According to WILBERFORCE, sacrifices of considerable severity were made by many of the Rugby seceders. It is much to be apprehended that these oblations were pretty nearly on a par with the alarming sacrifice of this tailor, and with the sacrifices, equally alarming, which some linendrapers are in the habit of making. The jobbing tailor seemed to have had his business in view, when he changed his profession. Perhaps he may not find that step prove so good a job as he expected; and discovering that he has not obtained one coat the more to mend by turning his own, may by-and-by be heard moralising somewhat in the following strain: "Blow this here Popery! I ain't no better off for having forsook my religion; and now, as the Roman candlesticks won't do nuffen for me, I shall jine a coffin-club."

So much for the tailor's sacrifice. Some "converts" sacrifice more. When they resort to exaggeration and mis-statement, they sacrifice truth; when, moreover, bearing an honourable name, they yield themselves to the tools of a set of seditious fanatics, they sacrifice reputation.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—LORD DERBY is not Master of the Rolls.

GOLDEN (SQUARE) AND SILVER (STREET) MINING COMPANY.

THE promoters of this truly promising scheme beg to inform the public that they are already in possession of a PLOT, the foundation of which is DEEP LAID, and which they hope will prove to be of a most productive character. There can be no doubt that Golden Square derives its name from the quantity of precious metal that has found its way to the locality, which, from its having been always the residence of lawyers, has no doubt become the receptacle of all the auriferous streams that have flowed in from a countless number of channels. It is proposed to purchase the ground in the enclosure, where there are already several plants, and the set is most extensive, on account of the set that has always been made by the inhabitants on the gold of the community. Though the yield has not been equal to former years, it is believed that the workings may still be made profitable; and, indeed, it is confidently stated that, in addition to the Golden treasures of the Square, Pewter may be quickly developed, for a considerable quantity of Quartz and no less than six Pints were picked up in one morning by the Square-keeper.

The promoters have also the happiness to state that, however rich the veins, they will be thoroughly drained; for bleeding is a process to which the *genius loci* is peculiarly adapted—lawyers and surgeons having been the principal inhabitants.

Should the Gold of Golden Square be ever exhausted, it is proposed to develop the Silver of Silver Street; and 20,000 additional shares at 5s. per share will be issued simultaneously with the 50,000 at £1 each, for which the earliest applicants will have the preference.

The ground has been already surveyed, and the plans laid down, by

OBADIAH SLEEKY, the Captain of the Great Wheel-Barrow Mine, and Managing Director of the Wheel-about and Turn-about Tin and Tinfoil Miners of the Land's End districts. Specimens may be seen (by those who have already paid for their shares) at the Office of the Company, where a prize-fighter will be in attendance, to answer all questions and show his metal.

Directors have been already appointed, with power to take in as many as may be required. Dividends will be paid by drafts—on the pump—of which due notice will be given.

ADDRESS TO SIR FITZROY KELLY.

SUGGESTED BY HIS SPEECH AT WOODBRIDGE MARKET.

AIR—"O, ruddier than the Cherry."—HANDEL.

No go, SIR FITZROY KELLY;
It won't do, I can tell 'e,
To stop Free Trade,
And retrograde,
And pinch the poor man's belly.

Notice of Motion!

Saturday, April 24, and Weekly, until further Notice: MR. PUNCH to Move—the Spirit of the English People generally to the Rescue of their threatened Crystal Palace.

FEARFUL INCREASE OF ROMANISM.—Another detachment of 3,000 French soldiers have gone over to Rome!

'WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF.'



THE universe is challenged to find a logician who will undertake to prove, that the "having fulfilled its original purpose" is a sufficient "reason why" our Pet Palace should now be pulled to pieces.

To find a difference between the French Assembly and the English Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

To find a Derby Prophet of sufficient rashness to predict that our Infant Ministry will ever attain its majority.

To find the British boxkeeper who, having previously volunteered an affidavit that he is "quite full," may not be suddenly induced to remember that he has "just one seat left" by simply a mute digital reference to the waistcoat pocket.

To find any commonly observant reader of the newspapers who, in spite of ADMIRAL BERKELEY's bravado, does not daily find reason to think that there is still a little room for improvement in our admirable Admiralty system.

To find an Opposition Member of

sufficient ingenuity to extract a straightforward answer from the present Government.

To find an amateur oyster-opener who, after a severe series of struggles, and much digital laceration, ever succeeded in producing more than a gritty glutinous compound of inferior periwinkle and gravel walk.

To find an Honourable Member of such daringly sanguine temperament as to have not yet relinquished the hope that our House of Commons really will, eventually, be in a measure well ventilated.

To find a St. Alban's Elector of sufficient strength of negation to deny that his departing Borough might be fitly likened to the water of the Thames, by reason of the intense purity of their respective constituents.

To find the difference between "Modification" and "Protection" in MR. DISRAELI's own private Vocabulary.

To find a geometrician who will undertake to calculate the altitude of LOUIS NAPOLEON's impudence.

To find a Londoner of sufficient appetital tenacity to eat his breakfast after trying a few experiments with his milk-tester.

To find an Echo in the French Senate House.

To find an Advocate for the demolition of the Crystal Palace, *NOT* residing in the vicinity of either Belgravia or—Bedlam.

To find a Protectionist of sufficient vanity to expect a vote, if, as the EARL OF DERBY suggests, the Corn question be left "to the *intelligent* portion of the community."

To find *the* man (for Nature never could have made but one) who, before the Sixpenny Innovation, ever possessed sufficient moral courage to give a Cabman Eightpence! And—*sequitur*—

To find *the* Cabby who would civilly condescend to accept it.

THE BONES OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

THERE can be little doubt that OLIVER CROMWELL was descended from BRIAREUS; for the Protector has left at least a dozen skulls behind him. Skulls of all sizes have been produced; among them, OLIVER's skull, when a little boy—when a youth—and when Lord Protector; and all, no doubt, equally genuine. And this extraordinary circumstance—recently brought to light by persevering antiquaries mulling in that valuable print, *Notes and Queries*—results from the fact, that when OLIVER had his hair cut, the head itself was generally sent; and in some cases never returned. We have now, however, another relic preserved in the "rib-bone" of MILTON! It appears that the Poet's bones were "clandestinely distributed." Upon this a *Note and Query* contributor writes:—

"One fell to the lot of an old and esteemed friend, and between forty-five and forty years ago, at his house, not many miles from London, I have often examined the said rib-bone. That friend is long since dead; but his son, now in the vale of years, lives, and I doubt not, from the reverence felt to the great author of '*Paradise Lost*,' that he has religiously preserved the precious relic."

The writer smugly continues:—

"It might not be agreeable to him to have his name published; but from his tastes, he—being a person of some distinction in literary pursuits—is likely to be a reader of '*Notes and Queries*,' and if this should catch his eye, he may be induced to send you some particulars."

We would advise the reverential admirer of JOHN MILTON, who holds his rib-bone, to hold his peace. One would think a man—capable of greater veneration than a baboon—would shudder at the thought of pawing the bones of MILTON; but no—there is a kind of morbid admiration administered to by such relics, even as the dram-drinker is excited by his gin.

Were these bone-grubbers discoverable, and were *Punch* made despot for the nonce,—very salutary would be the punishment he would inflict upon them.

For instance, the possessor of MILTON's rib-bone is brought up for judgment, and *Punch* passes sentence:—

"Miserable, morbid, unimaginative, demoralised bone-grubber! The sentence of the Court is, that you immediately give orders for the funeral of the rib-bone of JOHN MILTON, that it should be resolved into its kindred earth; and, as punishment for having so long defrauded the earth of its due, you are ordered to provide a handsome oaken coffin to receive the aforesaid rib—a coffin covered with purple velvet, and ornamented with silver-gilt nails. And not less than six mourning coaches, filled with policemen clothed in plain black, at your expense, for the mournful occasion, shall accompany the said hearse: and the rib being consigned to the earth, the undertaker's bill, without one penny discount, shall be immediately paid."

We foresee what the fashion will lead to. If the ribs and articulations of men of genius are to be thus sought for and treasured, Albums will soon go out. Hence, young ladies, instead of asking autographs, and poems, and sketches, for their volumes, would in the prettiest manner, beg of the favoured sons of genius to leave at their death, as a precious relic, "just the smallest little joint, for their little love of a bone-house."

The Premier's Warning.

Oh, DARBY!—for so
Thy name, says the *Post*,
To pronounce, is "the go"
With all nobs, or most;
Take heed what you do;
Leave Protection alone,
Or BRITANNIA and you
Won't be DARBY and JOAN.

A COLD-BLOODED FINANCIER.

"MR. PUNCH, Sir,

"Some fellers has grate command over their passions. I take it our CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is a chap of that sort. See how quiet he spoke on MILNER GIBSON's motion for takin the Taxes of Nollidge! You'd have expected that he'd have bust out cryin amost, or anyhow have lamented and bemoaned his self in strong language on the crule necessity he was under of bein forced to oppose sitch a file-andthroppic enlightened perposal. More particularly he callin his self a Littery Man, and with his gift of the gab. I wonder how he possible could have restrained the motions of his bussum on the subjeck of the Exccise Lors pressin so severe on paper. But he didn't seem to care about it no more than I do, as have got little to do with any paper, but brown, of which materials I wears a cap. We has, most of us, a sort o' love and affection for anything we've been used to employ in our trade, and considers, as it were, that we gets our livin by. Now, I'm a journeyman plummer and glazier. I'm sure I could never have kep down the feelins of my brest if I'd bin in DISRAELI's place, and there had been a talk of takin off a tax on Putty.

"I am, honored Mr. Punch, &c.,

"DIMOND.

"P.S.—DISRAELI goes for a Littery Man, but praps he aint one of the Reglar Hands."

THE TYRANNY OF THE CORSET.—No woman has a right to cry out against the tyranny of the Corset, for it is a tyranny which she every morn'g puts upon herself.



"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

IS WESKETS TO BE GENERALLY WORE THIS SUMMER?

THE GREAT DIPLOMATIC FIDDLE-CASE.

[An Unreported Debate.]

EARL FITZROBERT—seeing the Noble Lord, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his place—was desirous of learning whether he had received from the Court of Vienna any diplomatic despatches relative to the great musical mass, recently performed in the Cathedral of Prague, for the repose of the soul of the late **PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG**; the first fiddle at the said mass having been played by the British Ambassador?

THE EARL OF MARMALADE said he had as yet received no official intelligence of what he must consider a most gratifying circumstance (*ironical cheers from the opposition*)—he would repeat the phrase, gratifying circumstance; as it proved in the most satisfactory, he might add, harmonious manner—that the relations for awhile discordantly suspended between this country and Austria, had been restored by the first fiddle of the British Ambassador. That fiddle had achieved a European reputation for the purity of its tone, and the energy of its bowing.

LORD BRUFFAM.—Does the Noble Earl mean to say, that he has heard nothing of the extraordinary performances of the British Ambassador in the Cathedral of Prague?

THE EARL OF MARMALADE made no such assertion. What he said was—he had received no official intelligence of the matter. He had, certainly, in his place at the Opera, taken part in a mixed conversation relative to the merits of **MADemoiselle WAGNER** and the **EARL OF WESTMORELAND**: and he should, perhaps, not be out of order if he observed, it had then and there been suggested that, should **MR. LUMLEY** be jilted by the *prima donna*, he might at the worst make a stop-gap of the noble Earl representing **HER MAJESTY** at the Court of Vienna.

LORD BRUFFAM.—Will the noble Earl inform the House if it is his intention to address the Ambassador on what he (**LORD B.**) must consider a most vital question? The country would not rest satisfied with vague generalities. The country would know the particular music executed by the noble cat-gut Ambassador—(*a laugh*)—the time he kept—whether he played upon four strings, or two; with a full account of the *staccato* passages, if any, and how and where delivered.

THE DUKE OF DITCHFORD thought the country had every right to congratulate itself upon being represented at so musical a Court as that of Vienna, by a nobleman who—had it pleased destiny to have called him to that station—might have rivalled a **COSTA**, a **MORI**, or a **PAGANINI**. Happy was it for this country and Austria, so recently set together by the ears by the captious, and he would add the democratic, meddling of a late Minister—happy, he would say, was it for England that she possessed an Ambassador, who, like **ORPHEUS** of old, would, by the ravishment of his strains, turn the very heart of a Russian bear into a ball of honey, and—(*here the noble Duke, dropping his voice, became inaudible.*)

THE EARL OF GABERDEN—as the consistent advocate of religious liberty—must express his satisfaction that the noble Earl at Vienna had so "improved" a mournful occasion as to make it a matter of renewed amity between both countries. The lamented **PRINCE**

THE REPUBLIC'S LAST KICK.

WHEN the great Powers in easier temper are,
LOUIS NAPOLEON will dub himself Emperor.
Frenchmen, submitting so basely to slavery,
Where is your spirit, and where is your bravery?

Oh! the condition of France is delectable,
Well-nigh bereaved of each son that's respectable;
Banish'd or beggar'd are Worth and Ability,
Fiercely pursued by a tyrant's hostility.

Over her Senate the autocrat dominates,
Laws humbly pass'd by the lackeys he nominates;
Speaking's reduced to the strictest simplicity;
Eloquence gagg'd;—no debate, no publicity!

Lock'd is the Press, lest it truth should disseminate;
Jesusits are aided the mind to effeminate;
Princes are plunder'd; prætorian ferocity
Feed, with the spoil, to back all this atrocity.

Is this your Liberty's splendid reality?
This your Fraternity?—this your Equality?
This what your lives and your limbs you've been chancing for,
Fighting for, bleeding for, singing for, dancing for?

Thy revolution thus proving inanity,
France, shall thy name be a by-word for vanity?
Wilt thou consent to be look'd on as monkeydom,
Tigerdom, donkeydom, sunk into flunkeydom?

SCHWARTZENBERG died a Catholic; the mass executed for the repose of his soul was according to the rite of the Catholic Church; and he (the noble Earl) could not, in his mind's eye, behold a British Ambassador in the venerable Cathedral of Prague, amidst cardinals, and swinging censers, and clouds of incense, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia of the Catholic Church; he could not, without the deepest satisfaction, contemplate the noble Earl fiddling, and above the other instruments, and above the chanting, making heard the silveriness of that fiddle—as the best type and representative of that gentle, harmonious, and improved foreign policy, that—since the accession of the noble Earl to power—had been manifested between the two countries.

LORD BRUFFAM.—As the noble Earl was so delighted with the pacific fiddling of one Ambassador, perhaps—should he again be called to the councils of his country—he would pick the plenipotentiaries for all foreign Courts from the orchestra of the Opera. He (**LORD B.**) thought the big drum, the pandeans, and even the bagpipe, might at various Courts represent—

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDALEDEE said, there was really no motion before the House.

LORD BRUFFAM (*with much warmth*).—Then I will make a motion. And I move accordingly for "a copy of the music executed upon the fiddle at the mass and funeral of **PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG** by the British Ambassador; and, further, for the production of the fiddle itself; and, further, for the attendance of a professional fiddler to play before the House the composition of the noble Earl representing **HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY** at the Court of Vienna; and at Prague fiddling in his official capacity for the repose of the soul of the late **PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG** of odorous memory."

Ordered.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

"THEODORE HOOK" ON THE CORN LAWS.

THE Herald, in a profound article on the scarcity of bread and present general famine produced by the repeal of the Corn Laws, quotes **Hood's** "*Song of the Shirt*," saying,

"'Oh God!' wrote **THEODORE HOOK**, in his unrivalled picture of the misery of ill-requited industry,

'That human flesh should be so cheap
And bread should be so dear!'

How fearfully 'cheap' must free trade have made human flesh, when the cheapening of bread has not placed a single ounce of food additional within reach of our working classes!"

Exactly what "**HOOK**" prophesied, when he dedicated his

"Ode on the Belly,
To **FITZROY KELLY**."

BANKING IN AUSTRALIA.—Instead of presenting a cheque in the ordinary way to be cashed at an Australian bank, you carry a scoop into the bank, and are sure to find the instrument duly honoured.

A NEW NAME FOR THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.—**SIR FITZ AND STARTS**.



"SIBTHORP led the way

To light him to his prey."

DESIGN FOR A BAS-RELIEF TO BE DEDICATED TO THE OLD WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

NUNS NON-SUCHES.



In short, as if all abbots and abbesses were not to be, and could not be, trusted implicitly, not only with the morals, but with the cleanliness, health, comfort, and entire direction of the secret societies under their control. Because, to be sure, if it were really true that the superiors of abbeys and nunneries were liable to the same passions and infirmities of temper with—for example—conductors of lunatic asylums, there would be the same reason why the law should provide for the inspection of converts, as there is for its enforcing the visitation of madhouses—you see, my brothers.

PETTY SPITE.—The original Exhibition Building was to have been built with a large dome. Because, by a lucky accident, London was deprived of that monster brick-and-mortar abomination, the Royal Commission seems determined that the present Building at all events shall be doomed.

DURING the past week Mr. Knox is reported to have presented, in the House of Commons, a petition from five hundred ladies of the parish of Errigle, and from two hundred and twenty-five ladies of Fivemiletown, both in the county of Tyrone, for the inspection of nunneries. Lamentable bigotry and intolerance this—is it not, my brothers of the Oratory? Wherefore a visitation of a convent, but to see if there is anything wrong there? As if that were possible! As if friars were men, and nuns women—in such a sense as to be peccable. As if abuses had ever crept into any monastic institution; as if cruelty, oppression, intimidation, had ever been, or ever could be, practised within its holy walls.

CANTICLE FOR A PUSEYITE INCUMBENT.

How great my fondness for the loaves!
How sweet the fishes are to me!
To keep my living it behoves,
Or I to Rome would flee.
But woe is me, unhappy dog!
There lies my faith, and here's my prog.

Alas! my heart towards the Pope
By strong attractive force is bent;
But tether'd by a golden rope
To that Establishment
Whose bread I eat—oh yes! I do,
Although its doctrine I eschew.

I wonder if I can compound
For eating thus both bread and dirt,
By holding still my present ground,
My people to convert,
And send my flock away to Rome,
Whilst I, the shepherd, stay at home.*

* Query Frome.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE MILITIA.

THE non-resistance party have devised a plan for cutting out the Minié Rifle. The tailors—whose zeal for the defence of their native land is uniform—are to form throughout the country corps of sharp-shooters, who will be armed with the Needle Gun. The ball of this terrific weapon is to be of cotton, and the Needle Gun is to be charged with a thimble. Should the French invade us, our heroes, arising on every side from their shopboards, will march upon them with the goose-step, determined either to sew their foes up with cotton, or to be themselves worsted in the attempt. This mode of providing for the national safety has been devised by the advocates of non-resistance in order to carry out their wise and magnanimous views on the principle of "a stitch in time."

THE FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—Having no dinner; but reading a Cookery Book.

PARLIAMENTARY PASS-TIME.



AS the object of the House of Commons seems to be to fill up as much time as possible in Motions by which nothing moves, and in proposing Measures which terminate always in measures of nothing but space—we beg leave to suggest a few Notices that may be put upon the paper, with all the effect which the parties seem to have in view; namely, the useless prolongation of the Session.

MR. CHRISTY: To ask for a return of the number of inhabitants of Vancouver's Island, distinguishing the immediate descendants of VANCOUVER from the rest of the Natives; and also to inquire if there will be any objection to the production of a list of those engaged in the Mineral Trade, distinguishing the Miners from those of mature age.

MR. ANSTAY: On the Motion of the President of the Board of Control, relative to the Government of India—to move, by way of amendment, the addition of the following words:—

"That it be an instruction to any Committee which may be appointed upon any subject whatever, to include any other subject whatever; and that all British subjects in India may be relieved, as far as possible, from all improper burdens to which they may appear to be subjected."

COLONEL THOMPSON: To move, in a Committee of Supply,

1. That one and one make two.
2. That good faith ought to be kept with the National Creditor.
3. That honesty is the best policy.
4. That it is not the interest of the community to defraud the Fundholder, who would in fact have no funds to hold if he were so defrauded.

LORD DUDLEY STUART: To move for copies or extracts of all documents relating to Kiutayah up to the present time.

MR. URQUHART: To move for copies of all the correspondence that has taken place between the Ameers of Ararat and the Nabob, on the subject of the debts of the latter; with copies of all writs that may or may not have been served upon him during the last thirty years.

MR. WILLIAMS: In Committee on General Board of Health Bill, to inquire whether Welchpool is dried up; and whether Hockley in the Hole, being situated in a hollow, it would not be, on the whole, better for Hockley that the hole should be filled up.

MR. DRUMMOND: To inquire of the Home Secretary, in reference to the National Land Scheme, whether he has thought proper to give directions for any inquest to be holden in consequence of SNIG'S melancholy end.

WHAT WILL THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT SAY?

HER MAJESTY—contemptuous of the example of the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, who recently had certain of his tenants so well disciplined for the return of his son for Worcester—HER MAJESTY has issued her commands to the tradesmen of the Castle, that at the approaching election they shall do what they like with their own votes!

The royal butcher stands upon his own leg! The royal poulterer crows "GRENFELE!" or "REID!" and the royal buttermilkman—vindicting the liberty of an unbiassed, unbought Englishman—throws his hutchings' egg at either candidate!

Well, we must repeat the question—"What will the DUKE OF BEAUFORT say?"

New Simile:—"As Deaf as the House of Lords."

We continually read in the papers of the House of Lords, of causes and appeals "set down for hearing." As it is almost impossible to hear a word in that handsome, but exceedingly deaf, building, we should say, of all things in want of a hearing, that the House of Lords itself deserves the greatest "setting down."

A CYPRESS WREATH FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—"It's the finest Palace going."

THE EARL OF DERBY'S DIGGINS.

VARIOUS important reflections are suggested by the statement of LORD DERBY, in his speech at Goldsmiths' Hall, that he had discovered a British mine, yielding abundance of gold in the form of statesmen. The first is a familiar proverb, which may be illustrated by the remark that what pretends to be gold, turns out sometimes to be brass. Some may think that the PREMIER has rather discovered a mare's nest—or the nest of another quadruped—than a gold mine. Among the officers of state there is a Gold Stick, but we have yet to learn whether or not the DERBY Cabinet is simply composed of sticks of an ordinary kind. Perhaps his Lordship has discovered the philosopher's stone, and has thus been enabled to convert certain leaden ore into a field of precious metal; and, if country gentlemen may be regarded as pigs of lead, he may be considered to have driven his pigs to a pretty market; at least the pigs themselves will think so, should that market turn out to be Free Trade. The noble Earl's alacrity at turning things to gold reminds us of *Midas*, and the resemblance may perhaps be thought to be completed by the style of jokes that he has got lately into the habit of making after dinner. We augur favourably from this disposition to jocularity. It promises that his Lordship will become a Free Trader, perceiving Protection to be no joke. At least he will see that a dear bread Ministry can have no claim to those golden opinions that he would claim for his Government, and is comparable, not to gold, but to the baser metal of pinchbeck, or rather pinchbecky.

HOMOEOPATHIC REVELRY.

THE friends and supporters of the "London Homoeopathic Hospital" held their anniversary festival the other day at the Albion. A dinner is a sensible thing, and therefore the votaries of Homoeopathy cannot be accused of unmitigated folly. The RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE presided as chairman; doubtless, this nobleman, so distinguished in the scientific world, so well qualified, by anatomical, physiological, nosological researches, to form a sound judgment on a medical question, considered well what he was about before lending his name and influence to a system which proclaims the whole science of medicine, as professed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, a mistake. The tickets, including wine, for this banquet, were a guinea each, which proves that the HAINEMANNITES do not entirely carry out their principle of "*similia similibus*," as if they did, they would dine for the good of Homoeopathy on homoeopathic fare, eat infinitesimal globules of muscular and vegetable fibre, and drain goblets of proportionate contents, considerably more diminutive than the acorn cups of QUEEN MAB; to whose court homoeopathic doctors might well enough be physicians. Subscriptions and donations are received for this infinitesimal charity by certain bankers; but, neither are these contributions expected to be infinitesimal, or we should be disposed to beg the Homoeopathic Hospital's acceptance of the billionth part of a grain of the perspiration of a sovereign which had been subjected to Mosaic diaphoresis.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LAST CHANCE.

In his recent letter to the *Times* "An Englishman" remarks, speaking of the late conversion of the French 3 per cents:—

"Concurrently with this financial 'operation,' an order was issued for 13 different costumes for 13 sets of functionaries. We are not informed if the Bank may make advances upon them, though the vast amount of the precious metals consumed in their decoration would perhaps warrant it in doing so."

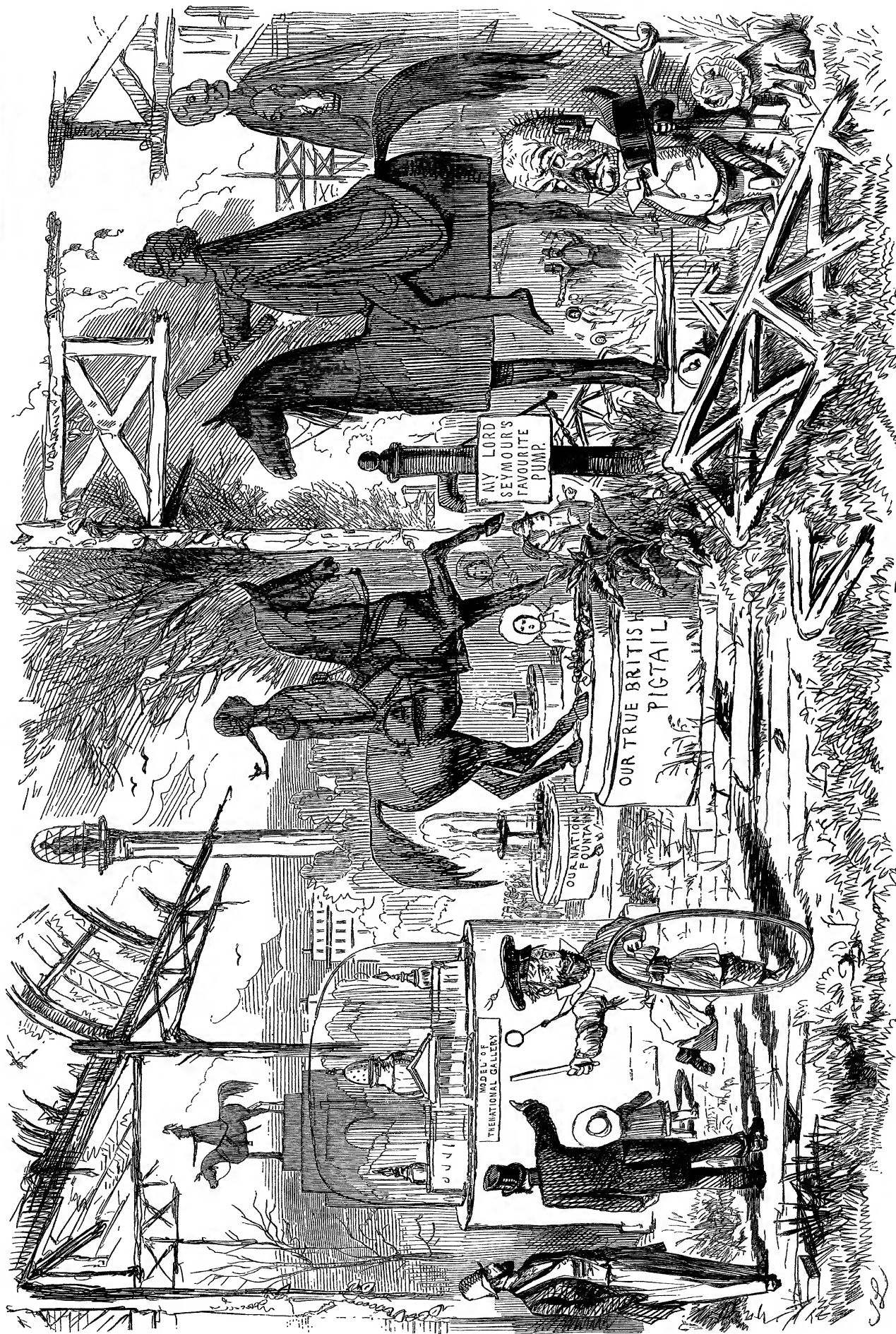
In other words—there is a chance, this writer thinks, that the versatile Prince President (who is unquestionably the *Governor* of the Bank aforesaid) will shortly do a little State business in the Pawnbroking line! The conjecture is plausible, certainly; and we are in hourly expectation of a decree confirming it. For, surely our LITTLE NAP. will never lose the opportunity for so thoroughly assimilating himself to that often-apostrophised prototype of his—"My Uncle!"

"Stand not upon the Order of your Going!"

It is said that a decree is about to appear in the *Moniteur* to settle the questions of precedence concerning the great bodies—which are in fact the great nobodies—of the State. Whatever may be the order of precedence settled by the *Moniteur*, it is probable that they will some day go all together, which will put an end to any difficulty as to which is to go first.

NASCITUR, NON FIT.

THE new Solicitor-General has shown so little knowledge of the statistics of Bread that, in spite of his high legal attainments, he would not, in the event of a vacancy, be well adapted to the Mastership of the Rolls.

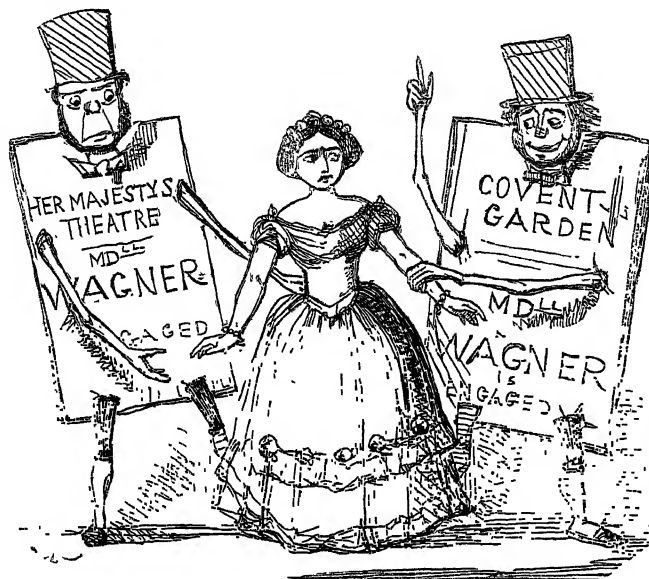


NATIONAL DISGRACE.

"LET LAWS AND LEARNING, ARTS, AND COMMERCE DIE, | BUT LEAVE US STILL OUR OLD ABSURDITY."—*Young English Ballad.*

GEE-HO, WAGNER!

THE name of the new Prima Donna from Berlin is not at all new to musical circles. We recollect for a long time seeing advertised at the cheap Harmonics about town the name of the "WARBLING WAGGONER."



THE GOLDEN AGE.

GOLD is being picked up so plentifully that the precious metal will soon be voted preciously vulgar; and, in fact, it will be considered so little worth the trouble of seeking, as to be absolutely *infra dig*. We shall not be surprised to hear that the old legend of London streets being paved with gold proves to be not without foundation, and that a stratum of gold will some day turn up in one or other of the public thoroughfares. Gold is being picked up in such abundance at Port Philip, that we should not be astonished at finding some eccentric ticket-of-leave man sending over, in a fit of liberality, a remittance in payment of the National Debt. We shall feel no surprise if the next advices from Australia inform us that it has been raining showers of gold, as well as blowing clouds of gold dust. The only drawback on all this prosperity is the awkward fact, that the gold cannot be eaten; for it would be difficult to turn it into golden pippins, or distil some of it into golden sherry, while the pursuit of it is putting a stop to the cultivation of all the necessary means of subsistence. A few golden ears of corn would be a real blessing among all this *embarras des richesses*, which is not only impeding all useful labour, but even the official business of the country is likely to be at a stand-still. The police have run off in a body to the diggings; the clerks in the Government employ have run after the police; and the Governor, the Bishop, and the Judge are left behind, to do not only all the business of the country, but all the household duties of their own private establishments. Velocipedes are said to be already on their way out for the use of these functionaries, who may perhaps have themselves started for the diggings by the time the consignments intended for them may arrive. How a paltry fifteen hundred a-year can retain the services of any man in a country where a convict is picking up his two or three hundred a-week, we are quite unable to conceive. The Governor must find it exceedingly difficult to restrain himself; and indeed the position must be a very trying one to the Judge, as well as to all the other parties concerned.

On the Destruction of the Crystal Palace.

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—OVID.

THE poet taught that cruelty departs
From breasts inhabited by liberal arts.
Alas! will future poet have to tell
Art's noblest work by cruel MANNERS fell?

MINISTERIAL DIGGINGS.—In the new diggings, as discovered by the EARL OF DERBY, we are afraid that very little will turn up; for the works are filled with too many Government "placers."

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER V.

ALBANY—I mean MR. SWELLINGTON—has managed it at last, and papa has introduced us. But, oh, how hard the poor young man did try before he succeeded! Suddenly, and I suppose for the first time in his life, he began to pay attention to his dress; and really made himself look exceedingly well. Wherever we went, papa and I, he contrived to meet us accidentally. But it was all of no use. Papa used to give him a good-natured nod, but never would enter into conversation; and poor ALBANY was obliged to go away, day by day, looking perfectly miserable, and wishing, most earnestly, I have no doubt, that the sea would rise and wash away Brighton, or that the French would land an army at the end of the pier, or some other little excuse arise for his speaking to VIOLET BROMPTON.

"Miss VIOLET," said papa, all of a sudden, as we were cantering home from the Dyke one afternoon, "you must come to town with me to-morrow to a christening party."

"Why, papa, what people do we know that have been having a baby?" I asked.

"The Directors of the Circumnavigating Amalgamated Paddle-box Steamboat Company," replied papa; "and their baby, which is rather a fine one, being two hundred feet long, is to undergo the ceremony of immersion at Blackwall to-morrow, at high tide."

"O, a launch, papa! That will be delightful. Only—"

"The bonnet you had on this morning will, on the contrary, do exceedingly well, Miss VIOLET BROMPTON," said papa, demurely, "and so will the dress."

Next day we were at Blackwall in very good time. We were most politely received in a sort of great dark workshop, and were conducted into an enormous yard, beyond which I could see the river. The yard was studded with rows of immense posts, and between them, like some huge black giant fish, was the vessel, with the wrong end towards us. It gave one a great notion of vastness; but I had no time to think about it, for three or four gentlemen, recognising papa, came up. As soon as I was introduced, one of them—it was MR. WEEVIL (he is a dreadfully rich biscuit-exporter, but owns I don't know how many Members of Parliament, and all sorts of things)—said,

"There's your bottle, Miss BROMPTON. Don't be nervous about smashing it."

I must have stared quite stupidly. Papa says that I can open my eyes wider than any lady of his acquaintance, except one of the great owls at Arundel. "I am to smash a bottle?" I repeated.

"There it hangs," said MR. WEEVIL, pointing. And surely enough there was suspended by a cord from the bow of the vessel, a black wine bottle. It hung half-way down, and a sort of scaffold or platform, covered with red chintz, rose to meet it.

"The name is to be *Chimborazo*, if you please," said another gentleman. "I will write it down, lest at the critical moment it should escape you. I remember on a similar occasion a young Scottish lady's nervousness slightly confused her memory, and a beautiful ship for the Mediterranean service, which it was intended to call the *Lacedæmon*, went into the water as the *Demon Lassie*."

"But you never mean that I am to christen the vessel?" I said, quite in a flurry, as the idea broke upon my mind.

"Your papa was kind enough to write us word that the *Chimborazo* would have that good fortune," said the gentleman who had last spoken.

"And you never told me that, papa."

"Or you would have rehearsed the part, my love, I suppose. Never mind. We shall manage quite well."

A very intelligent-looking workman here came up, and touching his cap, said something about the tide.

"Very well," said the gentleman who had told me the news, and who I found was MR. KELSON, the builder of the ship, "everybody to his post. Will Miss BROMPTON take hers?"

Papa gave me his arm, and I mounted the scaffold with remarkable composure, (what a terrible sentence if anybody should light upon it without seeing what it means!) and on the little platform I found several ladies, friends of the Directors. MR. KELSON, introduced me to a few of them, and showed me how I was to draw back the bottle, and let it break upon the bow of the great steamer. And then he, and papa, and all the gentlemen went down, and scrambled upon projections which stuck out into the river, or upon planks stretched along from post to post at a dizzy height, where they could command a better view of the vessel. We, I mean the ladies, all began to talk and laugh; those who had seen such sights before told as much as they could tell, in a dreadful hurry; those who had not, inquired which way the ship would go, and whether she was likely to fall over and crush us, and why the sails were not all put in and spread out, which we agreed would have made the sight much prettier. And all our little flurry and excitement and chatter went on, and a great number of men were busily at work below us, greasing the wood along which the ship was to slide, when it suddenly occurred to me to pronounce the name I was

going to call the vessel. Good gracious me! It had gone quite out of my head. MR. KELSON had forgotten to write it down, and I was worse off than the poor young lady he mentioned, for I could not think of anything like it. It was some mountain, that I was sure. I hastily called up before me all the mountains I knew (just as they stand in the picture of Comparative Heights in our School Atlas), but I could not hit upon the right one. Himalaya sprang up behind Mont Blanc, and Snowdon before Vesuvius, and the Pyrenees and Alps and Andes literally danced round me. O, I was so ashamed of myself!

"Pray," I said, pitifully, "does any lady know the name of the vessel?"

Nobody knew—nobody had heard—one little girl, however, suggesting that her brother had a boat at Broadstairs, last holidays, called the *Jumping Jimmy*, and begging I would call this ship so, because that would be fun.

How I looked round for assistance! But papa and everybody had gone, and I could see their figures against the sky, at a distance which at that moment seemed a thousand miles at least.

"What ever shall I do!" I said; and as I spoke, I happened to look up, and very near us, but perched high up on a ledge where nobody but a wild person would have thought of climbing, I saw a gentleman who had clearly got there only that he might watch us. A glance told me who it was. There clung the eternal ALBANY SWELLINGTON.

The other ladies discovering him, there was a general cry to him. But he kept his eyes steadily on me.

"Anything wrong?" he shouted. "Can I be of any service?" And though he was at least ten yards from the ground, he looked as if I had only to say "Jump," and down he would have gone.

"The name, the name?" cried a dozen voices.

"*Chimborazo*," he instantly replied, very distinctly. "Think of arms akimbo and razors." And in spite of his dangerous position, the earnest creature illustrated his mnemonics by putting his arms to his sides, and then by pretending to shave. I could hardly help laughing, but I am certain that he saw nothing to laugh at; and was only zealous that I should remember the name. I gave him a grateful look—at least he says so—and then a pistol went off, and all the ladies called upon me to make haste. For there was the monster ship, which was to fight the storms half round the world, ready to make her first plunge into the water, and only waiting one word from the lips of a little girl.

I had prompters enough then, but I did not want them—the word was said—the bottle fell in pieces from the side of the ship, with a great

floating creature. But papa told me afterwards that in all private dockyards ships are built on sound mathematical principles, and that it is only those built at the expense of the nation that tumble over and sail backwards, and are altogether blunders.

When papa rejoined us, I could not help telling him what a fright I had been in, and of ALBANY's kind assistance. He listened very quietly; but when he heard of the pantomime with which the information had been accompanied, he laughed very heartily, and declared there was "something in that young fellow." And no sooner did he see MR. SWELLINGTON looking for a place at the beautiful *déjeuner* MR. KELSON gave us all, at LOVEGROVE's Hotel, to celebrate the launch, than he pointed to a chair next to me. ALBANY's grateful dart at it was beautiful to behold; and so was his pleasure, when papa, introducing him to me, thanked him for having prompted a young lady who had forgotten her geography.

BIGOTRY AT BIRMINGHAM.



MAN tumbles into a deep ditch. A well-meaning passer-by seeks to pick him out. "Stop!" cries the man floundering in the mire—"are you a Catholic?" "I am." "You are! Then, go your way, and let me scramble as I may in the filth."

Another man's house begins to blaze. And another man takes up a bucket of water to quench the rising conflagration. "Stop! What's your religion?" "Catholic!" "Be off! and let my habitation burn to the ground!"

Another breaks his leg. A surgeon is sent for; and is about to bestow his skill upon the fractured limb. "Sir," says the patient, "my nurse informs me that you go to mass; and therefore, without laying a finger upon my leg, you'll leave my house."

MRS. CHISHOLM, by her own energy—her own sagacious power—has done more to assist the cause of emigration than any knot of English statesmen. Thousands of the ignorant and the destitute, both in this country and in Ireland, a burden to themselves and a pest to society—thousands of wretched creatures, by the means of MRS. CHISHOLM, have been sent to the Antipodes to find there homes and social comforts, and what commonly results from these—self-respect.

MRS. CHISHOLM visits Birmingham; but she is a Catholic, and the philanthropists of Birmingham cannot work with her—

"MR. JAMES referred to a weekly London paper, which had in a leader made some animadversions on MRS. CHISHOLM's scheme as capable of being misapplied to proselyte emigrants to the Roman Catholic religion, of which she herself was a zealous professor. MRS. CHISHOLM repelled these charges, and stated her wish, though 'a Catholic,' to act justly to the emigrants in religious and all other matters."

A truth, nobly illustrated by the untiring practice of a most admirable lady: a truth averred by the friendship and patronage of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, a nobleman not to be suspected of Popish sympathies. However, MR. JAMES, MR. MILLER, and MR. BULL, would not act with MRS. CHISHOLM to provide a home for the outcast and the wretched.

MR. JAMES is the man in the mire, who will not be picked out by a Catholic.

MR. MILLER has his house in a blaze, and forbids a Papist to empty a bucket upon the fire.

MR. BULL languishes with a broken leg; and no surgeon who hears mass, shall presume to set it.

Such the zeal to be found among certain Brummagem philanthropists.

The Order of the Bath.

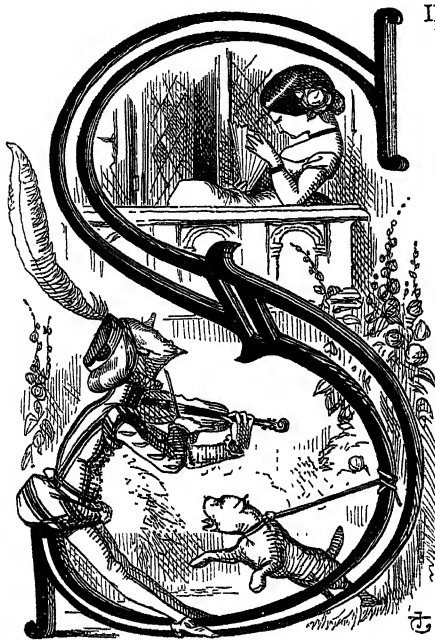
HER MAJESTY, we are informed by the Court Circular, held, the other day, an Investiture of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and knighted LORD BROUGHTON, and several distinguished officers. We hope it will not be very long ere we shall be gratified by the announcement that the QUEEN has conferred the Knighthood of the Bath on some clever fellow who shall have contrived to supply every inhabitant of the Metropolis with the materials for that luxury, or rather necessary, in the shape of a cheap and abundant supply of pure soft water.

THE LAST IMPORTED YANKEEISM.—A Yankee no longer marries a young crittur now; he "annexes" her.



splash of wine, and the next minute the immense mountain was sliding away from before us, like a moving panorama, disclosing a new scene of masts and posts, and workmen, and houses, and flags, all standing out against the bright blue sky. Such cheering and shouting, as the ship, making one plunge, shot out into the water, and then glided along majestically, keeping her position as exactly as if, instead of her being a mass of timbers and planks fastened together, nature had made her a

HOW TO SERVE INVADERS.



IR.—Really I must say, if you will allow me, as a party that frequently derive amusement from your entertaining *facetia*, that you are missing a subject w^h w^d gratify many gents like myself, by an agreeable excitement of the risibles. I allude, Sir, to the Militia Bill & the National Defences, generally speaking, as such preparations for hostilities must necessarily be attended with an amount of taxation w^h I sh^d describe as an awful sacrifice. A little seasonable ridicule of volunteers & militia-men w^d be of great service in preventing such superfluous expense, if you w^d be so obliging as to devote some of your superior articles & splendid illustrations with this

view. I am afraid, however, *Mr. Punch*, that you do not quite partake of my sentiments on the subject of invasion.

"For my part, Sir, I have no hesitation in saying that I see no reason at all for spending our money to prevent the French from attacking this country. If they were to come over here, it is highly improbable that they w^d inflict any serious injury on us, if we received them with good-humour. They w^d only kick us a little, &c., but w^d soon cease to be unpleasant if we did them the agreeable. Being a remarkably gallant people, I do not apprehend they w^d behave rude to our female relatives; but, on the contrary, believe they w^d be polite & attentive to the fair sex. There is no fear they w^d attempt to destroy us; their object is merely to triumph over us for the honour and glory of so doing. Indeed, that is too much to say; for I apprehend, Sir, that it is merely our army and navy, and not ourselves, that they w^d wish to humiliate. Any slight depredations they might commit w^d soon terminate, & w^d not, I sh^d say, amount to half the sum national defences will cost us. Besides, as soon as we had quietly submitted to them, they w^d become our customers; just as their army, no doubt, is now doing in Rome, w^h w^d soon indemnify us for any little loss we might suffer from them. As for their enslaving us, I shall be most happy to serve them. The French, *Mr. Punch*, will not harm us, unless we offer them resistance; & instead of paying troops to do that, let us organise a band to receive M. LOUIS NAPOLEON, should that gent oblige us with the favour of a visit, playing, 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!'

"Why, you see, Sir, suppose the metropolis were defended against an enemy, even if the defence were successful, there w^d be more parties killed, more windows broken, & a greater loss of property than there w^d be if we made no opposition.

"I am a party without prejudice, *Mr. Punch*. My views are those of a cosmopolite. I look on mankind as one specie. It might be unpleasant to the nobs for England to become a province of France; but for my part I sh^d not object to that arrangement: as I do not consider it would be detrimental to business; which is the main thing. I am quite aware that these sentiments may be thought by some parties to be of an inferior description; but, Sir, peace at any price—its price not being £ s. d., is the motto of that humble gent who has the honour to be,

Your obedient Servant,

"*Marylebone, April 27.*"

"HIGGLES."

English Eloquence in France.

THE French Academy—on the suggestion of MONTALEMBERT—have offered a prize of 4,000 francs for the best Essay on "Political Eloquence in England." The Essay is to begin with CHATHAM and end with CANNING. Why not rather introduce the practical results of English Eloquence; beginning with the Freedom of the Press, and ending with *Habeas Corpus*?

A SENTIMENTAL CANDIDATE.

THE Ex-Railway King has been recently addressing the electors of Sunderland in a strain of pathos almost sufficient to draw tears from a policeman's bull's-eye, or touch the heart of the stoutest cabbage. The following extract must not be looked at, until the reader has prepared himself with an extra pocket-handkerchief and a large eyeglass, in which to catch the copious discharge likely to take place from the lachrymal glands. Whoever proceeds without taking the precaution we have suggested, will do so at his peril.

"There are times," said the speaker, "when the stoutest heart quails; there are times when all the feelings of human nature are wrung, and almost call aloud for support; but I refer to my warm and kind friends surrounding me, and I have said when all have forsaken me, Sunderland has remained firm to me. (*Cheers.*) I say again, in the presence of some of my own family, who may succeed me ere long, if that family were ever to be ungrateful to the town of Sunderland, I could almost rise up from my grave and curse them. (*Hear, hear.*) My right hand shall forget her cunning, before I shall forget the favours I have received at your hands. (*Applause.*) The sacrifices I have made have cost me many anxious thoughts."

We can appreciate the gratitude expressed by the Ex-Railway monarch towards Sunderland, for not having hauled him over its celebrated coals. His threat to his family that his ghost will make its appearance, is evidently suggested by the *Corsican Brothers*; but even the realisation of this spectral suggestion is less improbable than the declaration that the right hand of the Hon. Member will "forget its cunning." Such a result is almost impossible in the case of such a very knowing hand.



TWO WORDS TO A BARGAIN.

JAPANESE. "We won't have Free Trade. Our Ports are closed, and shall remain so."

AMERICAN. "Then we will open our Ports, and convince you that you're wrong."

Finance for Young Ladies.

TAXES on knowledge are objected to, and taxes on food are objected to; in fact, there is so much objection to every species of taxation, that it is very difficult to determine what to tax. The least unpopular of imposts, it has been suggested, would be a tax on vanity and folly, and accordingly a proposition has been made to lay a tax upon stays; but this is opposed by political economists on the ground that such a duty would have a tendency to check consumption.

The Merry Wights of Windsor.

THE RUFERT of Debate and his Semitic CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER have obviously cast themselves for the respective parts of *Master Slender* and the *Great Lubberly Boy*. When the Earl is asked a question, he wraps himself in official reserve; and when the commoner is pressed for a reply, he implores the House to wait for his financial statement. In short, the one agrees "to cry *Mum*," and the other "to cry *Budget*."

CURIOUS DISTINCTION.—The English love; the French make love. —*Madame Punch.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR SONG-WRITERS.

In a song, as in a conveyance, it is everything to "make a title," and we have therefore thrown together a few "first lines," which may be used either in their present order, or they may be varied by any process of shuffling consistent with the rules of rhyme and metre. The whole song, or any part of it, is quite at the service of any of our modern balladists who may be in want of any material of the kind:

"I can't forget thee if I would."
 "You'll meet me—won't you—in the glen?"
 "I dare not love thee, if I could."
 "My heart is broken now as then."
 "Can memory teach me to forget?"
 "To-morrow is a bitter word."
 "He loves me, or he loves me not."
 "Thine is the only name that's heard."
 "Oh! do not say that I must go."
 "I feel that you and I must part."
 "She breathed soft words in murmurs low."
 "There is a canker at my heart."
 "Affection is a sacred tie."
 "The past we never can recall."
 "Beneath the willow let me lie."
 "We met—'twas at a fancy ball."



"WHERE IS THE HOLY LAND?"

THIS childish question torments us daily. It stares us in the face each morning with our *Times*, and repeats itself to our unwilling eyes in huge red-lettered posters throughout the day. The very type, indeed, appears to blush at the lamentable ignorance it reveals. And well it may: for, really, it is distressing to think that, in this era of enlightenment, this present March (we mean no pun) of Intellect, there can yet be found an individual whose geography has been so sadly neglected. And still more heart-rending is it to contemplate the lonely lot that forces him to seek the knowledge he requires through the unnatural medium of a public advertisement.

We would seriously direct the attention of our Education Commissioners to the fact; and would further urge the propriety of some benevolent philanthropist at once investing his sympathies and five shillings in the cause, by the insertion of an answering advertisement to the effect, that "the Advertiser may obtain the information he requires, by application, during class-time, at any of our Infant Charity or Ragged Schools."

The Parson of Frome without the F.

"INFIRMITY" is alleged as the excuse of the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS for sanctioning MR. BENNETT's preferment to the living of Frome. The "infirmary" seems to have consisted in a weakness of perception, by reason of which the Bishop cannot distinguish between the Church of Rome and the Church of Frome.

RECENT ADDITION TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

THE horror of our friend SIBTHORP, on seeing it stated in a public print that his presence had been lately noticed at a Meeting for the Preservation of the Crystal Palace!

A SAFE PROPHECY.

REALLY, the weather is becoming a conversational bore of greater magnitude than we are used to, even in England. We doubt if the "oldest inhabitant" can remember a time when it was more vigorously talked about. At least one hundred and fifty times a day, our opinion is privately consulted as to the probable duration of the drought. And, publicly, too, almost everybody we meet keeps popping the eternal question—"When are we to have rain?" And nobody dares in the vaguest way to answer it. March, they re-echo, has passed, and given us pecks enough of its dust to ransom all the kings that ever reigned—from DAVID downwards. April, too, is gone, and scarce a dozen drops of her proverbial showers have sprinkled us. Even Greenwich Fair has, this year, come without its usual deluge. And still the barometrical little Dutch—ess keeps perversely out of doors, and our desponding umbrella-makers draw nearer and nearer to that Pantomimic Penal Settlement—the "Cavern of Despair."

Now, we are not a MURPHY, and to weather-wisdom in general we make but small pretensions. But, in this particular instance, we think we have a sufficiently safe barometer by us to venture our meteorological reputation upon its prophetic veracity. For, by reference to our Engagement-book, we find that there is a Chiswick *Fête* appointed for Saturday, the 13th of May; and abundant experience teaches us to expect that it will prove, as usual, a celestially Aquatic one!

WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, &c.

SHOULD the Corn Laws be restored, it is probable that several Protectionist parties will spring up, for the purpose of demanding at the hands of Parliament such measures as the ruined interests require. The following will be a few of the principal claimants, in the event of the renewal of Free Trade:—

The Protectionist Post-Boys will demand a repeal of all the Railway Acts that have ever been passed.

The Protectionist Watchmen will agitate for the instant abolition of the Police force, which has been the utter ruin of their class.

The Protectionist Watermen will ask that a heavy duty may be enforced, for their benefit, on every traveller by Steam-boat between Richmond and London Bridge.

The Protectionist Tinder-Box Manufacturers will clamour for the placing of a tax of one shilling upon every box of Lucifers or Congreve lights.

The above are only a few of the cases in which the success of the cry for Protection would lead to analogous demands. Perhaps an amalgamation of the Agricultural Protectionists with one or all of the classes specified might be arranged.

Second Thoughts are Best.

SIR FITZROY KELLY has been trying to explain at Ipswich his statement at Harwich, that the people of England had not had "an ounce more bread" in consequence of Free Trade, and he has amended his assertion, by saying "that the people have not had one pound weight per head more to eat in 1850" than they had been previously accustomed to. It is something gained to have got up from one ounce to twenty-six millions of pounds in a few days; and, if SIR FITZROY goes on at this rate, increasing his estimate of the consumption of food, we have no doubt we shall find ourselves soon agreeing with him as to the extent of the gain by the repeal of the Corn Laws. When he fixed the additional food at an ounce, we hardly expected he would long adhere to such an absurd an-ounce-ment.

A Veteran Cutting his Teeth.

AMONG the multiplicity of losses advertised in the papers, we never expected to meet with such an announcement as the following, which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday:—

"LOST, a Set of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, supposed to have been dropped in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, on the 7th of April."

That a man may drop his handkerchief without missing it, or even let his spectacles slip from his nose, imperceptibly, we may manage to believe; but that any individual could have had his eyes shut to the sudden shedding of all his teeth, is a picture we vainly attempt to realise. We recommend the advertiser to consider seriously whether all his teeth may not have been knocked down his throat without his being aware of it.

NEWSPAPER VORACITY.—It was said in the debate on the newspaper question that the *Times* is eating up all its contemporaries. If this be the case, the *Times* is doing more for its opponents than the public are disposed to do, for some of the journals in question, while being eaten up by the *Times*, can find no one else to swallow them.

THE LOUNGER'S TEAR.

A Last Lay of the Crystal Palace.

NDER the nave he walked,
To take a farewell look
At the Building where, last
summer-time,
Such frequent strolls he
took.
He missed the well-known
sounds
That lingered in his ear:
And he drew his mental
cambric forth,
And wiped away a tear!

Around, where soon shall be
Restored the naked sod,
Stood thinly scattered two
or three
Where late the thousands
trod.

'Twas a mournful sight to
him
That space so vast, so
drear:
And again he piped his
mental eye,
And dropped a mental
tear!

He sadly left the spot,
Oh, do not deem him
weak!

And Niobe's torrents flowed
Adown his mental cheek.
Go, mourn the Nation's Pet—
The Pride of one short year:
And own that even a SIBTHORP now
Could scarce deny a tear!

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE christening breakfast is a pretty good one, eh! Miss VIOLET?" said papa. "Give me four of those amiable prawns, and tell me whether you approve of the Amalgamated Paddle-boxes?"

I confessed I thought the scene quite delightful. It was a beautiful afternoon; the water was very high, and at Blackwall you get two such large, broad views of the river, that with the help of a little imagination, (and, as papa very wickedly remarked, a little champagne,) you may believe yourself to be far away from dear old poky, choky, smoky London. And then our *déjeuner* was so nicely managed. A long table, covered with glass, silver, and flowers, interspersed only with dishes, which, as the genteel cookery-books say, "look elegant,"—jellies spangled with gold leaf, ivory blanc-mange gemmed with strawberries like rubies, fairy temples of amber sugar, vases of preserved fruits of delicious colours—all made such a pretty picture, that I was quite vexed with the greedy creatures who broke it up without the least ceremony.

Our party was a large one. The Chairman of the Company, SIR COWRY FICE—the dearest old man you ever saw; tall, and white-haired, but still very handsome, and his nice old kind voice just beginning to weaken, but not in the least cracked—he was at the head. Right and left of him were the ladies, between the gentlemen who brought them. But the ladies were too few for the civilisation of any great length of the table, and two long lines of black-coated creatures made a perspective, at the end of which was a gentleman who was incessantly shouting to everybody to take wine with him. He was also a Director of the Amalgamated, and he amalgamated his own directions shockingly towards the end of the lunch, and no wonder, considering how many times his glass had been filled.

The pretty things on the table were sadly pushed about to make room for turtle-soup, and white-bait, and *cotelettes à la financière*, and other matters, which made, as an Irish gentleman opposite poetically observed, "not a bad imitation of a cowlid collation." And the champagne corks popped in every direction; and as for the waiters, they flew about with the bottles, as if what ALBANY said were true; namely, that any waiter would be discharged who saw an empty glass and did not instantly fill it. As for papa, he was enjoying himself greatly in his quiet way, and I was quite delighted to see what attention all the

leading gentlemen paid him, telling him little bits of confidential news which seemed to relate to very important subjects, and waiting for his answers, with evident respect. One of the guests was a Member of Parliament, I found. He was dreadfully ugly, with yellow hair, and all his forehead puckered into wrinkles, occasioned, papa said, by his sitting up all night to learn tremendously long sums by heart, that in the House he might spatter out the figures against all his enemies. Near him was a young barrister, with a white cravat and diamond studs, and he worried the clever arithmetical Member sadly by trying to be smart at the end of each of the other's remarks.

"You set the Speaker a little Rule-of-Three work last night, Mr. PHRACTION, I see," said papa.

"Ah! yes," said MR. PHRACTION, with a look and tone of great vexation, "but the papers have utterly spoiled the speech, utterly vitiated my argument. Don't read it."

"I won't," said papa; "rely upon my friendship to that extent, and upon any similar occasion. But what have they made you say—indeed, what was the question? I hardly looked."

"Why, SIR BARNACLE MAUL had moved, and very properly, that every Bishop appointed to a see in Wales should be able to speak Welsh. Thereupon, MUMMERY NIMBUS, the Puseyite, moved as an amendment, that every Colonial Bishop should be blacked all over, or tattooed, according to the state of the flock he was sent to. I supported MAUL; but you will not comprehend my reasons, for instead of 18493724, the figures I used, they have printed 19531876. It's very provoking."

"But what on earth," said papa, "have those awful figures to do with a clerical question?"

"Every question is a question of figures," said MR. PHRACTION, gloomily, "especially clerical ones."

"But not of lay figures," snapped in the smart young barrister. "And if I were the Speaker, I would stop your arithmetic in the language of the Matilda-press novels, and say 'Figure to yourself—'"

MR. PHRACTION waited very quietly until the smart gentleman had let off his two little jokes, and then he said:

"My numbers were the number of Welsh people who would very likely have gone to church, if their bishops had spoken Welsh since the 1st of March, 1800."

"By JOVE!" exclaimed ALBANY, who for the first moment had turned his attention to anybody but his neighbour. "I beg your pardon, but I mean that I don't understand how you calculate such a matter."

Papa looked up at MR. ALBANY, as much as to say, "Now, you *have* caught it!"

"Thus," said MR. PHRACTION. "Take the number of churches and what they will hold, and the registers of marriages and baptisms, and multiply these by the assessed taxes, subtracting the paupers in work-houses, who have chapels therein, and subtracting also the prisoners in jails, who probably are not regular attendants at church; add the god-fathers and godmothers to the bridesmen and bridesmaids, deducting three per cent. for bridesmaids under the age of fourteen, and two per cent. for Dissenting ones who will not go to church, but only eat the breakfast,—dividing, also, the freeholders by the copyholders, and multiplying the tenants-at-will who vote for church candidates—"

"By the tenants-at-will, who go in for the schism-shop"—dashed in the smart barrister; and so poor ALBANY was saved, MR. PHRACTION, who was put out, promising to write it all down for him. Proud of his victory, the barrister turned to a French lady who, with her husband, had been invited to see the launch.

"*Madam ne parlez pas votre langue?*" he asked, with a patronising smile.

Madame looked at her husband, who brought up his lingual forces with the utmost alacrity.

"Ah!" he said, laughing good-naturedly, "not too much well. Not still. At the good time. She commence."

"*C'est difficile*," said Madame, smiling.

"*Say vray, say vray*," graciously returned the Englishman; "*say tro vray*. May," he continued, wishing to be *spirituel*, "*le long fay mirark. Regardez-moaw, je le parle tray facelmong, moaw*."

"But Monsieur is an English person?" asked the gentleman, not apprehending the joke.

"*Say vray*," again replied the barrister. "*Set oon petee calembug de moaw, say too*."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman; and courteously commenced laughing heartily, in a high key, as soon as he understood that the other had intended to amuse him. And the latter, with great earnestness, remarked to us how the acquisition of a foreign language humanised society, and promoted universal brotherhood.

As for ALBANY, he was so happy, that he agreed with everybody, but certainly without listening to anybody but me, with a slight exception in favour of papa. MR. PHRACTION's wonderful problem diverted him for a moment; I suppose, because, having been accustomed (as he admitted) to think of "the odds," which is some kind of equestrian arithmetic—calculations were easy to him. Indeed, papa congratulated him on this, and told him to mind his "book," as, if he got into

Parliament it might recommend him to the favour of a horse-racing Ministry. But ALBANY declared that he had given all such things up, and was reading very hard for the bar. I cannot say that he talked well; indeed he was far too happy to care much what he said, but he seemed to know something on most subjects. Only his ideas came out as if he had not been in the habit of drawing upon them—as if he had associated with people on whom they would have been wasted. I think he was a little surprised at finding that I did not talk, perhaps, quite such nonsense as some men think all girls talk. But it is too early to tell what he thought about me.

When everybody had finished lunch, SIR COWRY PRICE stood up, and suddenly six gentlemen, a little below us, pulled out six pencils, and next day all the world knew exactly what the dear old man had said. He proposed that we should all wish good fortune to the great ship we had seen launched, and which was just then, we could see, being towed into the dock, to be finished. And, looking very kindly at me, he added something which I should actually be ashamed to write down, only that the six gentlemen were good enough to rap their pencils on the table, and then to take down SIR COWRY'S exact words. He said that, let the good ship *Chimborazo* touch at a thousand shores, as he heartily hoped she might do, for the sake of the dividend (here all the gentlemen applauded), as well as for her own, she would never find a more charming person than the young lady who had that day done her the honour of giving her a name.

The company applauded, papa nodded, as much as to say—"Yes, she's not so disagreeable," and, as for ALBANY, I believe he was meditating a leap upon his chair for the purpose of leading off the Kentish fire, or some such tremendous demonstration; but I happened, providentially, to give him an appealing look, which so bewildered him that his purpose failed him, and he contented himself with giving, in a most intense whisper, his zealous assurance to me, that SIR COWRY PRICE had not said half enough in my praise.

THE MOSAIC ARAB AT THE CAPE.



R. PUNCH.—Under the head of news from the Cape of Good Hope, a morning contemporary makes the following statement, which is not altogether perspicuous:

"Some Hottentot women were also taken prisoners, who stated that pack bullocks laden with gunpowder, passed the T'Somo, supposed to have been obtained from MOSHESH, and on the way to the lower country, to the Gaikas and Galekas. MOSHESH is said to sell gunpowder openly, at a store kept for that purpose; and that his chief article of barter with Europeans who go to that part, is that commodity."

"Who is this MOSHESH that sells gunpowder among the Kaffirs? Is MOSHESH

an individual, or a name employed, as it sometimes is in familiar discourse, to denote the Hebrew community? MOSHESH, I was aware, is to be met with almost everywhere; but I hardly expected to find him in Kaffirland, following the occupation of a gunpowder merchant. At least, I should never have supposed that anything more nearly connected with gunpowder than a shooting-jacket would be found in the establishment of MR. MOSHESH.

"INQUIRER."

Meat and Money.

A FRENCHMAN, discoursing elegantly, and accurately, of course—as all Frenchmen do—upon England, says, "The English love their meat and their money more than anything else. These are their two great absorbing passions. When they are not eating, they are making money; and when not occupied in the counting-house, they are sure to be in the larder. To prove to what an extent they carry these two passions, I may mention that there are no other objects they love enough to treasure. They have but two 'safes'—one for their meat, the other for their money. If I had to draw the *beau idéal* of an Englishman, I would represent him with a Meat-safe on one hand, and a Money-safe on the other."

RATIONAL EXCISE.

WHAT would be a good substitute for Taxes on Knowledge? Taxes on Ignorance; because, in the present state of popular education, they would certainly be much more productive.

FRENCH PROVERB.—Heaven sent us Woman; and the Devil Stays.

GOVERNMENT'S HONOURED GUEST; OR, WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

WHO is ROSAS?

Don't laugh at this question, small children. Read your *Times*. In that paper you will see that when GENERAL ROSAS landed last Tuesday week at Devonport, he was received by the Commodore Superintendent, SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR. And it goes on to say:

"Shortly after landing, the General took up his quarters at Moorshead's Royal Hotel, Fore Street, Devonport, where he was visited by the Port Admiral, SIR JOHN OMMANNEY, and other heads of departments."

You know that SIR JOHN OMMANNEY is not famous for looking sharp, or attending even to a matter of consequence with great alacrity.

Then the *Times* adds:

"SIR JOHN ROLT, the Commander of the Forces in the Western District, was prevented by sickness from calling at the hotel."

You must not suggest, precocious juveniles, that SIR JOHN ROLT did well in not calling on ROSAS, because he certainly would have got more sick if he had called. For, observe, we further read, that

"In consequence of a Treasury order, every respect was paid by the officers of the *Conflict* to the noble visitor, and at the Custom-house every facility was given for the ready clearance of his baggage."

No doubt a foreign visitor, whom the Commodore Superintendent receives in person, and the Port Admiral goes and calls on as soon as he arrives; whom the Commander of the District Forces is only prevented from showing the same attention by illness; and to whom the officers of one of HER MAJESTY'S ships are ordered by the Treasury to pay every respect, is one whom Government delights to honour. Of course he must be a great and good man; some noble champion of liberty, wise, humane ruler, or other sort of benefactor to his fellow-creatures: and we are altogether mistaken, ingenuous youth, in the opinion we had conceived about him.

Otherwise, young people, we may certainly say that, whenever a cargo for the Zoological Gardens arrives at Devonport, Commodore Superintendent, Port Admiral, Commander of District Forces, and Government, will, if there should be a hyæna in the collection, and they are not as attentive to him as they have been to the ex-Dictator of Buenos Ayres, have been guilty of gross partiality to ROSAS, and will do great injustice to the hyæna.

Philosophy of "Marriage in High Life."

WE have often wondered why it is that in celebrating a "Marriage in High Life," the clergyman, usually a bishop, is in general, as the *Morning Post* says, "assisted" by the REV. MR. SO-AND-SO: why the parson requires another parson to help him to perform so very easy a task as that of reading the Marriage Service. At last it has occurred to us that the reason may be, that, as marriages among the "superior classes" are for the most part merely political or pecuniary arrangements, the antipathy of the parties to each other is so strong that it takes two parsons, with extraordinary power, to unite them.

Military Science.

EXPERIMENTS have been going on at Woolwich Marshes with a new modification of the Minié rifle. The weapon itself will hit any object within sight; a celebrated advertising optician has invented a small telescope, which, mounted over the breech-end of the barrel, extends the distance whereat the marksman can see, to a dozen miles. The design of the experiments has been to satisfy several veteran officers of rank as to whether or no the range of ball would be equal to the range of vision. The point has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and to settle it, a farther series of trials is considered necessary.

A PARTIAL CONVERSION.

"MONSIGNORE" SEARLE'S Sheriff has renounced one of the errors of Popery, by presenting his chaplain at Court, simply as the VERY REVEREND D. O'CONNOR, Chaplain to MR. SHERIFF SWIFT.

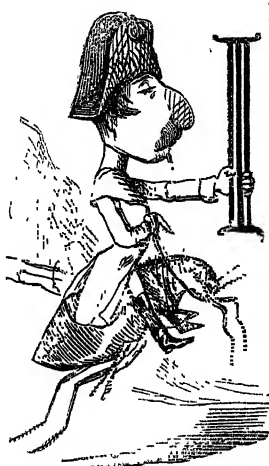
Patronage of Literature.

It must be a subject of pure congratulation for the literary mind to see the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer filled by BENJAMIN DISRAELI; so seldom has an Author in this country an opportunity of touching any of the public money.

BREAD STUFFS.

THE stuff which MESSRS. YOUNG and FITZROY KELLY have been talking, that no more bread is consumed in England now than before the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

LEARNED FLEAS.



IN our innocence we imagined that the fondness for fleamanship was a thing defunct. We own we viewed it as a passion of the past—exploded long ago with Beaver hats and Hessian boots. And in our category of "extinct races" we credulously classed the *genus* of "Industrious Fleas," and blindly believed that in this educated era no effort would be ever made to effect its restoration.

But we were deceived. *On revient toujours*—the proverb tells us—*à ses premiers amours*. And accordingly we find that the great and enlightened British Nation quits on a sudden the intellectual enjoyments with which its professors have Polytechnically surfeited it, and reverting gladly to its former joys, seeks amusement once again in the gambols of a flea! Daily the *Times* assures us that the mania has revived: daily are we plagued with posters to the same effect: and although we cannot

applaud the national taste, we are bound as current chroniclers to notice it. From such slight "signs of the times" may the future MACAULAY deduce we know not how interesting an inference.

The observant reader of advertisements will doubtless have remarked, that fleas are not merely made *Industrious* now, but absolutely *Learned*. For this we presume we are indebted to the March of Intellect; and it is indeed a gratifying proof of the rapid progress it is making with the Brute Creation. Our pigs have long since owned its sway; and now, it seems, our very fleas acknowledge it. What marvels, reader, may we not predict from these seven-league-booted strides?

At one of the Shows—"Exhibitions," we mean, of "these interesting little creatures" (see advertisement), we are informed that "fleas in full costume" will daily astonish the Universe by "dancing the Polka." To the curious in such matters this is really a tempting announcement. A flea in full dress would be quite a novelty to us. Our only acquaintance has been with fleas *au naturel*: and we doubt if even STRUTT could enlighten us on the subject of their "full costume."

Another advertisement invites us to a select re-union of "fleas of all nations giving their mechanical entertainments." We confess that this slightly puzzles us. We have rather a misty notion as to what their "mechanical entertainments" can possibly be. Moreover, we think the substantive a decidedly ill-chosen one. We certainly never found a flea "entertaining" in any sense, and we question if even those at this second Omni-national Exhibition would prove exceptions to the rule. Nor does our experience incline us to comply with the request preferred in the next advertisement, which begs us, somewhat imperatively, to



"Be sure and ask for the Russian fleas." Russian, or not, assuredly a flea is one of the last things we should ever dream of "asking for."

We are not unnaturally nervous, but we must say,

we trust that sufficient precautions are taken by the respective managers of these establishments to prevent the possibility of their performers ever getting surreptitiously "out on the loose." This Russian *troupe*, for instance, would be a most formidable one to encounter; for it is expressly said to number no less than 200 able-bodied actors, strong! We are not aware if a census of these "interesting little creatures"

has recently been taken in that country: so considerable an emigration would somewhat have affected it. There are no "mechanical entertainments," or "polkas in full costume," to allure us here; but there is a rapid act of fleamanship (as we suppose) announced, under the rather taking title of "NAPOLEON on the Russian Flea, HERCULES." Comment is surely needless here. Only imagine, reader, a HERCULES of a flea!!!

HABITS OF THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

ATTENDS evening parties—and hands the muffins round.

Smiles if he burns his fingers with the kettle.

Plays the flute.

Sings "Do you love me now as then?"

Parts his hair in the middle.

Takes an umbrella with him to an evening party.

Wears goloshes after dusk.

Has a secret passion for gruel.

Writes acrostics, and contributes to Ladies' Albums.

Curls his whiskers.

Is the "Hon. Sec." to the "Ladies' Benevolent Mangle Distribution Society."

Keeps a cat, and a regular account of his daily expenses.

His greatest pleasure is to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, and his next greatest pleasure is to have his name mentioned "amongst those whom we observed on the platform," &c., &c.

His fondest tie, next to an aged grandmother, is that of his white neckcloth.

Can hum the Overture to *Der Freischütz*.

Carries a pincushion, and acidulated drops, about with him, and is never unprovided with a scent-bottle, for fear of accidents.

Goes out in the rain to fetch a cab.

Doesn't smoke.

Helps Mamma's shawl on with the grace of one of HOLMES' shopmen.

Has his hair and handkerchief full of scents, and it is a pity the same cannot be said of his head.

Holds a skein of silk with exemplary patience—turns over the leaves of music with great digital skill—reads novels in a clear secretary-like voice—laughs *affettuoso*—lisps *moderato*—jokes with the old maids *allegro*—quotes poetry *penseroso*—runs ladies' errands *prestissimo*—and makes himself *generalio usefuo*.

Such are the Habits of the NICE YOUNG MAN.

A Treat for Electors.

A DISCUSSION took place the other evening in the House of Commons, on the subject of treating at elections, which by some honourable Members was regarded as a species of corruption. But is this quite so? A medical man may be the candidate for a seat in Parliament. Would he be guilty of treating if he attended a voter for the influenza? We hope MR. WAKLEY may again stand for Finsbury. Will the hon. gentleman be accused of having treated one of his constituents if he shall have been proved to have prescribed a free and independent elector a black dose?

COURT CIRCULAR OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

AN antiquary has forwarded us a specimen of a joke—which, coming from such a source, may perhaps be a relic of the olden time—to the effect that the first Court Circular was ARTHUR's Round Table.

Silence in the Gallery.

FROM that most authentic of sources, "Our own Correspondent," we learn, that a favoured half-dozen or so of "the million" are most graciously allowed admission into the French Assembly during the Debates. There is but one small qualification necessary to entitle an applicant to this gigantic privilege; and that, we believe, is a medical certificate from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

NOVEL IMPORTATION.

FOREIGN sheep, oxen, and pigs, have for some time been included among our imports. In addition to cattle from various countries, we have, now that ROSAS has arrived, had a butcher also imported.

FARMERS' FANCIES.

AGRICULTURAL gentlemen sometimes make the mistake of calling manures *marceuvres*. This may arise from a confusion of ideas, as is further probable from the fact that the same gentlemen are also inclined to trust rather to Protectionist legislation than to guano.

CRY OF THE ADVERTISING TAILOR.—"The Battle of the Paletôts is to be fought in the Registration Court."



Calman (condescendingly). "HAMSTEAD! LET'S SEE—THE FARE'S ABOUT NINE BOB, AS NEAR AS MAY BE; BUT AS I WANT A DRIVE IN THE FRESH HAIR MYSELF, SUPPOSE WE SAY THREE 'ARF CROWNS."

CONCESSION IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE beautiful walk on the south side of Kensington Gardens, leading from the Barracks to Hyde Park, has been widened for the accommodation of the public by an extremely clever expedient. Whether the present or the late Commissioners of Public Works are to be thanked for this, we do not know; we wish we did, being always anxious to give credit where it is due. The path in question lies between two shrub and flower beds; and was formerly separated from them on either side by a strip of pretty, fresh, green turf. Then, also, it was smoothly rolled, but lately, requiring renovation, it has been relaid with a sort of *débris* of broken shells and shingle, forming a surface of sharp cutting edges and angles, which defy, or would destroy, the soles of any boots not strongly hobnailed. This judicious alteration has of course rendered the path itself ineligible as a promenade for the ladies, nursemaids, and children, who used to frequent it as such, and indeed impracticable for anybody whatever but a clod-hopper, shod expressly for hopping clods. The consequence is, that the people have taken to walk on the turf-borders, which they have now entirely worn bare and trodden into uniformity with the footway, thus adding full two feet to the breadth of the latter, if not perhaps proportionally improving its appearance.

WAGNER ON ENGLAND.

WAGNER seems to be something more than a wag, if we may judge by the little expression he permitted himself to let drop with reference to England in a letter to one of his countrymen. "England is worth nothing except for her money," says the German Ex-actor, for it seems he was once upon the stage, and therefore the term Ex-actor may be in one, if not in two, senses applied to him. We suspect that our friend WAGNER will experience a realisation of his ideas as to the value of money in England, by the quantity of coin he will be compelled to part with in consequence of the sundry little matters *Re* WAGNER that have been going on in the Court of Chancery for the last week or two.

There is something beautifully retributive in the justice which seems to have so ordered matters that he who "came to grasp" will be obliged to "stop to pay" in the land which he only values for its money. *Père* WAGNER will find that if England is the country for making money, it is also the country in which to spend it, and his introduction to our Court of Chancery will show him that while we were prepared to pay rather exorbitantly for his daughter's voice, he, *the Père*, will have to pay pretty dearly for his own whistle.

CLERGY-MARKET AND ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

BISHOPS were quoted in the House of Commons on Thursday evening last by the MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD at a tolerable figure. "With regard to endowments, what he proposed was, to alter the provisions of the Act of 1840, so that no Bishop of an old see should have less than 4000*l.* a-year, instead of 4200*l.* a-year." This proposed reduction in the price of Bishops will not be more than proportionate to the general diminution in the cost of commodities; indeed, should it take place, it is by no means certain that the Right Reverend Bench will not still be considered to present rather an exception to the general rule of cheapness. A descent to a *minimum* of 4000*l.* a-year cannot be regarded as any very tremendous fall in prelates. Should the BLANDFORD tariff be adopted, the superior sorts of Bishop will still command considerable sums. "He further proposed that the income of the future ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY shall be reduced to 10,000*l.*; of the future ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, to 8000*l.*; of the BISHOP OF LONDON, to 6000*l.*; and of the BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER AND DURHAM, to 5000*l.*" It is hence obvious that the tendency of Bishops is still to create a high rate of interest, and though there may be some prospect of their conversion, it is not likely that the change will be of so violent a character as to justify any very serious alarm on the part of the Church.

A VERY OPEN QUESTION.

THE papers have lately been sprinkled with little notes from anonymous little people, intimating that little shocks of earthquakes have been experienced in certain little villages. Among others we have been edified by the account of the waving of the earth about the Mendip Hills, which was distinctly noticed by an astounded gardener, who, for a few moments, was rendered doubtful as to which of his extremities he stood upon. The gardener's state of mystification is shared by his master, who, having detected a crack in his whitewashed ceiling, declares the evidence of an earthquake to be irresistible. For our own parts, until we have proof that the earthquake has swallowed something—even a stray cow, an errant donkey, or an unlucky dog—we must be excused for declining to swallow the earthquake.

"FAST COLOURS"—Green coat with yellow buttons, blue handkerchief, crimson waistcoat, shirt with pink ballet-girls, plaid trousers, and white hat with a black band.



THE "CALCULATING" BOY GETS THE PRIZE
FOR ARITHMETIC.

THE POOR MAN'S DOUBLE KNOCK



ARK! there it is, that faint sound
—I heard it once before :
I'm positive that some one
is knocking at the door :
When first it came, it doubt-
less by noisy cabs was
drown'd ;
If knockers were to whisper,
like that would be the
sound.

And yet the knock is double ;
deny it those who can,
That he who gave it *must* be
a sort of gentleman,
Although it was so timid,
that I can answer for 't,
The gentleman who gave it
was only of a sort.

How fearless is the postman !
the very stoutest heart ;
At hearing his twin thunders,
is ever forced to start.
How fearless is the cabman,
who stops the rapid wheel,
And makes your dwelling
tremble with long-protract-
ed peal !

How fearless the mechanic,
who comes to mend your
lock !

Although his knock is single, there's vigour in that knock :
It smacks of independence, it speaks of rugged pride ;
You feel that he will enter with firm and manly stride.

The pot-boy, too, knocks boldly, as, of his calling proud,
With voice unused to falter, he cries for pots aloud :
His very manner shows us he comes to claim a right,
When bawling for the pots which he left the overnight.

But, oh ! that knock so lowly—what mortal can it be ?
A man with a petition, or German refugee ;
Some friend of early childhood, who went with me to school,
And now has turn'd out badly—has proved a knave or fool.

How dully through the passage the sound appears to sneak !—
Genteel, although so humble ;—though double, yet so weak :
The pomp of better days, which 'twere wiser to forget,
The dark and abject present, within that sound have met.

The undertaker's hammer can smite the very soul ;
The bells for those we bury, oppress us with their toll ;
But of all dismal noises which human feelings shock,
The dimmest is, surely, the Poor Man's Double Knock.

Spanish Accounts.

A SPANISH paper, named the *Epoca*, which does not explain its ambiguous language, states that M. FOULD, who has been residing for some time in Madrid, had made advantageous propositions to the Government relative to the floating debt. It is to be feared that there are but two ways of dealing with a floating debt likely to be adopted by the Spanish Government. One would be to dissipate or dissolve the debt in the floating medium: the other, which probably would be preferred, would be that of adding to the floating debt and increasing its weight—with a view to sink it.

TRUE PROTECTIONIST FIGURES.

THE most valuable Protectionist figures are those that are stationed in corn-fields to frighten the birds away, as they at least consist of genuine rags and real straw, and do actually serve the purpose of protection to agriculture.

THE SWALLOW OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC.—An eminent M.D. describes the foolish attraction which the English multitude have for taking Quack Pills, as "the take-pillary attraction."

A SWEEPING REFORMER.—The new LORD CHANCELLOR is setting so vigorously to work to sweep away the abuses of Chancery, that the lawyers declare he is quite "a new BROUGHAM" (broom).

A ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"It is all very well, *Mr. Punch*," writes a Liberal, who dates from the "Congenial Club," "to pitch into the poor KING OF DAHOMY ; but I have just returned from the other side of the Alps, and, I confess, I have seen kings there who have nothing better than the said African monarch about them—except their dinners. Are you aware that they carry on the Slave-trade just as much in the Bay of Naples as in the Bight of Benin ? At all events, if you make slaves of people for the purposes of gain, isn't it just as bad as selling them outright ?"

Our enthusiastic young friend proceeds with his declamation, and wants to palm off upon us the following letter from KING BOMBA as a genuine one—addressed to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, under the hope that a Tory Government will help him in the cause of despotism. We are not acquainted with BOMBA's hand—nor do we wish to be better acquainted with that paternal fist—but the epistle in question is, perhaps, not unworthy of his heart and head, if not thoroughly genuine.

"KING BOMBA TO THE GREAT QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND."

"KING BOMBA very much want make friend with English Govern-ment. Him always in danger from him people. They make plenty row, and he no always able keep them quiet. BOMBA much want plenty cowries.

"Long time ago, BOMBA's ancestor get made King Naples. Many time hold feast—plenty fighting. Now-a-days, everywhere missionary come—call him liberal—he say not always killee de people now ! People no ought to be slave. People ought be well fed—be made readee and writee. What for—BOMBA want know ? What for people no slave ? 'spose KING BOMBA want sell 'em ?

"BOMBA require plenty powder and shot. When Sicily Island go make the disturbance, BOMBA 'bliged makee de war and kill 'em. Then, how keep up prison, 'spose no have plenty cowries ? Prison not cost very much—pack him prisoner close—but must have some cowries."

We scarcely know whether this touching appeal may hope for success, supposing—for we have hinted our suspicions—that it isn't a hoax. But, after all, it isn't such a very improbable document. A white tyrant only differs from a black one in colour ; the difference is merely superficial. To be sure, the black one eats his subjects, as well as kills them ; but this fact, while it proves he has an equally bad heart, only proves that he has a better digestion than his royal contemporary.

THE BOOKSELLERS DEFYING COMPETITION.

SHOULD the principle of unlimited competition be adopted by the booksellers, there is no doubt that considerable briskness will be imparted to their business. A great extension of their shop-fronts will ensue, and across the spacious window-panes of the enterprising bibliopoles will be pasted huge placards announcing ten, twenty, or forty millions of pounds worth of literary property to be disposed of at a quarter price. "All these MACAULAYS at 6d. !" will be inscribed on one label: on another we shall see, "Best Waverley Novels only 10½d. !" with an enormous 10d. and a very small ½. In the windows of such establishments as MESSRS. RIVINGTON's, the Fathers and the Bishops will be ticketed, like *berthes* and *visites* ; and we shall be attracted by the announcement of "Tremendous Fall in Oxford Tracts," or "Great Reduction in HOOKERS."

"You'll meet Me, Won't You ?"

This "extraordinary and lovely ballad" [see Advertisement] is described with such refreshing *naïveté* by our mythical contemporary, the *Musical Review*, that we really feel compelled to notice it. On its own apocryphal judgment, this fabulous authority states that "a pretty conceit lurks in every stanza: the melody is ravishing." Now, really, we think this is one of the most appropriately-worded bits of criticism we ever read in our life ; for, truly, the gentleman who could, even lyrically, address a lady with such audacious assurance, must indeed be "pretty conceited."

QUESTION FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

WHETHER amongst the paths of medical science, which lead more or less to the College, should be included the Hydro-path, the Allo-path, and the Homeo-path ?

Chemical.

WHAT is called by Chemists an *Evaporating Dish* is the pigeon pie-dish which you take down with you to Epsom, and which, the moment you place it on the ground, evaporates immediately ; more especially if there are any gipsies, or Ethiopian Serenaders, hanging about your carriage.



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Affable Little Gentleman. "DEAR, OH DEAR! HOW IT RAINS! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL GET VERY WET—CAN I OFFER YOU A GREAT COAT, OR ANYTHING?"

POLITICAL CAPITAL.

THERE are different varieties of "Political Capital," some of which is in but little demand, and the remainder in no demand whatever.

The Political Capital of the Protectionist is at present very small; but he is endeavouring to increase it by trying whether he cannot get a penny or two extra out of every quarter loaf. It is very doubtful, however, whether the country will allow him to raise his Political Capital in this way, as it would have to pay rather too dearly for the increase.

The Political Capital of the Whig seems generally to be the Political Capital of others. He trades with this, borrowing a little from one party, and a little from another, until he purchases his way gradually into power; but once in power, the country soon discovers the poverty of his resources, and is glad to get rid of him at any price.

The Political Capital of the Young Englander seems to be very little more than a White Waistcoat; and, as all Political Capitalists will shortly have to face the country, we suppose the Young Englander puts on his White Waistcoat to enable him to make a clean breast as to the investment of his Capital.

The Political Capital of the Free-Trader is simply a Cheap Loaf. If a Government is raised by means of such Capital, we think that every poor man will be too happy to subscribe to it.

In our humble opinion, the latter is the only Political Capital for which there is likely to be any demand at the forthcoming election. All classes, we prophecy, will be anxious to take a share in it, as it is a source of investment in which the principal not only is safe, but the interest morally certain.

Cruel to a Hair.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has issued a decree commanding all professors of Universities, Colleges, Lyceums, and other places of instruction, to cut off their beards and moustaches, lest they be confounded with "demagogues and agitators of society." Considering how he has bearded the French people, he may well shave their teachers.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

LOBSTER SALAD.

AIR—"Blus Bonnets over the Border."

TAKE, take, Lobsters and lettuces;
Mind that they send you the fish that you order:
Take, take, a decent-sized salad bowl,
One that's sufficiently deep in the border.
Cut into many a slice
All of the fish that's nice,
Place in the bowl with due neatness and order;
Then hard-boil'd eggs you may
Add in a neat array
All round the bowl, just by way of a border.

Take from the cellar of salt a proportion;
Take from the castors both pepper and oil,
With vinegar, too—but a moderate portion—
Too much of acid your salad will spoil.
Mix them together;
You need not mind whether
You blend them exactly in apple-pie order;
But when you've stirr'd away,
Mix up the whole you may—
All but the eggs, which are used as a border.

Take, take, plenty of seasoning;
A teaspoon of parsley that's chop'd in small pieces:
Though, though, the point will bear reasoning,
A small taste of onion the flavour increases.
As the sauce curdle may,
Should it; the process stay,
Patiently do it again in due order:
For, if you chance to spoil
Vinegar, eggs, and oil,
Still to proceed would on lunacy border.

Pius Hard Up.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* writing from Rome, says that the Jews will not lend the POPE any money. The *Tablet*, perhaps, will compare the British public to the Jews, because it refuses to give his Holiness any credit. Certainly we should not like to discount the Papal paper.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

COLONEL SIBTHORP declared, somewhat superfluously, and very emphatically, the other night, in the House of Commons, that he had never been inside the Crystal Palace. We think we can go further, and say, that, as none of the windows appear to have been mischievously broken, the probability is that the gallant Colonel has not only never been inside the building, but that he has never been even within a stone's throw of it. In avoiding any approximation to the Crystal Palace, we think the Honourable Member has shown his discretion; for, had he looked on the hated glass, and a pebble fallen in his way, he might have been tempted to carry his animosity to a most unwarrantable pitch.

Had the fate of the building trembled in the balance of an equally divided house, there can be little doubt that COLONEL SIBTHORP, in his anxiety to have a "shy" at it, would have been ready to knock it down with the casting vote.



WHICH IS ABOUT ALL THAT CAN BE SAID IN REPLY TO THE HONOURABLE MEMBER.

Military Question.

"A GENTLEMAN in the War-Office presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and would be glad to know in what Treatise upon the subject of Calibre, there is any mention made of the Great Severn Bore that the newspapers have been lately talking about."

THEORY OF THE SEA-SERPENT.



TESTATIONS of the sea-serpent's existence by persons who declare that they have seen that fabulous monster, are so frequent that they give us a very humiliating idea of the character of our species for veracity; for, if honest tars, as seamen are called, can relate such fictions, what sort of regard for truth can be expected of terrestrial individuals? what are we to be considered, in short, for the most part, but a set of lying land-lubbers? There is, however, good reason to hope that sailors are not, in general, wilfully imposing upon us in these narratives. Real objects often assume a strange appearance at sea. *The Times*, in a

leading article the other day, alluded to the famous case of the *Vulcan*:

"Which was bringing home despatches from the Cape, but overstayed her time two months, or some trifle of that sort, which was taken in tow by another Government steamer, which was taken in tow by a third, as her engines, too, had broken down."

A fleet of broken-down Government steamers with their masts and chimneys gone, all in tow, might, in a haze, be easily mistaken for an enormous reptile: and thus we can understand how mariners may very often imagine that they have seen the sea-serpent.

FAMINE AMONG THE FARMERS.

THE Agricultural Interest was, a short time ago, said to be in a desperate state, but there is every reason to believe it is worse off now. When the farmers were represented as being in the direst distress, we still were occasionally comforted by hearing that they had dined. We know that, if not every day, at least once a week or so, they enjoyed, here and there, a moderate and frugal repast of turtle and Julienne soup, turbot and lobster sauce, salmon—which was perhaps even *grillé en papillotes*—haunch of venison, Dartmoor mutton, or common roast sirloin, and the other coarser varieties of butchers' meat; poultry, accompanied, it might be, by the simple condiment of *Béchamel* sauce; a few entrées, such as *côtelettes de mouton à la Soubise*; with the slight addition of fricasseed lobsters, stewed mushrooms, oyster patties, curries, *noix de veau à l'oseille*; and a few other pretty, but plain, little tiny kickshaws; as partridges, snipes, pigeons *à la Macédoine*, leverets, wild-ducks, cabinet, plum, soufflé, and iced pudding, Charlotte Russe, blancmange, tipsy cake, jellies, creams, *Bavaroise en gelée*, and such-like homely belly-timber—none of your foreengineering delicacies—succeeded by a dessert of sound wholesome pine-apples, melons, grapes, peaches, and apricots, mixed with almond cakes and iced creams; solid substantial fare, washed down with good hearty draughts of sensible sterling Champagne, Moselle, Sherry, Madeira, Port, Claret, Burgundy, with no further luxury than nappy ale. This was pretty fair living. It was somewhat ascetic: still it allayed the cravings of hunger, and, perhaps, contributed in some measure to nutrition. Such a moderate collation, whilst the Whigs were in power, the poor farmers did occasionally contrive to enjoy in the refectory of some monastic hotel; but now their own friends, the Protectionists, have succeeded to office, we never hear of their dining at all, and have no reason to suppose that they take any food whatever, beyond the meagre domestic allowance of five meals a day. May their shadows never be less; but under a Protectionist Government, it does not seem likely that their backs will get very much broader.

Court (and Alley) Circular.

THERE was, on Saturday last, an Investiture of the most Honourable Order of the Warm Bath, at which one Knight—Grand Crossing-Sweeper—was in attendance. He was without his collar. The officers present were Scrubbing-Brush-at-Arms—and Legs—with Soft-Soap in waiting. Cabman in ordinary was also in attendance, wearing the leather and badge of his order. Knight Grand Crossing-Sweeper was introduced to the Bath by an officer of Engineers; and the hero of the day was subjected to a species of Hero Wash-up, equally novel and salubrious.

PUNCH'S PEERAGE.—To the Editor of Notes and Queries. Was the title of LORD FEVERSHAM conferred originally for professional merit on a physician?

DON'T SING, JOHANNAH.

Suggested by the popular Negro Melody, "Don't cry, Susannah."

I'm cheated, in a manner,
With a contract on my knee;
But they're trying to trepan her,
As the public, sure, must see.
In black and white it was all right—
This treatment's not the thing;
To terms with me you did agree,
JOHANNAH! won't you sing?
Oh, JOHANNAH! won't you sing for me?
I'm going to SIR JAMES PARKER upon my bended knee.

I jump'd on board a steamer,
And floated down de ribber,
And fifty pounds a night (too much!)
I did agree to gib her.
She wanted more—she ran to GYE;
'Twas not at all the thing;
I scarcely could believe my eye:
JOHANNAH, won't you sing?
Oh, JOHANNAH! won't you sing for me?
I'm going to SIR JAMES PARKER upon my bended knee.

I had a dream de oder night,
When every thing was still;
I thought that Covent Garden
JOHANNAH did not fill.
The public did not like her voice;
No money she did bring;
Says I, "My dear, go home again:
JOHANNAH! don't you sing!"
Oh, JOHANNAH! don't you sing for me!
I shall be glad to terminate the contract on my knee.

Now, when I go abroad again,
I mean to look around,
And see if more JOHANNAHS
Are nowhere to be found.
For, useless they who overboard;
Will an engagement fling;
For when she was relied upon,
JOHANNAH would not sing.
Oh, JOHANNAH! don't you sing for me!!
I'll find a *prima donna* who will less fickle be.

A WORTHY INSTANCE.

In speaking of the recent judgment by which the Court of First Instance in the department of the Seine has declared itself "competent" to deal with the Orleans Confiscation, the *Times* rightly remarks that—

"This is the first public act of any body of men in France since the 2nd of December, to remind the world that law has not altogether lost its force in that country, and that, however absolute political power may have become, there is still a bar to defend public rights, and judicial authority to define and enforce public obligations."

The Tribunal in question is therefore fitly named. Its title will be henceforth pregnant with a deep historical significance, mutely reminding us of this great present act—this memorable "First Instance" of Right resisting rampant Might, and of Justice contravening firmly the absolute Imperial will.

The name is significant, too, in yet another light, and we wonder that the Government advisers were apparently so blind to it. A glance would have shown them that the line of argument they used was anomalous and absurd. For how, in reason, could it be contended that the judges legally were bound to declare themselves "incompetent," when the question stood referred expressly to a Tribunal of the *Sane*?

The Present State of Parties.

THE present Parliament, after all, is not so aristocratic as it has been generally represented to be. It may be divided into two parties—the High Bred Party and the Low Bred Party.

THE HIGH BRED Party is the Protectionist Party, which goes in for dear Bread, at Protectionist prices.

THE LOW BRED Party is the Free Trade Party, which goes in for cheap Bread at Free Trade prices.



PERFORMANCE OF OUR FRIEND SIBBY, IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AFTER THE DECISION TO PULL DOWN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"SUCH A GETTING UP-STAIRS."

It used to be thought that the Court of Chancery was a fatally easy place to find one's way into, but a dreadfully difficult one to find one's way out of. Let us hope that in losing the former characteristic, it has lost the latter also. For now, as we learn from the Law reports in the daily papers, the Vice-Chancellors have been established in such inaccessible quarters in the new Palace at Westminster, that judges, counsel, solicitors, and suitors have the most serious difficulty in getting into them at all. One of the judges has lately been "taking a rule to compute" the number of steps up to his Court, and pronounces them to be eighty, and a witness, of eighty-four, being wanted for some purpose or other, his counsel had to pray that a commission might issue to examine him down-stairs, he being totally incapable of getting up the legal ladder to the cockloft in which poor TREMIS has been pushed by MR. BARRY. As to the wretched juniors, their legal lives are become a perpetual "motion of course," and the mere finding the Courts is become so difficult as almost to require a bill of discovery.

Now we have no objection that, as Chancery is, the accesses to its Courts should be made as uninviting as possible; but when our system of Equity is reformed, we should recommend that her seats should be transferred to the ground floor, unless MR. BARRY'S ingenuity can manage an ascending room like that which used to raise Colosseum-visitors to the Panorama of London.

We believe that this "Winding-up Act" would be a great relief both to Court and suitors. Only, instead of the sum of sixpence, which used to be paid for that easy ascent, we should propose a reduction of the charge to twopence, and that a Crier of the Court should be stationed at the door, to announce to clients—

"Two-pence more, and Up Goes the Donkey."

MACADAMIZATION IN A CHURCHYARD.

THE *North British Daily Mail* contains the paragraph following:—

"A gravestone in Middlesborough churchyard was broken and defaced last week, by order of the 'pastor,' the Rev. MR. PEXT, because the full amount agreed to be given to him for allowing it to be placed there, had not been paid."

SHAKESPEARE says that there are sermons in stones. From a fragment of the gravestone described to have been broken as above, perhaps it would be possible to extract an edifying homily on avarice.

It is rather scandalous that "pastors" should derive a part of their living from fees for the erection of memorials in churchyards. This reduces the "pastor," or "shepherd" to a level with the sheep that are sometimes turned into those consecrated precincts, and fatten themselves by grazing over the dead.

A Thing Difficult to Imagine.

IN one of the late astronomical accounts, the writer, warming with his subject, says, "there is at present visible on the sun's disc a fine group of spots." We hope we are not destitute of imagination, but, for the life of us, we cannot imagine "a fine group of spots." The astronomer in question must have looked at the sun with the eye of a Macassar.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PALACE.

IMPROVISED BY A FINE GENTLEMAN.

OH dem that absawd Cwystal Palace! alas,
What a pity they took off the duty on glass!
It's having been ewaw ewected, in fact,
Was en-ti-a-ly owing to that foolish act.

Wha-ewaw they put it a cwozd it will dwaw,
And that is the weason I think it a baw;
I have no gweat dislike to the building, as satch;
The People is what I object to sa match.

The People!—I weally am sick of the wawd:
The People is ugly, unpleasant, absawd;
Wha-ewaw they go, it is always the case,
They are shaw to destwoy all the chawm of the place.

Their voices are loud, and their laughter is hawse;
Their featyaws are fabys, iwegulaw, cawse;
How seldom it is that their faces disclose,
What one can call, pwopally speaking, a nose!

They have dull heavy looks, which appeaw to express
Disagweeable stwuggles with common distwess;
The People can't dwess, doesn't know how to walk,
And would uttaly wuin a spot like the Pawk.

That I hate the People is maw than I'll say;
I only would have them kept out of my way.
Let them stay at the pothouse, wejoice in the pipe,
And wegale upon beew, baked patatas, and twipe.

We must have the People—of that tha's no doubt—
In shawt they could not be, pahaps, done without.
If 'twa not faw the People we could not have Boots.
Tha's no doubt that they exawcise usefual pasuits.

They are all vewy well in their own pwopa spheew,
A long distance off; but I don't like them neew;
The slams is the place faw a popula show;
Don't encouwege the People to spoil Wotten Wow.

It is odd that the DUKE OF AWGYLL could pasue
So eccentwic a cawse, and LAD SHAFTESBUWY too,
As to twy and pwesawve the Glass House on its site,
Faw no weason on awth but the People's delight.

Festivities in Downing Street.

ON Tuesday, last week, to celebrate the EARL OF DERBY'S attaining his majority (on the Militia Bill), a goose was roasted whole at the official residence of the noble Earl, in Downing Street. The goose, which was a green one, of course, was generously supplied, notwithstanding political differences, by the noble leader of the Opposition.

GENTLE HINT TO PROTECTIONISTS.—The most unpleasant kind of Pinching is—Pinching the Belly.

OBTAINING MONEY ON ELECTRO-BIOLOGICAL PRETENCES.



CERTAIN philosophers are going about the town and country, performing experiments in what they call "Electro-Biology," on persons who are, in the language of their announcements, "in a perfectly wakeful state." The experiments consist in causing the subjects of them to imagine various things, and to mistake these fancies for realities. Of a truth, the Professors of Electro-Biology can, it would appear, make some persons, who are not asleep, though at the same time they are hardly wide awake, the victims of the most extraordinary delusions. In the *Times*, a few days since, appeared an advertisement, headed "ELECTRO-BIOLOGY," informing the public that—

MR. — begs to announce that he will form a CLASS for INSTRUCTION in this SCIENCE, at the —, on Wednesday, May 5, at 12 o'clock. The whole will be given in one lesson, which will be £1. 1s.

Electro-biology thus appears to be a science—or perhaps it would be more correct to say an art—by which it is possible to extract money, in some quantity, from people's pockets. Such individuals, however, must be peculiarly constituted; their pecuniary substance largely preponderating over their cerebral development. The whole secret of Electro-biology, elsewhere charged a guinea for, shall be given in this present number of *Punch* for threepence, with an abundance of other information in the highest degree instructive and equally entertaining into the bargain. A lot of people have each of them a disc of zinc and copper placed in the palm of the hand, and are set to stare at it, or to stare simply at the palm of the hand, or the end of a walking-stick, or a fiddle-stick,—in short, at any fixed object. It appears that, after they have continued staring in this manner some time, a certain number of them will be found to have stared themselves out of their senses. In this state, their minds, naturally perhaps not strong, are so completely under the control of the directors of the process, that whatever he suggests to them in a confident tone, they believe. What is strange, and no less deplorable, is, that in a popular assembly the number of those who are so susceptible of this delusive influence is so great. The fact is psychologically interesting, as indicating how large is the impressible or gullible portion of the human species; and helping us to account, philosophically, for faith in MAHOMET, IRVING, THOM, Agapemonians, Addoloratas, Estaticas, and winking Images.

ELECTION ANACREONTIC.

GATHER ye bank-notes, while ye may;
The happy time is flitting;
The Member canvassing to-day,
To-morrow will be sitting.
That glorious crib, the *Rising Sun*,
Where patriots are glowing,
Too soon its brilliant course is run,
Its beer will soon stop flowing.

Leisure for Reflection.

THE present provisional position of the Protectionist Ministry being likely to continue till the next Session of Parliament, is a fortunate circumstance for them. It will give them time to turn round.

THE POPE'S RIFLE-CLUB.

THE Irish Brigade is a corps that has been organised for purposes of anti-national defence. The weapon of this gallant band is the blunderbuss.

THE STAMP OF INIQUITY.—The Government Stamp on a Box of Quack Pills.

THE FARMER'S MEASURE.

THIS morn to the taailor's I goes;
And, if thee wouldst know my intent,
I wanted a noo zuit o' clothes,
And zo to be mizhured I went.
I says to the taailor, says I,
"Now what dost thee meak me round here?"
"Two inches," he says, "pretty nigh,
Above what thee mizhured last year."

"My waaiscoat a wants lettun out,"
I then to the tailor did zay;
Says he, "And thy qucoat, too, no doubt,
And thy breeches, a precious good way?"
"How is't I be gettun zo fat?"
Says I; "drat if I understand:
Why, I ought to be lane as a rat,
In these terrable times vor the land."

"What meakes thee so fat, mun?" says he,
"It don't want no Moses to tell;
It is atun and drinkun so vree,
Which meakes thee to plim and to zwell:
'Tis vrom all that ere bacon and beef,
'Long of all that strong beer and poort wine;
Good livun, depen' pon't's the chief
Occasion thy waistband won't jine."

"I han't, tho'," I says, "vlung away
Much money in spilun my shape."
Says the taailor, "Why, no, I dare zay;
For now-a-days victuals be chape.
Thy clothes, too, don't cost thee zo much,
I knows, as they used to, not near."
"Well, there I will own that the touch,"
I says to 'un, "baint zo zevere."

"All this my LARD DERBY's found out,"
Says the taailor, "and Dizzy likewise;
And that's why they're turnun about,
'Cause why, it have open'd their eyes.
They zeas, wherezoever they goes,
Less rags, and moor victuals to eat;
And that 'tis but in but'nun his clothes,
That the Farmer can't make both ends meet."



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF YOU PLEASE, I WILL SING A SONG."

The Cry of the Protectionist.

THE poor Protectionist has, since Protection has been so cruelly abandoned, greater reason to cry now than ever; but, as he little expected that abandonment to come from the high quarter it has done, he will probably be crying out for another kind of Protection, and his cry henceforth will be, "Protect me from my friends."

ANYTHING BUT A HIT.—The Engineers' Strike.

REVIEW.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

In Three Columns, folio, by JENKINS.



LONG time has elapsed since the genius of JENKINS has found such a theme for his pen as the marriage of the youngest daughter of the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND. It is difficult to throw much passion into a paragraph descriptive of a *thé dansante*, or to hang the wild flowers of poesy upon such a peg as the "Arrivals at Mivart's Hotel;" but the marriage alluded to above has seized JENKINS by the shoulder-knot, and shaken him out of the drowsiness into which he had lately fallen. Any one who peruses the work now under review will rise from the treat with a thorough

conviction that JENKINS has lost none of that soft, plush-like tone of sentiment, that delicate tracery of gold lace, and that cocked-hat-like pointedness of observation that have formed, as it were, the literary livery by which the works of the same hand may be generally recognised. The opening passage is artistically arranged; for, like a common-place street-door passage, it has nothing to arrest the attention—nothing, in fact, for the imagination of the reader to stop at, or to tumble over. The passage is simply introductory to the outside of the Chapel Royal, which we find described as a "great point of attraction," guarded only by a "necessarily obdurate verger," whose character is very beautifully, though briefly, shadowed out to us. This officer is touchingly represented with a human and an official side, between which a struggle is kept up with such fact that, at the moment when we are expecting the man to give way, for the purpose of throwing open the Chapel doors, the verger stands before us in a state of "obituary," which JENKINS, by describing as "necessary," has artistically redeemed from utter hatefulness.

With a disregard of the unities which only genius can dare to show, we are suddenly hurried from place to place, and the Pegasus, which has just pulled up opposite the Chapel Royal, whisks us, with all the impetuosity of a runaway cab, to the front of Stafford House. Here we find a touch of comedy to relieve the more serious interest of the work, for we are informed that "the period appointed for the ceremony was one o'clock—a fact not generally known, in consequence of which the spectators assembled at a much earlier hour." There is a sly, quiet humour in all this, which proves the writer to be quite as much at home in the cap of Momus, as in the black worsted wig of Melpomene. Happily, the misguided public enjoyed their own discomfort, for "the crowd," says JENKINS, "bore the delay with great good temper."

We are next introduced to some of the guests; and, in the announcement of the arrival of the carriages, JENKINS, of course feeling himself at home, proceeds, with characteristic volubility. The opening of the hall-door for the admission of the company, enables the author to get a better view of the inside of the house than he has yet enjoyed, dependent as he must hitherto have been on a glimpse through the area rails, or a few stray peeps, cut short continually by the Police, through the unguarded key-hole. Turning rapidly to account the opportunity of getting a glimpse at the hall, JENKINS catches a sight of the pillars supporting the roof, and in a moment he finds the subject for a passage of rare poetic beauty, in which he speaks glowingly of "Plinths," decorated "with masses of verdant moss, thickly starred with primroses." There is something bold and novel in the idea of putting stars upon moss, which, being a production of the earth, suggests the startling figure of the world turned upside down, with the stars on the ground, or the moss in the sky; an alternative which JENKINS, when he has ascertained whether he is upon his head or his heels, will, perhaps, make choice of.

Our author now penetrates further than the hall; and we accompany him to the banqueting-room, where his poetic eye darts upon an object which he has thus immortalised:—

"In the centre," says JENKINS, "rising from a settee, sprang a gigantic group of lilies, and other appropriate emblems." What a new fact in botany do we thus acquire! We learn that a "lily" is an "appropriate object" to a "settee"—a truth we should as soon have expected to be told, as that a crop of parsley would look natural at home, springing out of no other bed than a feather-bed.

After taking us on tip-toe to the door of the picture-gallery, and inviting us to take a peep at "two circular seats of honour"—a some-

what circuitous phrase for a pair of music-stools—JENKINS hurries the reader to the landing, where "the bride was seen descending the grand staircase, resting on the arm of her noble father."

At this point of the proceedings, JENKINS seems to have been detected as an intruder; for the next paragraph or chapter of his novel commences with the intimation, that "the scene *outside* the mansion was a curious one"—a passage graphically indicative of a sudden change in the author's whereabouts. "From an early hour in the morning," he continues, "many of the humbler friends of the noble family had taken up their stations near the porch;" and among these "humbler friends," we now seem to see JENKINS patiently clinging round the eligible stem of a friendly lamp-post. Notwithstanding the obvious reverse of circumstances the writer has clearly experienced—notwithstanding the change of position—JENKINS never allows his shirt-front to be ruffled by any indignant swelling of the bosom; for he adds, that "the greatest good-humour, *however*, prevailed." The word "*however*" shadows forth more touchingly than any direct terms of complaint could convey, the fine sense of wounded dignity that JENKINS mentally groans under. He is no longer in the hall, or on the staircase! He is among "the humbler friends of the noble family, near the porch." His post is, not by any means the post of honour; but "the greatest good-humour, *however*, prevailed."

In this trying position he joins in the "cheers of welcome" of the rest of the mob as the bride goes forth from her home, and, sinking the wounded flunkey in the *gamin*, we find him one of the first of the "boys" in a rush to the Chapel Royal. Here we catch another glimpse of the stern yet tender verger—the "necessarily obdurate" but naturally yielding—with a heart of Portland stone and putty; a being whose humanity might be turned with a straw, but whose sense of duty is not to be stunned by a crowbar, and who would inevitably have let in the crowd pell-mell from Pall Mall, but for the fact that "his instructions were peremptory;" and thus by not being less than verger, he became somewhat more than man. Excluded from the Chapel, JENKINS has an opportunity of describing the dresses of some of the visitors; and he has been particularly attracted by the bonnet of a Duchess, which enables him to display his proficiency in the French language; for he learnedly describes the article as a *paille de fantaisie*, instead of descending to the vulgar term of "fancy straw."

With a grasp of mind worthy of that which dashes "25,000 honncts" into a single window, JENKINS proceeds to play with the head-dresses of the company in a strain of luxuriant richness that is rarely met with even "in the limits of an advertisement." He playfully alludes to one as "an elegant hat;" another he touches off lightly as "a bonnet of tulle;" while a third he gloriously pictures as "particularly novel, being composed of white lace, embroidered with green and white grass." We have already seen how JENKINS can put stars upon moss, and otherwise change the face of nature, so that we are not unprepared for his introduction of an article we are justified in labelling as "quite new," in the shape of "white grass." Whether Nature will ever adopt the idea which JENKINS has been so generous as to suggest to her, may be doubtful; but in the mean time "white grass" seems to be a *fait accompli* as far as the productions of fashion are concerned.

We will not follow the author back to the mansion; nor will we join with him in his conversations with the tradesmen who supplied some of the wedding presents, and whose addresses are paraded at full length—the grateful consequence of such conversation—in the body of our author's work; but we will hurry with him to the *dénouement*, in which we find him appearing in a new and somewhat startling character. No longer the "humble friend" of the noble family "at the porch,"—the hanger-on of the house by its nearest lamp-post—we trace the devoted JENKINS as the "enthusiastic attendant," who, "with a mixed feeling of kindness, humour, and superstition, rushed from behind the stalwart porter as the carriage drove off, and threw an old shoe for luck after the receding pair." Such devotion ought not to go without its reward; for the man who leaves himself without a shoe to his foot, has well earned the wages of a flunkeyism, so unsurpassingly ridiculous as to tread almost on the heels of the sublime.

POETRY IN PARLIAMENT.

SPEAKING in favour of MR. COBDEN's proposed amendment to the Militia Bill, MR. BRIGHT is reported to have said,

"In his boyhood he remembered that the cry was for reliance upon 'the wooden walls of Old England,' and poets made songs and odes of all kinds on the subject, such as—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

Thy pardon, good friend BRIGHT. With all due deference to thy judgment as touching poetry, not many kinds of odes and songs were made at the time thou alludest to, or indeed have ever been made, *such* as the noble lines wherewith thou art represented to have embellished thine oration.

MARK LANE MOURNING FOR PROTECTION.

Mark Lane, May 5.

PUNCH has received the following official communication:—

Orders for the Lane's going into mourning on the 12th of May, for his late Absurd Highness of Prices, Protection.

The ladies to wear smut-coloured silk, with head-dress of blighted barley. Necklace and ear-rings of closed but-tercups and daisies. Fans of back numbers of the *Standard* and *Morning Post*.

The gentlemen to wear coats of a JUDAS-colour, witheringly typical of the treachery that, at the last, disposed of all hopes of His Highness of Prices, Protection. Fringed or plain sack-



cloth, no swords (chivalry being gone with 50s. per quarter); and smalls negligently unbuckled. Hair with powder of the finest coat-ask.

The Lane to change mourning on the 13th of May, viz:—

The ladies to come out as like rainbows as fancy and millinery will permit. Fans and tippets of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speeches. Head-dress of finest specimens of British corn.

The gentlemen to wear coats of many colours—(BENJAMIN's compliment to the foreign corn-dealer JOSEPH)—and in every respect to be as jolly as possible.

And on the 20th of May the Lane to go out of mourning; always with the understanding, that any mourning remains to go out of.

' RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Anent the half-threatened Reversal of the Orleans Confiscation by the "competent" Tribunal of the Seine.

THERE was a little chap,
And his name was LITTLE NAP,
And his heart was black as his head, head, head;
To a Palace he did come,
And there stole an Orleans "Plum,"
And deprived a noble Family of bread, bread, bread.

Now that "Theft" is nothing more
Than the synonyme for "Law,"
A lunatic Tribunal might maintain, tain, tain;
But we firmly hope the Day
Of Retribution may
Soon dawn beneath the Judgment of the Sane, Sane, Sane.

The Drama of Real Life.

LOLA MONTES is about to appear in a drama—written by an American play-writer—in which she will represent the heroine of her own private and public life. The author, faithful to his charge, and anxious to make the play as literal as possible, has written to various of the living characters, who have been upon the said scene of real life, offering them engagements; among others, to the worthy MR. HARDWICK, of Marlborough Street, who adjudicated on the celebrated charge of bigamy. We understand that MR. HARDWICK, with his known courtesy, has returned an answer, acknowledging the compliment, but desiring to know—before he decides either way—if his late Majesty, the Ex-king of Bavaria, has yet acceded to terms for a limited engagement?

CAPITAL NAME FOR A NEW INK.—The best ink for perusing must be undoubtedly "The Inca of all the Perus." (Murder!)

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FRENCH.

(As Utopia-cised by MR. CORBEN.)

THEY are so extremely polite that, if a revolution is going on—which is not at all improbable—it is always a great difficulty to get the troops to fire. A whole regiment will ground their muskets, and, taking their shakos off to the insurgents, say with the greatest good-humour, "*Après vous, Messieurs.*"

Should any stranger, or lady, accidentally be in the streets whilst an *émeute* is going on, the firing instantly ceases, a guard of honour is appointed to escort the stranger to his abode, and it is only on the return of that guard of honour, that hostilities (if the civilities which are paid by one side to another are worthy of that name) are renewed.

If two officers quarrel, it is customary for them to breakfast together beforehand, and if either is wounded, it is the opponent always who insists upon paying the expenses. But they have so great a delicacy in wounding each other, that the duel is sometimes protracted for hours at a time; so that when they are too exhausted to continue any longer, they will quietly stop and smoke a cigar together, and then go on fighting again as if nothing had occurred.

A French *Huissier* does not come down suddenly upon his victim as an English Sheriff's Officer does, but writes to him the previous day, to give him notice he is going to arrest him, and he hopes he will so far oblige him as to keep out of the way.

When there is an execution in France, an audible shudder runs through the kingdom, from one end to the other.

The man who breaks an oath is universally shunned as a monster, who, if the temptation offered itself, wouldn't scruple to break a child's plaything!

If LOUIS NAPOLEON was to be tried for high treason to-morrow, and convicted, I doubt if a single Frenchman could be found to execute the sentence upon him.

There are no butchers, properly speaking, in France. The little innocent calves are killed by chloroform; the sheep fall lifeless in a minute before the galvanic battery, and the oxen die comparatively happy, being asphyxiated at the *abattoirs*, by the friendly agency of Charcoal.

You never see a paper-knife in France, but it is made either of ivory or wood!

If a Frenchman at the Theatre wants to cough or to sneeze, he always goes outside to do it.

You may be in a French *Café* for hours, and you will never hear any

intolerant noise, nor horrible asseverations, nor a single injurious epithet. Everything is as friendly, as quiet, as a family wedding.

If the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA with his army of Cossacks was to knock at five o'clock this evening at the gates of Paris, and demand admission, I really believe, such is the Frenchman's horror of war, that ST. ARNAUD would wait upon him, and presenting his sword, exclaim—"*Entrez, mon brave.*"

As for invading England, the notion is so comical to any one, who knows the French as I do, that it only deserves to be laughed at. Even supposing such a preposterous thing was to be seriously decreed by the present PRESIDENT—the Frenchmen, with their well-known gallantry, would, I am confident, insist upon a month's notice at least being given to the Englishmen, with a request that they would be obliging enough to appoint the day upon which they would like to receive the French.

As for the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, I firmly believe he would be so idolised, if he were to visit France, that he would find a great difficulty in ever getting back to England again!

Editorial Intelligence.

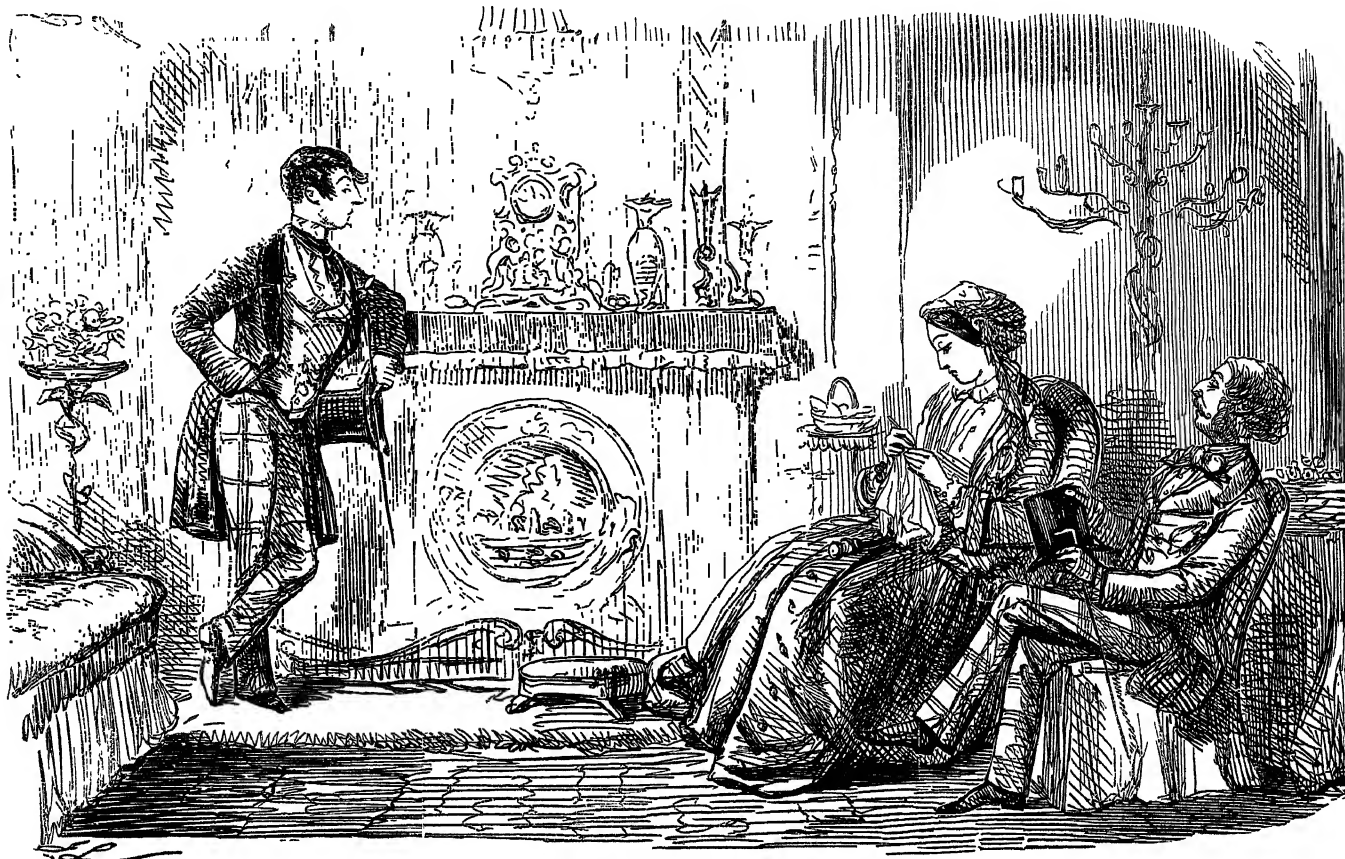
WE see advertised a little book under the title of "*The Editor's County Court Guide.*" We must say this is very complimentary to the Fourth Estate. Does it mean that editors are so frequently in the County Court that they need the assistance of a Guide there? or is it a timely publication for the benefit of Protectionist Editors, who, since Protection has been flung to the winds, will be so distressed that they will be probably making their appearances every day in the County Court? If so, as it is most cowardly to attack a fallen body, we recommend the withdrawal of the offensive epithet.

PASSAGES OF RAPID EXECUTION.

MADemoiselle WAGNER will execute but two musical passages, we are afraid, in this country. The one will be her passage from Hamburg to London—and the other, her passage back again.

The Arabs in Paris.

LOUIS NAPOLEON invited certain of the Arab chiefs to Paris, where he proposed to show them how, with French hospitality, he could keep open house. At the same time he has evinced the determination to show to ABD-EL-KADER how, in despite of French honour, he can keep him.



WHAT THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES.

Honourable Mr. Fiddle. "I WISH THAT CONCEITED ASS, FADDLE, WOULD GO!"

Captain Fiddle. "THAT STUPID IDIOT, FIDDLE, NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S IN THE WAY!"

Rich Widow. "I SHALL BE UNCOMMONLY GLAD WHEN BOTH OF THESE SIMPLETONS TAKE THEIR DEPARTURE."

SWEETS FROM IRELAND.

THE shillelah is to be displaced by the beet-root: for bruises, we are to have sweets; for thumps of the head, lumps of sugar! Yes; the Irish Beet-root Sugar Company have appeared in saccharine glory in the Dublin market, and already threaten Hindostan. Already does the Irish Beet-root blush with victory over the pale Demerara cane! "The sample"—writes the *Mercantile Reporter*—"is as bright as East Indian produce, with a better grain!" Think of that! "We could not discover the least difference from the produce of the cane!" Shall we go on?

"The rates at which the five samples sold are 35s. 6d. for the highest, and 34s. 6d. each for the other four—being from 3s. to 4s. higher than marks of similar qualities from the Indies bring at present in the Dublin market."

Will not Exeter Hall reverberate with the shout of triumph? No more slave-grown sugar; but sugar—brighter than that with Indian suns in its grain—sugar grown by the Celt!

The lazy West Indian negro—the contented pumpkin-consumer, hateful to gods and THOMAS CARLYLE—will, in his sluggish slumbers, be tortured with the nightmare. Paddy, twenty times increased, with beet-root magnified to the mast of "some tall ammiral," dancing upon the blackamoors' sooty breast, and calling upon him to get up, and bring out his cane, and meet him with it in open market, like a man!

Why, beet-root shall be to Ireland the root of all goodness. Sweets found in Ireland! Think of that, contemplative men, who tread the wharf of Liverpool—the quay of Bristol,—and see vomited from hundreds of ships, to crawl like wingless vermin over the country, tens of thousands of Irish; the sons and daughters of beggary; the blight of their own land, and the curse of the Saxon.

And now sweets from Ireland! No more rags—no more dirt and disease, but—fine samples of beet-root sugar: sugar so perfect, so bright in grain, it might have been grown on the Plains of Hindostan, in the plantations of Tobago.

And this, too, this new triumph to follow the hopes of flax cultiva-

tion that shall in due season clothe Ireland from head to foot in white raiment. Why, the beautiful vision of glorious TOM MOORE shall be materially rendered by means of beet-root and flax; we mean the vision enshrined in—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a snow-white wand in her hand she bore!"

The gems shall be sugar crystallised from beet-root; and the snow-white wand, the whitest sugar-stick. And for her robes, they shall be of woven flax, grown in Irish earth, and typical of the long pure days of peace and innocence in store for the land.

Meanwhile, give your orders for Irish sugar.

DISCOURAGEMENT OF INDUSTRY.

A QUESTION—of some importance to the inhabitants of the suburbs, whose houses lie a little back from the road—is, how travelling bell-hangers know that their gate-bell-wires are—as they continually are—broken, and those artificers as constantly calling to ask if they may mend them?

The presumption is, that when bell-wires are broken, housekeepers have them repaired, without waiting to be solicited to do so. Is the contrary so much the case, that it is worth a workman's while to examine all the gate-bell-wires of a district on the speculation of finding a number to mend? Or can it be that the job is cut out for himself by the gentleman who wants it? We commend this possibility—or rather strong probability—to the attention of the Police.

Wonderful Unanimity.

LOUIS NAPOLEON claims the fact of no one having risen in the Senate and protested against his Government, as a tacit acknowledgment of its popularity. It is certainly very tacit, and for the best of all good reasons—no one is allowed to speak in it.



THE DOWNING STREET CAD.

Conductor. "WOULD ANY 'PARTY' GO OUT TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

MR. DISRAELI'S PICTURES.



THE Royal Academy Dinner of 1852 will, for all time, be a great day in Art. Among the countless amenities and courtesies that made the delightful atmosphere of that dinner-time, the complimentary suggestion of LORD JOHN RUSSELL to the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, is safe from oblivion; and for this gratifying cause—it has already borne the most delicious fruit.

THE EARL OF DERBY first complimented MR. DISRAELI, with a graceful allusion to his portrait behind him.

(By-the-way, how is it that, since the success of the Right Honourable Gentleman, he is made to look considerably handsomer than heretofore? But, doubtless, physical beauty comes with worldly prosperity.)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL followed; and in his generous homage to his opponent, paid the versatility of his genius a sweet, a touching compliment. His Lordship said,—

"I ventured, last year, to observe that it was remarkable how many persons, eminent in the arts, had succeeded in literature, and that we had no better works than those written by painters, who at the same time were at the head of their profession; but I stated that I had not remarked that many of those great in literary eminence had shown similar proficiency in the art of painting."

There is no doubt that the artist's intellect has a larger scope, describes a wider circle, than the merely literary mind.—Goose-quills, to some extent, compress the intellect: whereas, brains are apt to enlarge with pig's-bristles. We cannot account for the sympathy, but firmly believe in it. LORD JOHN continued:—

"MR. BURKE and MR. MACAULAY were both famous in literature, but I do not know that either of them could produce a picture equal to any in this room. Now, this is an arena which yet remains open for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (*cheers and laughter*); and, as he has succeeded in so many things already, I hope he will try to succeed in the fine arts as he has done in literature, and, as I must say, he has done in political science. (*Great laughter and cheering.*)"

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER bowed, but said nothing. It was, however, observed by those who narrowly watched him—(and he has of late become an object of even affectionate watchfulness)—that he wrote a few words on a card, handed it to his footman, and immediately rendered himself to the geniality of the hour.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER returned home early; when—according to his directions written in cipher on that card—he found a studio prepared. There were easels, canvases of all sizes, palettes, paints, brushes—with even living models waiting in the hall! Everything that makes the happiest man. MR. DISRAELI, like an energetic man of genius, having first burnt a very handsome proof impression of the portrait of LORD PALMERSTON, as a thank-offering to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, immediately, and before going to sleep, which is evidently not the case with every painter—began his first picture. Yes: the words of the late Premier were still musical—as fairy wings—in the atmosphere. He would try to succeed in the fine arts, as he had done in literature, and—yes—and in political science.

So rapid has been the progress of MR. DISRAELI, that at the time of our going to press he had absolutely dashed off a dozen pictures—Cabinet pictures. All these years had he been full of oils, and never knew it. He seemed to have in his soul—instantaneously transmissible through the fingers—every colour of *Harlequin's* jacket: that he could not but acknowledge himself—privately and confidentially in the solitude of that studio—a born political painter.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with a private view of these pictures of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; and violates no confidence by despairingly attempting to describe them.

Portrait of Lord John Russell, in the Windsor Uniform, delivering his sword to Lord Palmerston, as Full Militiaman of the First Bottle-holders. That this should be the virgin subject of his untried palette, speaks equally for the head and heart of the Right Honourable Painter: it, however, speaks more for the artist. There is great dignity in the manner with which LORD JOHN resigns the sword; the feeling, assisted by a lurking expression that seems to say, "Never mind, I shall soon have it again."

A Back View of Mr. Alderman Salomons, as he retired from the House of Commons.—This is handled with great felicity of touch; the

distance is beautifully marked: indeed, as with some of the pictures of REMBRANDT, the obscurity seems to deepen as we look upon it. We absolutely gaze upon the receding form of the ejected Hebrew, until it seems to depart clean out of the picture; but this, of course, is a delusion.

Wild Oats—A Portrait of Benjamin Disraeli, as he appeared at Marylebone between Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell.—The artist has shown great courage, and no less humour, in this bold, this stinging work. He has painted himself as very young, indeed, with a face green and immature as a very early peascod. He looks the incarnation of innocence; whilst his sponsors seem interchanging glances, as much as to say, "We've got him!" Nevertheless, with all the innocence lying on the face of BENJAMIN, like dew upon a daisy, we cannot feel quite so certain of the fact.

Portrait of the Earl of Derby as Plenty.—This picture is well begun; but—as the head alone is finished, and the cornucopia merely rubbed in—*Punch* cannot, as a critic of conscience, say what will come of it.

Thrown Overboard.—This will be a very bold picture: a ship in a tempest, with somebody being thrown overboard: we cannot at present decide, whether the subject is sacred or profane; whether the victim will be *Protection* or JONAH.

The British Farmer with his Nose out of Joint, is merely rubbed in; but will no doubt be elaborately finished by the Right Honourable Artist.

We confess to one little bit of treachery. Ere quitting the studio, we turned one canvas from the wall, and found sketched upon it the outlines of "*A Statue of BENJAMIN DISRAELI*," with his back "towards Mark Lane, and his face towards the Caucasus."

A NEW CONVIVIAL SONGSTER.

WE have plenty of drinking songs, but no eating songs, and we do not see why the latter should not be substituted for the former, now that the practice of sitting over one's wine is nearly exploded, and the table owes much less to the bottle than to the bottle-jack. Conviviality, as far as liquids are concerned, is virtually at an end, and therefore, unless the solids can be converted into subjects of harmony, we fear that the separation between hospitality and a song will become unavoidable. We are desirous of doing what we can to promote the harmony of the festive board, and beginning, therefore, with a sort of compromise between the fluids and the substantials, we have selected Soup, as a theme, upon which we may meet half-way the drinkers and the eaters, who may wish to combine song with a satisfaction of their appetites.

AIR—"Come, send round the Wine."

Come, serve out the Soup—'tis my honest belief,

That those who reject it are obstinate fools;

The time that's allowed is by far too brief

To be wasted in *etiquette's* idle rules.

Your Soup may be Turtle, and mine may be Pea,

But while they are served at the same gay board,

The fool who would quarrel that both don't agree,

Deserves not to stay if the party is bored.

Shall I ask the gay *gourmand* who sits at my side,

Imbibing a basin of splendid Ox-Tail,

To give up the soup he has tasted and tried,

Because to discover its virtues I fail?

From the rich calipash am I ask'd to refrain,

Because to some tastes it comes rather amiss?

No! perish the notion: so, help me again;

No other soup reaches a standard like this.

Handsome Compliment to Rosas.

THE proprietors of the Zoological Gardens have, in the handsomest manner, sent a free admission to Rosas to attend the feeding time of the tigers. There was a laudable endeavour made to stimulate the appetite of the boa, to swallow, in honour of our distinguished guest, a live kid; but reptiles are so wayward, the creature would neither be coaxed nor threatened; and so the *fêle* stands over.

"THE EAR OF THE NATION" IS A VERY DEAF ONE.

A FOREIGNER, speaking of the House of Commons, says: "So difficult is it for anything to be heard inside its gorgeous walls, that the impatient Members are obliged to be continually calling out, 'Hear! Hear! Hear!'"

AN UNPUBLISHED MAXIM OF THE LATE MRS. TRIMMER.—A dull boy, if you will allow me, may be likened to a lamp, which becomes all the brighter occasionally for a little trimming.

ANATOMY OF A MAJORITY.

FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



BRIGHT, JOHN.—A gentleman of liberality; advocate of popular rights, man of the people, and all that sort of matter.

CABELL, BENJAMIN BOND.—Philanthropist after dinner, with the "QUEEN, God bless her!" One cheer more, and all and every knife - and - fork clatter.

CHANDOS, MARQUESS OF.—Son of a duke, and therefore thinks the Crystal Palace an invasion on the Row of Rotten.

CODDEN, RICHARD.—Thinks Crystal very well,

and would vote for it, if the Crystal were only Cotton.

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN.—Is a Minister, says "No;" and shall say no more.

DRUMMOND, HOME.—Is not a Minister; but has always thought—still thinks—and will continue to think the Crystal Palace an infernal bore.

GRANBY, MARQUESS OF.—Believes the Palace, if kept, an invasion upon public faith.

HUDSON, GEORGE.—Knows exactly what that means, as all England saith.

INGLIS, SIR ROBERT.—Is of opinion that the Palace would make the lower orders forget their Bishops and their Church.

MANNERS, LORD JOHN.—Asks who in the world is the People; but begs that old Nobility may not be left in the lurch.

MOLESWORTH, SIR WILLIAM.—As the Editor of *HOBBS*, says the People shall not even have *HOBSON'S* choice.

SEYMOUR, LORD.—Declares, certainly not; and that is his most decided, and his singularly most exclusive voice.

SIBTHORP, COLONEL.—"Crystal Palace!"—"Hail-storm!"—"Brick bats!"—"Blazes!"—"Lightning!"—"Thunder!"

SPOONER, RICHARD.—Begs the Colonel will not swear; but as for the Crystal Palace, that *must* knock under.

Other reasons were given—all equally good, and all equally stringent—Which the givers, *Punch* hopes, will discover, on the General Election that's contingent.

"GOOD FAITH."

THE present Government are most heroically anxious to keep "good faith." They wanted to preserve the Crystal Palace, but "good faith" did not allow them. Accordingly this "good faith" is flung like a big stone against the building, and smashes it as easily as a barley-sugar temple. This principle of "good faith," when properly exercised, is a very noble one, but was it always so rigidly observed by the British Government? Isn't there a brazen monument to the contrary opposite Apsley House? Wasn't the Statue of His Equestrian Highness the Duke allowed to be hoisted up to its present eminence, upon the "good faith" that it was to come down again if the height was not found to diminish its hideousness? It never has come down again; and so what becomes of the boasted "good faith" of the Government? They can break it when a Duke is concerned, but when the education of the entire people is concerned, they observe it with a nicety of punctiliousness that would be highly amusing if the result had not been so humiliating. The Crystal Palace has been pulled down in obedience to "good faith." The Wellington Statue should be made to bow to the same principle, and be whipped off its present elevation. Will the Government have the "good faith" to do it?

Wonderful Instinct of a French Eagle.

AN eagle—a French eagle—is missing from the trophies of Chelsea Hospital, said to have been stolen. How mean and unimaginative the charge! The fact is, the heroic bird on the coming tenth of May was suddenly animated by the guardian saint of France, and is—at the time of our writing—expected to perch upon the head of *LOUIS NAPOLEON* in the Champs-de-Mars. If the thing succeeds as expected, he will be immediately saluted emperor!

MOTTO FOR A STOVE.—"Register! Register! Register!"

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER VII.

I HOPE I have done right. But Papa had gone up from Brighton to town, and I had no one to consult. It came upon me so unexpectedly, too, and had to be disposed of directly. Right or wrong—but I am sure I was right—the question is settled, and so is the REVEREND ICHABOD BLARE.

We used to see a good deal of him when we lived at Hampstead, I was going to say because he had a chapel somewhere in Camden Town, but it might be more correct to say, because papa was very hospitable. Before he retired from business, he used regularly to walk home from the City; and it was quite astonishing how often the REVEREND MR. BLARE happened to cross his road just in time to catch him. Sometimes the REVEREND ICHABOD would pop out near Mother Red Cap's, ramming some tracts into his pocket as soon as he was sure papa had seen them; sometimes he would be descending Haverstock Hill, reading a little book, and would nearly run over papa, before pretending to recognise him. Then he would look up with a very sweet smile, and say with a sort of sigh,

"Ah, my friend! So the toil of the day is over, and the labourer returns to his rest? Well—well—well." And with each of the last three words he would pat papa gently on the arm, as if compassionating his need of rest, and not judging him too austere for going home to dinner.

Papa understood it all perfectly well, and when the dinner-bell rang, and I managed to meet him and kiss him as he came out of his dressing-room, he used to tell me, in a low droll voice, the form of encouragement he had that day received from his reverend friend. But he was so good-natured that he generally let MR. ICHABOD accomplish his object, and only baffled him when we had clergymen of a much nicer kind coming to dinner. And sometimes, too, papa would make little mischievous reprisals. One day, the REVEREND ICHABOD darted out of ambush, in Flask Walk, and pounced upon papa and me.

"Ah! MR. BLARE, if we had only met yesterday! The BISHOP of ST. CROZERS, my old schoolfellow, was in town about some livings he has to fill up, and came up to take his chop with me. You would have liked to meet him."

The REVEREND MR. BLARE knew that very well, and his fat face looked uglier than ever as he pretended to smile away his annoyance, and answered, meekly,

"These things are not in our own disposal, my friend. Yet I was walking about on the hill, as it chanced, for upwards of an hour, about your usual time."

"We came home Regent's Park way," Papa replied, "to take up a young clergyman in Albany Street whom I wanted to introduce to the Bishop."

"A dangerous neighbourhood," MR. BLARE said, indemnifying himself for his vexation with a little bit of spite. "Dangerously near Puseyite ground" (for the REVEREND ICHABOD is so furiously Claphamite, that his conscience forbade him to go to the May Meetings, because Exeter Hall bore the name of DR. PHILPOT'S diocese). "I trust your friend meddles not with such leaven. There is only one way in which such persons should be brought under the notice of a bishop."

"I trust I have not done anything wrong," papa answered, humbly. "I think not, because his Lordship seemed pleased with my young friend, and made an appointment for him to meet the Examining Chaplain."

But it was not often that papa would amuse himself in this way, and generally when MR. ICHABOD had patted his arm, and encouraged the labourer to go to his rest, would say,

"The labourer has got some Severn salmon to-day" (or some lampers from Tewkesbury, or some teal, or whatever it might be); "come on to his hut, if you have nothing better to do."

And you may take my word for it that the REVEREND ICHABOD BLARE never had anything better to do, or if he had, he never did it.

I said he was an ugly young man, but it was not a common kind of ugliness. His forehead retreated, and his nose, which was a very ignoble sort of pyramidal nose, projected very far, and so did his lips;



REV. ICHABOD BLARE.

and his great fat double chin had not the least little atom of whiskers; and he invariably wore a white cravat, very tight, so that he always looked hot; and being stout, and wearing a dress coat, and everything else of black (except his Berlin gloves), he resembled an undertaker rejoicing in a good business. But papa has brought home much more hideous men, who have gone away leaving me perfectly in love with them. There was a coarseness of expression about the REVEREND MR. ICHABOD's face, which, I suppose, made it so disagreeable. He was a pushing, prosperous person, and his flocks used to make a great deal of him, and present him with silver services, and new gowns, and portraits of himself; but he deserted them without the least compunction, the moment anything better offered.

MR. BLARE had been staying at Brighton, and had called several times, but, until the morning I speak of, we had been out. I was near the window, feeding my canary birds, and wondering whether dear MR. KIDD ever went out as private tutor to teach the darling things the feats he describes so delightfully, as, if so, I said I would make papa engage him for mine. MR. BLARE came to the door, and saw me as he rang, and he quite walked over the servant, rebuking the poor girl for falsehood in trying to say "not at home." I was fairly caught, for I had let my birds out, and I was afraid to leave them, or I should have run away.

"Ah, Miss VIOLET!" he said, marching into the room, his thick boots creaking dreadfully. And stalking up to me, he frightened my poor birds so, that they flew round and round the room, until one fell down in the dust behind the looking-glass, and the other dashed out into the hall, and half stunned itself against the window. I was so angry!

"Here," he said, sitting himself down quite composedly (I wished the light chair had crunched under him), "here, my dear young lady, you behold an illustration of our depraved nature."

I looked at him, and felt quite inclined to agree with him. For I always disliked him, as I am afraid what I have said will have discovered. But while my poor bird was scratching, and fluttering, and chirping in dismay behind the glass, I almost hated the REVEREND ICHABOD.

"Thus," he continued, "we all act, like those silly and foolish birds." "They are neither silly nor foolish, MR. BLARE," I said (I fear, quite rudely), "but they know their friends, and dislike strangers." And I tried to coax poor little Jujube from his cranny; and the little thing, knowing my voice, was endeavouring to extricate himself, when MR. BLARE, who had been looking at me impatiently, snatched up his great thick cotton umbrella, and actually thrust it in between the wall and the glass, to "poke the bird towards me," as he said. I was so astonished at anybody thinking of such a thing, that I could hardly cry out, and MR. BLARE, with a sort of grin, would certainly have killed poor Jujube, or hurt him dreadfully, when, I am delighted to say, the force of the great thick umbrella was too much for the fastenings which held the glass, and down came the glass itself upon the fender, with a smash that sent it into a thousand pieces. Poor Jujube flew to his cage, and, dusty as he was, began to chirrup out his gratitude at being delivered; while there stood the REVEREND ICHABOD BLARE, with his umbrella in his hand, and his mouth open. I could not help laughing, startled as I was, to see his dismay.

"A bad omen, MR. BLARE," I said, "to break a looking-glass! Ill luck for seven years to come—at least, so my old nurse taught me."

But he would not laugh, and gave such a savage look at poor Jujube, who was cleaning his wings, and chirping in exultation, that I was quite glad I was there to protect the poor little creature. It was clear that the horrid man thought he should have to pay the lodging-keeper for the glass; as if papa would have heard of such a thing.

A Monster Sweep.

OF all the Sweeps that from time immemorial have knocked their sooty implements together on the First of May, surely no noise ever equalled that made by the destruction of the Crystal Palace, which commenced on that day. Such a set of Sweeps were never engaged on such dirty work before; and the Parliament which ordered the beautiful building to be swept away, proved itself, by flying so directly in the face of the country, to be the Greatest Sweep that ever existed. We hope when the elections come on, that the people will recollect that the Sweep in question was a "DERBY Sweep."

What will you let me have this Borough for?

WALPOLE said, "Every man has his price." We don't know about every man, but it would seem from what the immaculate COPPOCK says, that "Every Borough has its price." And as a general election is coming on, we would advise him, with his experience, to start the publication of a new weekly paper, to be called, "THE BOROUGH PRICE LIST."

THE GREATEST OBJECTION TO THE INCOME-TAX.—The Income-Tax is an insult to the national understanding. It is taxing the people with inconsistency.

GOING THE WHOLE LAMB; OR, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

How strange that the very same men who, last Session, }
Tried to make us put up with the papal aggression, }
Have been working as hard, on a recent occasion,
To prevent all precaution 'gainst foreign invasion!

Do they fancy that there's too much pride in the nation,
And think it requires a slight humiliation?
Are their souls so to mercantile objects restricted,
That they care not what shame on their country's inflicted?

Or—really they quite make one's faith in them waver—
Are they bidding for certain constituents' favour?
Is their line only one of political scheming,
Are they, wide awake, canting, or honestly dreaming?

Their very extremely forbearing opinions,
In practice, would quickly enslave these dominions;
Their objection to fight—though defensive the battle—
Would degrade us, ere long, into mere servile cattle.

We agree with these gentlemen, freely and fully,
That the doughty JOHN BULL must no more play JOHN BULLY;
But if they must needs make a farther endeavour,
To bring down JOHN BULL to JOHN OX—we cry, Never! !

A MILITIA BILL IN 1952.



DOUBTLESS, could we peep another century into futurity, perhaps, unless the Millennium is to arrive before that, we might witness, in progress through the House of Commons, a bill for the further Improvement of the National Defences. In consequence of the immense progress that science will have made by that time, the debate foreshown to us, would probably evince, that some curious changes had taken place in our munitions. One Honourable Member would be heard moving for returns of the acids employed in maintaining the galvanic batteries along the coast in an efficient state; and another arguing that the regular steam army was infinitely preferable to a Militia, composed of engines taken from behind the counter and the plough's tail. A third, perhaps, would then be found repudiating all recourse to physical dynamic machines; and declaring his conviction that the strongest horse-power might be effectually resisted by the silent will, and the quiet force of opinion.

A Hint to the Prince President.

CONSIDERING that the French Senators are expressly required to legislate with their eyes shut, and on no account permitted to appear in what an electro-biologist would term "a wakeful state," we really almost wonder that a decree has not been issued, changing the name of the Chamber of Deputies to that of the "*Bed-Chamber of Deputies*," and ordering that in future each member, upon his entrance, shall be Presidentially provided with a nightcap.

LOVE IN A BOTTLE.

WE see a Tradesman is advertising a new Spirit, called "THE SPIRIT OF LOVE." We don't know what kind of Spirit this may be, but we imagine it must be *Parfait Amour*.

The Fate of all Umbrellas.

THE Umbrella seems to be a doomed article. Every man's hand, apparently, is raised against it. Its fate is uncertain enough in England; but in Germany it seems to be much worse. The Germans must be the greatest robbers of Umbrellas in the world; for the Umbrella-makers themselves, gravely tell us in their advertisements "THE GERMAN(S) STEEL UMBRELLAS."

SHORT-HAND REPORT OF MR. DISRAELI'S BUDGET SPEECH.

"SIR,—For the year 1853, I beg leave to say *Ditto* to SIR CHARLES WOOD for 1852."



MR. BENDIZZY'S "RAPID ACT WITH A CHANGE."

DOCTORS IN PETTILOONS.

THERE appeared the other day in the *Times*, a letter, showing up an attempt to extort services from a governess, on terms even shabbier than usual. This has called forth another letter in the same journal, signed A.S., treating such exposures with disdain, on the ground of their inutility, and insisting that the remedy for the evil complained of, is another thing; that

"Until a woman's sphere is enlarged, and she is allowed a fair chance of making an honest livelihood for herself, she must simply be a governess and starve."

A. S. means to say that the range of employments now open to women ought to be extended beyond its present limits, which, for educated ladies, are those of the drawing-room and the nursery. *Mr. Punch* is not the man who would wish to restrict female industry to infant tuition, or to chronicling small beer, either with or without the duty annexed thereto by IAGO. However, A. S. indignantly remarks:—

"There is at this present time a lady practising successfully in New York, as a physician, and it is a fact that when the intelligence came to Europe that the thing was being attempted, she was attacked by *Punch* with ungentlemanly scurrility; and, on that very serious occasion, was there any kind-hearted man, was there any father of a family, who, for the love and respect he bore his own daughters, would interfere to plead the cause of justice and humanity against that popular periodical?"

The pages of *Punch* would not constitute a "popular periodical," if they were stained with "ungentlemanly scurrility." Indeed, *Mr. Punch* is too much of a gentleman to bandy abuse. He will not, therefore, call the language of A. S. unladylike. On the contrary, he has much pleasure in expressing his belief that A. S. is a lady; and, from certain Yankeeisms in her letter, together with her advocacy of female doctors, he also infers that she is an American and a Bloomer—at least a Bloomer in heart, if not in trousers. But now, as touching that "very serious occasion," as A. S. sharply enough calls it, on which *Mr. Punch* alluded to the New York doctrix. *Mr. Punch* begs to suggest to A. S. that the reason that no benevolent man, no father of a family, came forward, for the love and respect they bore their own daughters, to deprecate the observations of *Mr. Punch*, probably was, that benevolent men and fathers of families, in England, for the most part, bear too much love and too much respect for their daughters to think of allowing them to walk the hospitals, and wield the scalpel. A. S., happily, does not know what she is writing about in claiming, as within the province of women, a profession which necessitates the studies of anatomy and physiology, without the knowledge of which its practice might be the physician's living, but would be the reverse to the patient.

There are some employments that are peculiarly masculine. Medicine is pre-eminently man's work. An able-bodied female might, with greater propriety, be a navvy, than a strong-minded woman could be a physician. Women, truly, make the best nurses; but the interference of nurses in the treatment of a case is one of the greatest obstacles that the physician has to contend with. Woman is a flower that, let us hope, will never expose itself to be plucked at the Hall: a doctor must be made of sterner stuff than the material of her heart and brain. The upper story of a lady is even less fitted for the reception of medical details, than her lower extremities are to be invested with boots, &c. If A. S. still desires to wear the latter, *Mr. Punch* hopes that he has now so far enlightened her that she will no longer want to be conversant with the former.

Mr. Punch begs to repeat that he takes A. S. for a lady, in whom nescience of the nature of the medical profession is natural and proper. If he had thought those initials were a man's, he should have merely recommended the addition of another S. to them.

The Pope in Paris.

THIS is about the season when, in certain suburbs and bye-lanes and alleys, we are wont to hear the old, lingering cry of "Young lambs to sell." It is said that POPE PRO may shortly be expected with some such cry in Paris. He is announced as likely to come to France to anoint the PRESIDENT; as if such a slippery fellow needed any extra greasing. Nevertheless, the visit will be but an interchange of courtesies between POPE and PRESIDENT. LOUIS NAPOLEON sent powder and ball in aid of the Father; and the POPE, in return, bestows holy oil and holy prayer. Yet, after all, bullets no more make Popes, than grease and hireling benediction make Emperors.

The Old Want with a New Face.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has given public notice of the desolating fact! He "wants confidence in the present Ministers." In truth it is now generally understood in the best informed circles that the gallant member for old Tom of Lincoln wants, and will continue to want, confidence in everybody, except—(reader, a word in your ear, and that in secrecy)—except COLONEL SIBTHORP!

THE GAME OF GLOBULES.



THE *Morning Post* the other day reported a homœopathic banquet, whereat, however, the principle that homœopathy does not always confine its disciples to infinitesimal quantities was asserted, and—we suppose—demonstrated also. This was the Hahnemann Hospital Dinner, which was eaten on the 10th instant, at the London Tavern. After the discussion of the comestible good things, came the feast of reason; if such a

term can be applied to the swallowing of encomiums of homœopathy, to which the more fluent members of the company treated the others.

Some remarkable things were said by some of these gentlemen.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the health of the QUEEN, expressed a wish that

"HER MAJESTY'S life, either by the power of homœopathy or allopathy, might be preserved for several years to come."

May the QUEEN live a thousand years! But *must* the preservation of our Gracious Sovereign depend either on homœopathy or allopathy? When we drink the QUEEN'S health—which is not seldom—our wish is that it may continue in a robust state, independently of any medical treatment whatever; of any doses, whether operative or infinitesimal; of boluses and globules alike.

DR. EPS uttered something worth hearing. It was a quotation from SHAKESPEARE. Men, he said, have sought—

"the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

The globule reputation is what some people seek, or rather, it is all they find, when, by agitating for the diffusion of nonsense, they acquire infinitesimal celebrity. DR. EPS should have thought of that. By-the-bye, as the bubble reputation is to be found occasionally in the mouth of the cannon, so, we should think, would the globule of homœopathic medicine be now and then discovered, by careful examination, in the mouth of the patient, or somewhere else in that line of road vulgarly called the red lane, as so minute a thing is likely enough to be taken without being swallowed; and, like *Macbeth's* "Amen," to stick in the throat.

A truly valuable observation was made by DR. MADDEN. It was the following:—

"Of the approximation of old physic to homœopathy, I may give one instance out of many, which will be the more interesting as it refers to no less a person than SIR B. BRODIE. I have no doubt that most persons here present are aware that SIR BENJAMIN is celebrated for his treatment of affections of the joints and spine. Well, during thirty years of his practice, SIR BENJAMIN recommended bleeding, leeches, cupping, purging, salivation, blisters, setons, and cauterisms; but in the last edition of his work in 1850, he tells us that a more enlarged experience has satisfied him that in the very great majority of instances this painful and loathsome treatment is not only not useful, but actually injurious; and that he has ceased to torment his patients, and is convinced that the change has been attended with the happiest results."

Now, suppose SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE had, besides mitigating his old treatment, given his patients infinitesimal globules of medicine, would not the superlatively happy results of his improved practice have been ascribed by homœopaths to the globules, no less, if not rather, than to the discontinuance of the bleeding, and so on?

Ladies and gentlemen, who form opinions about medicine without understanding the subject, should be informed that disease is in general a process naturally terminating in recovery; that many diseases will get well without the aid of medicine; and that next to giving no medicine at all in such cases, the best plan is to give next to no medicine—that is to say, infinitesimal globules. But then these wise gentlemen and judicious ladies should consider that the infinitesimal globules do not any good, but simply do infinitely small harm.

Besides "homœopathy" and "allopathy," there is a species of practice which may be called oudenopathy, thus epitomised by *Macbeth* aforesaid:—

"Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it."

This is the best system of medicine for many patients who are

really ill, and for all those who have nothing the matter with them. Homœopathy is a near approach to it, and no doubt permits a sufficient number to get well to make persons of quality, but not of discernment, believe it cures them.

SIR JOHN KENNAWAY adverted—in very polite terms—to *Mr. Punch's* dealings with homœopathy. Homœopathy may, as SIR JOHN says, have stood the test of ridicule; so has astrology: there are people who take in ZADKIEL'S Almanac, which returns the obligation. In like manner there are those who subscribe to homœopathic institutions: but we hope SIR JOHN KENNAWAY will find a better use for his money.

THE GREAT ANTI-WAGNER DEMONSTRATION.

A LARGE body of the distinguished professional foreigners exercising their various abilities in London, met yesterday somewhere in Exeter Hall to protest against the assumed axiom of HERR ALBERT WAGNER, that "England was only to be valued for her money." The meeting was very full; and the manner of the meeting very animated, not to say at times a little impetuous. M. JULIEN (in a waistcoat expressly made, and got up regardless of expense, for the occasion) was called to the chair, and briefly explained the objects of the meeting; gracefully and emphatically marking with his *bâton* the points, as he impartially considered, most worthy of attention.

A want of space—which we always want, where we do not want to be diffuse—compels us to condense, or crush, the sentiments of the speakers, into a few general opinions.

SIGNOR FOLDEROLDI (the distinguished tenor,) had no idea of money on his visit—(a visit that had stretched over ten seasons)—to England. He certainly took a salary, for the mere prejudice of the thing; but his principal object in visiting England was to study the style, and warmth, and colouring of British vocalists.

MADAME SOTTOVOCE (the illustrious *prima donna*), declared upon her honour, and as true as she was a lady, that although she had purchased two or three palazzi—one on the Arno, one at Como, and one no matter where—with the money she had received from both the Operas—notwithstanding, and nevertheless, and she wished she might die that minute if it wasn't true—English money was always the last thing in her thoughts. No: if she must say what brought her first to England, it was to study the English toilette. As for money—she hoped nobody would name it; and did really wonder what *that* WAGNER meant.

HERR STURMWETTER (the great chiropodist,) said, certainly, to employ his leisure, he did cut corns. It so happened that he had testimonials to his skill from the Duke in his palace, to the President of France when in his second floor back. But he never cared for money: no; his object in coming to England was to give his mind to *Magna Charta*. Fees were all very well; but his passion was *habeas corpus*.

M. SOYER had had English money forced upon him. He had been covered with English money, like a gingerbread chanticleer (a Gallic cock) at Bartlemy Fair; but money he despised—especially British money. No; he had only one aim in visiting and living in England: that was, to study, and thoroughly to master, in all its ramifications and developments (he knew those were the words, though they were very hard ones), the truly British dish of "toad-in-a-hole." England had flung frogs in the face of France; but that was no reason he should despise the truly British toads in their truly British holes. As for money—he wouldn't trust himself to say what he thought of it.

DOCTOR BECCAFICO (the great homœopathist,) practised medicine upon the principles of the immortal HAHNEMANN; but that really had nothing to do with his election of England as his place of residence. He certainly could not—and he would be bold to say, he would not—refuse fees when offered him; but he considered the extraordinary assertion of HERR WAGNER called for explicit denial and condemnation on the part of every foreigner protected by the flag of Britain. He (DOCTOR B.) would at once state that the sole cause that lured him to England, and had kept him here, was not English money, but English skies; not English gold, but the bright, unclouded, English blue.

There was then made a proposal of a very strong remonstrance—so strong it might almost pass for a condemnation of the illiberal and ignorant and selfish assertion of HERR WAGNER touching England and her money. At length, a very pithy avowal was adopted, embodying the feelings of the professional foreigners in England. It was simply this, engrossed:

"MONEY NO OBJECT."

(Here follow signatures.)

When we left, there was a skirmish between an organ-boy and a Lascar, as to who should first affix his X.

A Remedy for Chancery.

"MR. PUNCH,—(writes HERR DUMMKOPF)—What is the remedy for JOANNA WAGNER against the decision of the VICE CHANCELLOR?" MR. PUNCH makes answer—"A cold."

WAR SONG FOR THE WILBERFORCE SOCIETY.

OCH! then, boys, here's persecution; sure them blaggard foes of Truth
Would be after prying into the tuition at Maynooth,
Bothering the holy doctors taching at that sacred college
Astronomy, veracity, and every kind of useful knowledge.

Sure the like was never heard of since the cruel acts of NERO's,
When he kilt the saints because they wouldn't own his gods and heroes;
We'll defy them to discover what we are above concealing,
And their Saxon insolence we'll meet with native Irish feeling.



MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE crash of the looking-glass of course brought the servants into the room; and, by the time the pieces were swept up, and I had put Jujube and the other bird into the cage, and the scene was over, the REVEREND MR. BLARE had recovered his usual sleek tranquillity. He was good enough to tell me not to be discomposed about these little worldly trials, which, however vexatious they might appear, were nothing to what missionaries and their converts in the interior of Africa were undergoing every day. And to bring my mind into a proper state for what was to follow, he pulled out a Report of the Clapham Rise Auxiliary Junction Branch of the British and Abyssinian Anti-Pelagian School Society, and read a most affecting letter from one BROTHER CLAMMY, an Abyssinian correspondent, who stated that he had recently been privileged to yoke himself together in marriage with SISTER VASHTI GUBBINS, also an agent of the Society. But the sister had found favour in the eyes of KING QUORPO BUNGO, the chief of a tribe to whom she and the brother had paid a visit; and his Majesty had not only been graciously pleased to insist on being present at the wedding, but, in the exuberance of his good-humour, had ordered one of the bridesmaids (a native convert) to be cooked for his supper and that of the happy pair.

Replacing the Clapham Rise Report in his pocket, MR. BLARE looked at me with a most elaborate smile of exceeding duration, and then, in an oily voice, asked me whether I thought I should have courage to become, like the dear sister of whom he had read to me, a labourer in the vineyard of duty. I had managed to recover my amiability (which, indeed, I felt ashamed of myself for having lost, for MR. BLARE had frightened my birds by mere accident, and could not have meant to annoy me), and so I answered, laughingly, that I was afraid I should make a poor labourer in any cause, but I thought that what duty I ought to do must lie a little nearer than Abyssinia. But I supposed SISTER GUBBINS had been a lady without any relations or friends to whom she could be of service, and that the neighbourhood in which she had lived, when at home, had stood in no need of assistance. If that were so, I could admire the philanthropy which had led her to a distant part of the world.

The REVEREND ICHABOD BLARE shook his head, and said pityingly

—"An old, common-place argument, unworthy of you, my dear Miss BROMPTON. It has been urged and answered thousands of times."

"I—I assure you," I said (ashamed that I should have been so ignorant), "that I did not think of an argument. I only said what came into my mind."

"Utterly unworthy," he continued, as if the words were the regular form (and I suspect they are) in which to meet the objection. "Look into the *Times*, and you will see that subscriptions of hundreds of thousands of pounds, for doing good in the Antipodes, attest how little value seriously-minded people attach to your conditions."

"I am sure," I replied, "that I ought not to contest such a matter, or any other matter, indeed; for I am sadly ignorant. But papa was lately reading to me, from the same *Times*, that, in London only, one person out of every twenty who rise in the morning, has no means of food or shelter for the day and coming night, except what may be afforded by accident or crime. And I think he said, that as there were about two millions of people in London, this would make about one hundred thousand driven every day to beg, or to do wrong, in order to keep life in them, poor creatures. Perhaps—but, mind, I am not arguing—some of these thousands of pounds that go to the Antipodes might do more good if they were spent in helping our own unfortunate neighbours."

I quite coloured at having made so long a speech to a clergyman.

"So much for poor human instinct, poor human reason," he said, smiling. "Let us who know better be thankful."

I saw no objection to this arrangement, and, as just then EMMA came in to say that lunch was ready, I thought I would imitate papa, in a small way.

"Do you like sardines, MR. BLARE?" I asked. "Papa has brought down some which he declares are gold fish. Will you come and try them?"

The REVEREND MR. BLARE immediately offered me his arm, for which I saw no particular occasion, and we went into the other room, where, though he modestly declared he was very partial to the sardines, he showed becoming impartiality by also feasting very heartily upon everything else, not forgetting papa's pale sherry, of which he nearly finished a bottle. I took up some crochet, not to seem to hurry him, but every time I looked up, I observed that MR. BLARE was staring at me in an extraordinary manner.

"You are knitting," he suddenly said, after a long silence.

I was doing nothing of the kind, but men are dreadfully stupid about such matters, and confound all our work most absurdly. And yet they think us such frivolous ill-informed things, if we ask whether prisoners are ever tried in the Court of Chancery, or whether handicaps are some kind of jockey's costume, or why a second reading of a bill in Parliament should be made more fuss about than a first.

"Not exactly knitting," I said, "but—"

"Yes, you are," he said, quite peremptorily; "a knitting which, perhaps, you reckon not of, but which is good abiding work, nevertheless."

I thought that he had been taking in the *Family Herald*; and was going to retail to me one of the capital American stories papa is so fond of. So I looked up, prepared to laugh as soon as he should explain the riddle.

"A knitting of hearts," he said, solemnly, "to be unravelled only when this valley shall have been traversed."

I do not know how I looked then, or indeed during the rest of the interview; but the REVEREND ICHABOD probably did, for he got up rather hastily, came round to me, drew a chair very near me, and, sitting down, rested himself slopingly on the table, so as to command a good view of my face.

"MISS BROMPTON," he said, "I came here this day for a purpose which (Providence willing) I will now carry out. What I have to say may surprise you, but I have observed that you have received the gift of humility and self-abasement, and I do not fear that you will be puffed up. First, I would tell you of a providential occurrence which has happened to myself. I have been guided to purchase a chapel at the west end of the town, and I have bought it cheaply, for the seller was in straitened circumstances, and clutched at my ready money, though I offered him far less than his worldly cunning induced him to ask. With a small outlay, and due exertions on my part, I trust to find in this speculation not only a good investment, but the means of an ample income. There is no place near my purchase where the inhabitants of the locality can hear what I shall be privileged to tell them. The parish church is well attended, but the incumbent is old, and I doubt not to thin his ranks. All promises well. But this is not enough for me—I know not whether you divine what I would go on to say."

He actually tried to take my hand; but I put it into my crochet-box to be out of his way.

"You wish papa to take sittings, I suppose? I must refer you to him; he has views of his own on these subjects, as you know."

"You must, indeed, refer me to him!" cries MR. BLARE, in a sort of hallowed enthusiasm; "but not about a holding, to be renewed quarterly,

receipts to be had in the vestry. In a word, Miss BROMPTON, I will not talk to you of worldly admiration—for we ought all to hate and despise our worthless selves, and everybody else (who is equally worthless, at least); but I will at once say to you, 'Let us do even as SISTER VASHTI and BROTHER CLAMMY.'

"My goodness!" I said, very much frightened, and yet quite unable to forbear laughing at the sudden proposal, and the way it was conveyed. "I declare I do not know one young lady whom I could ask to be bridesmaid, if she was to be eaten afterwards."

But Mr. BLARE would not laugh. He was dreadfully in earnest.

"Nay!" he said; "let us not sport with serious things. It may be that you feel yourself unworthy, from previous habits, of the important position I offer you. That is not a bad sign; but we would hope that under my sedulous care our tender flower" (he meant me) "might grow up into a cedar of Lebanon."

I was too startled to object to his horticultural theory; but I hastily glanced at the bell-handle.

"Do not think the match unsuitable for me," he said, kindly, to remove the only difficulty I could feel. "Your worthy father is rich and influential, and you have neither brother nor sister. I do not, in truth, feel that this objection need weigh upon your tender conscience. And so, my dear lamb," he said, (hastening from botany to zoology), "few words need pass between those who understand one another. I will see your excellent parent on his return. And now permit me, in all becoming—"

Up to this moment the REVEREND ICHABOD had really advanced so rapidly, that there was no time for me to speak. But matters were now growing serious, and the crisis demanded resolution.

"MR. BLARE," I said, getting some little distance from him, "pray let me speak!" For he was pulling his chair after me. "I—I—I am very much obliged to you indeed, for your good opinion of me; but—but nothing could ever induce me to—to—to—be a VASHTI CLAMMY."

At least, I believe I said something of this kind; and the next moment I darted out of the room.

I am certain he did not misunderstand me; for he remained some little time in the parlour, very sensibly drinking all the wine that was left. I say very sensibly, for the last glass of wine the REVEREND ICHABOD BLARE ever had under papa's roof, was that with which he consoled himself for the unfavourable result of Miss VIOLET's First "Offer."

DENSITY IN HIGH LIFE.



VERY one of our contemporaries gave an account of a "reception" held, the other evening, by the COUNTESS OF DERBY, at her husband's "official residence" in Downing Street. LORD DERBY had also given a "full dress banquet" at his office, and as the former party followed on the latter, it was, says the *Post*, "by far the most brilliant *réunion* of the present season. The rooms over the office, or 'saloons,' as they are called in that newspaper, were crammed, so that 'there ensued at last a complete block.' Fancy so many of the heads of society forming one block—as it

further appears they did: since we are told that

"The DUKE OF WELLINGTON himself, with the MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY on his arm, could make no impression on the dense mass of nobility and dignity that hemmed him and each other in on all sides."

No wonder that this "mass of nobility and dignity" was so dense that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON himself could make no impression on it, seeing that a party at the EARL OF DERBY's place of business was probably a Protectionist party.

France—A Free Country!

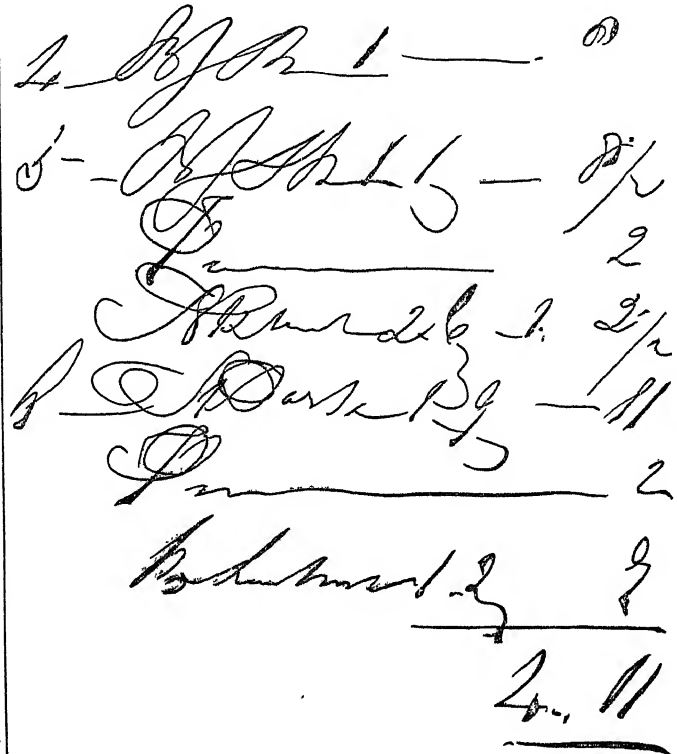
ONE of the Arabs—says the *Daily News*—in waiting on an Arab Chief, in Paris, refused to attend the bidding of his master, saying that "he was now in a free country!" This compliment coming to the knowledge of the PRESIDENT, he immediately rewarded the true believer in the freedom of France with the Legion of Honour. It is said that the PRESIDENT was quite overcome by the delicate flattery!

FISCAL MEDICINE.

THE Stamp Duties and the Tax upon Paper are imposts that peculiarly tend to paralyse the energies of the country, inasmuch as, being taxes on literature and intellect, they constitute what is the most frequent cause of paralysis—pressure on the brain.

A DOMESTIC ENIGMA.

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made in deciphering cufic characters and cuneiform inscriptions, and in the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. There is, however, a species of symbolic writing, which has hitherto baffled all attempts to make it out. Subjoined are a few specimens of this mystical penmanship.



After a minute and laborious examination of the flourishes which stand opposite to the Arabic numerals in the above fragment, aided by certain collateral evidence, we have formed the conjecture, not to say the conclusion, that one of them is an abbreviation of the word Rumpsteak. In short, the puzzle on the solution of which we have been engaged with so much industry and so little success, is part of a butcher's bill. The bills of butchers are really almost as difficult to understand as acts of Parliament. Now, it may be desirable that a physician's prescription should sometimes be written in ciphers and contractions unintelligible to the patient; but there can be no reason for concealing from us what we have been having for dinner. It is therefore suggested that butchers might as well, henceforth, write their bills legibly, and not continue to add to the cares and miseries of the father of a family, by giving him unnecessary perplexity and trouble in auditing his weekly accounts.

Louis Napoleon's Last Act.

THE *coup d'état* of the 2d of December was a heavy blow; and when we consider the uniforms, embroideries, upholsteries, priests, troops, slaves (who were very numerous), and attendants, exhibited by LOUIS NAPOLEON the other day at his distribution of Eagles, and compare these properties and supernumeraries with what we witness on the stage, we are inclined to call the *fête* of the Champ de Mars—the last new grand *fête* of that ilk—"a tremendous hit."

THE BITTERS OF OFFICE.

WE hear a great deal about the sweets of office, but few of us think of its annoyances. The *Court Circular*, a few days ago, furnished an instance of the truth, that power has its dismal as well as its brilliant side, for we are informed that, on Friday last, "COLONEL SIBTHORP had an interview with MR. SECRETARY WALPOLE."

NICHOLAS, AS A HUNGARIAN.—THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS entered Vienna, we are told, "wearing the uniform of a Hungarian general." The uniform of Hungary! Thus may the clothes of the victim be at times found upon the back of the accomplice in his destruction.

POLITICAL ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

SEEING the wonders that are alleged to be performed by Electro-Biology, which purports to keep the subject under the entire dominion of the practitioner's will, we are surprised that it has not been already taken in hand by the professors of politics. One of the effects of the art is to make a person under its influence believe when he is drinking water that he is imbibing whatever else the professor may think fit to turn it into. Such a power would be most valuable in dealing with JOHN BULL, who might thus be made to swallow whatever the Minister should desire to force down the throat of the victim. The great advantage of Electro-Biology over common-place Mesmerism consists in the fact, that the operations of the former are successful when the patient is in "a perfectly wakeful state;" and, as JOHN BULL cannot be very readily induced to shut his eyes in these days, mere Mesmerism would be of comparatively little use in getting the better of his senses. Electro-Biology, on the other hand, causes the patient to do, and to suffer, all sorts of things against his own will, and with his eyes wide open.

Those who have attended at an Electro-Biological exhibition will have observed that one of its features consists in making an individual hold

something in his hand, and telling him after he has kept his eyes fixed upon it for some time, that he cannot, if he were to try ever so hard, get rid of it. Our old friend JOHN BULL is, just now, in this very awkward position with regard to the Income Tax, which he has looked at very seriously and intently for some time, with a strong desire to get it off his hands; but he is now told by our financial professor of Electro-Biology that the objectionable weight is "not to be got rid of."

The victim seems really to be under an Electro-Biological influence of some sort, for he has been actually brought to believe, to a certain extent, that, in spite of his own will, he is under some mysterious obligation to bear the present burden. Whether the Professor will succeed in working on the imagination of the patient, so far as to make him believe that it is a lump of sugar he has before him, may be doubtful; but the fact cannot be disputed, that JOHN BULL has the hateful weight of the Income Tax upon his hands, and that he cannot at present lay it down, throw it off, wash his hands of it, or in any other way get rid of it. We can only hope that the Professor, who holds him in such an unpleasant fix, will set to work as soon as possible to release him from his unenviable position.



ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—AN AMUSING EXPERIMENT UPON MR. BULL IN A PERFECTLY WAKEFUL STATE.

Professor.—"THERE, SIR! THAT'S A LUMP OF SUGAR—YOU CAN'T MOVE IT, SIR; I DEFY YOU TO GET RID OF IT."

The Author of "Cato" and the Literary Fund.

ADDISON—an unexpected and no less distinguished guest from the shades—attended the Literary Fund dinner. The toast, "LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ADDISON and the Dramatists" was drunk with great enthusiasm. The Author of *Cato*—who it appears has entered the service in Hades, being it seems Lieutenant-Colonel of a very dashing Plutonian corps, the royal "Parnassian Greens"—acknowledged the toast in very stately blank verse; said he would inform his distinguished friend SHAKESPEARE—for he was permitted to call him his friend—of the compliment conveyed, and would further communicate with BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. The poet—who did not appear in his Elysian regimentals—departed before cock-crow.

A WATCH THAT GOES ON A DUPLICATE MOVEMENT.—We know a medical student, who when he alludes to his watch, calls it affectionately "his poppit."

"The last Slave sold in England."

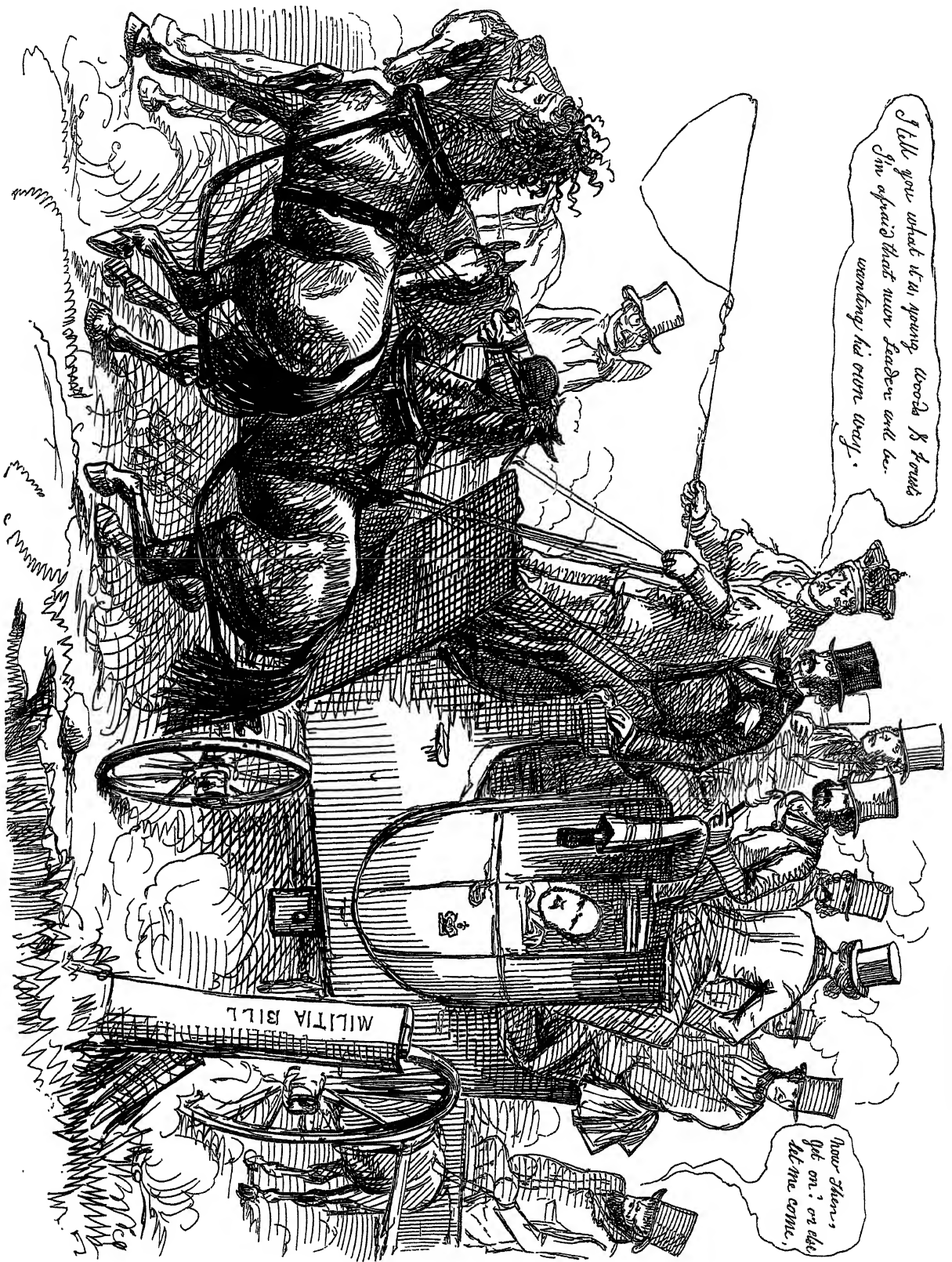
OUR friend of *Notes and Queries* gives the following as an advertisement of the last slave sold in England, from the *Public Ledger*, Dec. 31, 1761:—

FOR SALE.—A Healthy Negro Girl, aged about 15 Years; speaks good English, works at her needle, washes well, does household work, and has had the small-pox.

This is all very well, but quite a mistake as to the last slave offered for sale in England. The last slaves offered for sale, and bought, were at St. Alban's, or at Sudbury, and, if our memory do not fail us, somewhere about the time of the last election. It is expected that a few more will be put up at the ensuing dissolution.

A REGULAR SETTING DOWN.—We all know the awkward accident that sometimes happens between two stools, and we are, therefore, not surprised that the Ministry, between four seats, should have nearly fallen to the ground.

THE DERBY DRAG.



WHAT I SAW, DID, THOUGHT, AND HEARD, DURING MY TRIP TO PARIS LAST WEEK.

(From our own Special Penny-a-Liner.)



HERE were collected on the Champ de Mars some 80,000 soldiers, and very beautiful soldiers they were; and I thought that I shouldn't exactly like to be in England, supposing they succeeded in landing, and Mr. COBDEN happened to be Prime Minister at the time.

I heard that LOUIS NAPOLEON was to have been proclaimed Emperor, and that was all I did hear; for beyond a few weak cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and those from the soldiers, I never heard less enthusiasm evinced by a multitude,—which was about the largest, I think, I have ever seen.

I thought that LOUIS NAPOLEON was looking very haggard and very unhappy;

but this might have been owing to the dust, or the heat, or probably the disappointment of the day.

I saw thousands and thousands of curious specimens of my own countrymen (where they all came from I cannot imagine); and if a peculiar-looking person went by with an eccentric cap, or dog, or stick, I heard many a Frenchman say, "Look at that original! I'll wager he's an Englishman!" and in nineteen cases out of twenty the Frenchman would have won his wager.

I saw several British officers in full costume, and I thought that, handsome as their uniforms looked, they would have done much better to have kept them in their trunks at home.

I saw a body of something like a thousand priests leave the beautiful altar which was erected on the battle-field; and I thought that I had never seen so many ugly men walk in a procession before. I am sure there must be a law in France which drives all ugly children into the Church. For myself, I think the priests had no business at the *fête* at all; and from innumerable opinions I heard from the blouses and the bourgeois, I am inclined to think that the people were of my opinion also.

I saw a brace of Englishmen create, unconsciously, a deal of amusement by carrying about with them, on their shoulders, a couple of chairs, which they had bought for 2 francs 10 sous each, on one of the adjoining quais. They followed the army round the Champ de Mars as well as they could, and, as often as a portion of it stopped, they stopped also, and, planting their chairs on the ground, viewed the evolutions from the top of them. The crowd, as thick as any at Greenwich Fair, bore the nuisance with the greatest good-humour, and made way for them as readily as if they had been a couple of chimney-sweeps, simply exclaiming, "How eccentric these English are!" They were never disturbed in their lofty positions: and, on one occasion, when the younger of the British chairmen abandoned his seat to a lady, the act of gallantry was rewarded by a loud cheer, and cries of "*Bravo l'Anglais!*"

I afterwards heard that these chairs were carried back in triumph to the Hôtel Meurice, and exhibited as great trophies for the next two days. The two Englishmen, dazzled by the success of their first experiment, tried to repeat it on the evening of the fireworks. This experiment, however, I regret to say, most ignominiously failed. The chairs in their progress kept knocking off innumerable hats in the dark, and poking persons in the ribs; and, though this is a popular form, I believe, of enforcing a joke, still the good-natured Parisians did not seem to enjoy the present one much, especially when the great point of it lay in the sharp end of the leg of a chair. One chair was wrested from its owner, and thrown over the parapet into the Seine; and the other one, upon being pulled contrary ways, fell all to pieces like the joints of an over-boiled fowl.

Talking of the fireworks, they were about the dampest, I think, I have ever seen. Probably, the few drops of rain that fell over-night may have had something to do with this, but after all the puffing, and all the blaze in the papers that had been made about them, never did fireworks go off under a wet blanket upon so large a scale before. I am sure I have seen a better display at the Surrey Zoological for a shilling. The mob wouldn't believe they were over, and waited on the spot patiently for more than an hour afterwards, wondering when the fireworks were really going to begin. There was, what was called, a *bouquet*, and it was pretty enough as long as it lasted; but then it was

so miserably small, that I am sure SOUTHEY would put such a *bouquet* as that in his button-hole, on a Gala night!

The *bouquets* on the evening of the Ball were much better managed, being quite as brilliant as the fireworks, and almost larger. Every lady, upon entering, was presented with one. The same honour had been previously shown to the cannons,—for, as a matter of course, no French Ball can go off well without a Cannon. The mouths of them had been stopped by a bunch of flowers, and it is to be regretted that French cannons cannot always be stopped in the same way. The enthusiasm of this ball, about two o'clock, began to wax very warm, thanks mainly to the 24,000 candles which were suspended about the rooms, and were guttering so prodigally, that all the ladies whose head-dresses consisted of real or artificial flowers, had them suddenly transformed into wax. The floor was also changed into a *Glaciarium*, and, if skates had only been ready at hand—or rather, ready for the other extremity—the *Quadrille des Patineurs* might have been executed on a footing fully equal to that of the Royal Italian Opera.

Tickets for this Grand Ball were easily procurable. I was told of an instance in which a handful of them had been thrown into an omnibus that was coming from a railway station, in the same way that Moses flings his handbills into the cabs at London Bridge; and a gentleman assured me that he had been offered a ticket in the Rue de la Paix "for an old coat, or any cast-off boots." This may account for the ball being, as we penny-a-liners usually delight in saying, "more numerous than select." All I know is, that great amusement was created by a celebrated Duchess leaving the supper-room in the greatest indignation, upon discovering that the person seated next to her was her *lingere*, and that she was dressed out in one of her own dresses.

As for order, everything rolled on as smoothly, as quietly, as a billiard-ball; as for the weather, if it had been ordered for the occasion it could not have been finer; as for Paris, it never was gayer, or looked more beautiful; and as for LOUIS NAPOLEON, I think that, beyond one or two *casernes*, not a person cares anything for him. I am sure the *Grand Phoque Américain*, which I saw in the Champs Elysées, and which is described as being able "to answer any call that is made to him, and to listen when spoken to, and to beg, and waltz, and to have the intelligence almost of a human being," created much more enthusiasm amongst the people at one of his two-sous performances, than LOUIS NAPOLEON did with all his soldiers, eagles, balls, and fireworks, during the whole four days. The fact is that, as far as I could see, the people care nothing at all about him—but tolerate him as a necessary evil, much in the same way as we do our Income Tax, knowing the injustice of such a system cannot last for long.

As for the prices of everything, I was glad enough to sleep the first night in a cab, taking it by the hour; so that, as I overslept myself, my first night's lodging cost me nineteen francs; and I was told this was remarkably cheap, as compared with the hotels, every one of which was full from the garrets down to the cellars. This small item will prepare you for the not very astonishing fact of my being here without two sous in my pocket to jingle together, and that, accordingly, I shall feel extremely obliged by your remitting me the payment of this article, so that I may no longer remain in so unprofessional a predicament.

THE LAST NEW FRENCH QUADRILLE.

(Words for the Tune danced to before LOUIS NAPOLEON last Wednesday, in the Grand Court of Honour of the Military College.)

COME, come, we've swept up the dead;
The floor is clean, good people: and France—
Now that we can pleasantly tread—
Expects that we shall instantly dance.
As for friends sent to Cayenne,
Them leave grief or fever to kill;
Never think about them again,
But, quick! join the merry quadrille.
Chorus.—Hop, skip, caper, and jump;
Frisk, jig, trip it with me;
Trump, trump, trumpery, trump!
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!

Dance amid the cannons and bombs,
And bright swords with garlands entwined,
Slaughter first—then gaiety comes;
Down the middle—dance—never mind;
Hands across—over the graves;
Chassez, croisez—capers are free.
So, content to be capering slaves,
Dance, singing, "*Honneur et Patrie!*"
Chorus.—Hop, skip, &c.

"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."—BRIEFLESS says he prefers, any day of the week, a Hock Cup to the Hic-cup.



TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! IS IT POSSIBLE?—No! YES! No!—YES! YES! BY JUPITER, IT'S A GRAY HAIR IN MY FAVOURITE WHISKER!"

"OUR CRITIC" AMONG THE PICTURES.

THAT saddening period of the year has again arrived, when the Concerts, and the May Meetings, and the British Artists, and the National Institute, and the Old Water Colours, and the New Water Colours, and the Royal Academy, all open their doors to the Public.

The Spring may be as slow of coming as she will; the lilacs may obstinately refuse to flower; the wretched peach-buds may expand, only to be nipped and perished to death; the East wind may persist in drying up our blood, and souring our tempers; but one Spring blossoming we are certain of—that painted growth which yearly comes out on canvas, and is trained, espalier fashion, against the walls of the Picture Exhibitions in this merry month of May.

The worst of this crop is, that one always knows beforehand what it will be. Year after year, the old stocks bear the familiar fruits. Now and then, it is true, a new slip may be planted, or a fresh idea grafted on to an old trunk. But what is one among so many?

Walk into the Old Water Colours, and what does one see there but the old hardy annuals?—HUNT's bird's-nests, and rose-buds, and plums, and primroses, and chubby country boys, and apple-cheeked rustic maidens; DAVID COX's glooming Welsh hills, and breezy hay-fields, and solemn reaches of purple heath; GEORGE FRIPP's rippling river-reaches, with eel-pots and locks, gray willows and wind-bowed poplars, or Dorsetshire sea-side rocks, and green Yorkshire wolds; CORLEY FIELDING's lake prettinesses and steaming Sussex Downs; TOPHAM's slatternly but sweet Irish lasses; CATTERMOLLE's masteries of effect; FREDERICK TAYLER's horses and dogs, French horns, and laced coats; OAKLEY's gipsies and Italian organ-grinders; CALLOW's sea-beaches and stranded hulls; RICHARDSON's North Country moorlands, or sun-lighted Italian lakes; BRANWHITE's frozen meres and broads; JENKINS's Boulogne Shrimpers; ALFRED FRIPP's coppery beauties of the Claddagh, or the Campagna; DODGSON's avenues and water-gates; CARL HAAG's sun-steeped Contadine and purple horizons; DUNCAN's boats and seas; TURNER's water-lilies pools; MRS. BARTHOLOMEW's dewy flowers; MRS. SHARPE's round-faced inanities; and MR. EVANS's Highland deer-stalkings—how one knows them all! How ingeniously they reappear, year after year—the same subjects, the same names, the same places, the same prices, the same pretty faces at the private view, the same criticisms in the morning papers, the same little blue tickets in the same frames!

And as it is with the Old Water Colours, so it is with the New. There are the usual WARREN's Egyptians, and HAGHE's wondrous Netherlandish interiors, and BENNETT's oaks and ferns, and DAVIDSON's hedgerow elms and Surrey commons, and CORBOULD's clean-washed, cross-hatched, ice-creamed ladies, and VACHER's azure Sicilian panoramas, and WEIGALL's cocks and hens, and WEHNERT's Germanized academics, and Miss EGERTON's thoughtful faces, and LEE's Portel

Matelottes, and FAHEY's Irish blottings—all old friends; not a new man, nor a new subject, nor a new rendering of an old one.

As it is with water, so it is with oil. What is the use of catalogues? I know all your hands, gentlemen, from ZERTTER's slap-dash in Suffolk-street to MACLISE's gigantic missal-painting in the Academy. Why should I pay a shilling extra for superfluous information?

There is one comfort, however, this year. I have not detected a single *Discovery of the Body of Harold*; *Vicars of Wakefield* are by no means so abundant a crop as usual; and there is not a single *Gil Blas* in the field! I regret, however, to see that the walls are beginning to be overrun with cuttings from that prolific nursery-ground, PEPY's *Diary*; and GOLDSMITH's *Life* promises to become as dangerously fruitful a stock as his perennial *Vicar* has been hitherto.

There is another comfort for me. I have this year experienced a new sensation at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. And I hasten to record my sense of the obligation to MR. MILLAIS. I offer my hand to that Pre-Raphaelite brother. I bow down to him, and kiss the edge of his palette. I have rapped him over the knuckles, in former years, with my pen. He is at liberty to return the compliment, this year, with his maul-stick.

Before two pictures of MR. MILLAIS I have spent the happiest hour that I have ever spent in the Royal Academy Exhibition. In those two pictures I find more loving observation of Nature, more mastery in the reproduction of her forms and colours, more insight into the sentiment of our greatest poet, a deeper feeling of human emotion, a happier choice of a point of interest, and a more truthful rendering of its appropriate expression, than in all the rest of those eight hundred squares of canvas put together.

I owe the painter this acknowledgment of a great and enduring pleasure, and I rejoice to make it—not for myself only, but for the thousands who have felt as I felt before these pictures. I may be heretical. I cannot help it. R.A.s and A.R.A.s, I admire you—I respect you—I appreciate your skill; and I would gladly purchase your works, if I could afford it. But for this year give me MR. MILLAIS. He has painted OPHELIA, singing, as she floats to her death, with wide open unconscious eyes, gazing up to heaven. The woven flowers have escaped from her relaxing fingers, and are borne idly with the long mosses of the stream, past the lush July vegetation of the river bank. The red-breast pipes on the willow spray, the wild roses give their sweetness to the summer air, the long purples peer from the crowding leaves, the forget-me-nots lift their blue eyes from the margin as she floats by, her brown hair drinking in the weight of water, and slowly dragging down the innocent face, with its insane eyes, till the water shall choke those sweet lips, now parted for her own death-dirge.

Talk as you like, M'GILP, eminent painter, to your friend MR. SQUENCH, eminent critic, about the needless elaboration of those water-mosses, and the over making-out of the rose-leaves, and the abominable finish of those river-side weeds matted with gossamer, which the field botanist may identify leaf by leaf. I tell you, I am aware of none of these. I see only that face of poor drowning OPHELIA. My eye goes to that, and rests on that, and sees nothing else, till—buffoon as I am, mocker, joker, scurril-knave, street-jester, by trade and nature—the tears blind me, and I am fain to turn from the face of the mad girl to the natural loveliness that makes her dying beautiful.

If a painter were ever pardonable for painting after a poet—and such a poet—MR. MILLAIS may be forgiven for this picture of OPHELIA.

There is another work by the same hand—"A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's day, refusing to shield himself from danger, by wearing the Roman Catholic badge."

The Roman Catholic lady and her Huguenot lover are standing under a garden wall. She has stolen out to meet him, and warn him of the danger. It has not been without doubt and hesitation that she has nerved herself to do so. The petals of the flower she has plucked to pieces in her tremor, are lying at his feet. Her passionate, earnest face, is turned up to his with the gaze of one that pleads for life, while her eager fingers try to fasten the white scarf round his arm. He will not have it, and with a gentle force impedes her tremulous effort. What do you read in his face? Love and pride, and fearlessness, and a shade, perhaps, of incredulity. Some may find one of these sentiments, some another, some all of them together, some none of them. This is the rare quality of the picture. It has many meanings—admits of various interpretations—may be read in divers ways. The moment is rightly chosen, when nothing is decided—when two fates hang trembling in the balance, and the spectator finds himself assisting in a struggle, of which he may prophesy the issue, as his sympathy with the love of woman or the strength of man happens to be strongest.

Of this picture, also, I boldly say, as I said of the other, there is not a whit too much of nicety, or precision, or finish in the details and accessories. Here, again, what I first see, in spite of myself, is the subtle human emotion of those two faces. All the rest I may find out when I have satisfied myself with that. But it is not without an effort that I can turn from those faces to the flowers that grow at the lovers' feet, or the creeper that mats the wall above their heads.

There is all that accuracy of eye and power of hand can do in these

pictures, but there is still more of thought and brains. The man who painted these pictures thought them out. He had a meaning to express, and he has expressed it. He felt his subject, and he makes me feel it. He cannot go on reproducing these pictures year after year, for the simple reason that the emotion and sentiment in each belongs to the particular subject, and to no other. He may paint as elaborate river banks, as true brick wall, as brilliant plush, and as real a silk dress, but the heads are not stereotype, and once conceived and painted, are conceived and painted for ever.

To all R.A.s and A.R.A.s, whether their subjects be rustic or heroic, fanciful or historical, of the past or of the present, I say, go and do likewise. Unless you can give me a pleasure of the same kind as these pictures give me, you do nothing. Before them I commune with the painter's thoughts; before your works I criticise coloured canvas.

I say it in no disparagement of you. The same thing is true of your elders and your betters; of many Italians and Flemings, whose pictures now fetch their weight in sovereigns, and are hung in high places.

In you and in them I recognise the triumph of skill, and the perfection of imitation. But here I see skill and imitative power subservient to thought, and embodying it with a power equal to the best of you.

I have now the honour, Gentlemen, to bid you good-bye till next week.

TAKING THE SHINE OUT OF EVERYTHING.



Read that a Frenchman has lately introduced into this country an article called a Diurnal Reflector, which is intended to invest dark places with the light of day. We do not wonder that the inventor has brought his Diurnal Reflector to England, instead of trying to introduce it in Paris; for, in the latter city no Diurnal Reflections are allowed. Several newspapers have already been suppressed in France for acting as Diurnal Reflectors, and there could, of course, be no hope for any one

desirous of throwing light upon that which is dark at the French seat of Government. We have no doubt of the value of the invention, and as the price is moderate, we recommend the article to every one who wishes for an aid to daily reflection.

These reflectors are recommended chiefly for those places in which bad construction impedes the light; but we presume they will be of little use in those instances where, putting the very best construction upon them that we can, the black look is not to be got over. We may, perhaps, recommend their adoption in the Court of Chancery, where, if they can throw a light upon any of the dark doings of that dismal abode, the Diurnal Reflectors would be above all Price, and above all PRICE's candles.

THE ELEPHANT TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

"SIR,—While serenely munching my carrot in my paddock here, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, I looked over the shoulder of a visitor, deep in your speech—(upon which, BENJAMIN, you were beaten)—touching the present to be made of the four seats in Parliament taken from Sudbury and St. Alban's. You said, with a sneer, some persons might suggest that representation might be given, among other bodies, to the Zoological Society.

"Sir, I accept the sneer; and am ready to contend that no body is so worthy of representation in the Commons House of Parliament as the body Zoological. Of course this assertion will be placed to my vanity, my selfishness. Sir, I am above the littleness of finesse; I have no false modesty; my skin does not admit of a blush (a fact that, politically considered, must have its advantages). And I at once allow that, representation being given to our Gardens, I, the Elephant, am the individual with overpowering claims upon the constituency. There is, I believe it, not a marmozet that would not *give* me his vote: I say *give* it; at which let electors of St. Alban's and Sudbury blush till they are as red in the face as the red-faced, azure-seated baboon.

"Sir, nature made me the brute model of the human politician, the biped statesman. In the first place, I am grave—very grave; none of my family, from the first elephant that plucked his own first fan from the palms of Eden, was ever known to make a joke: I am serious, heavy. Some of my tribe may have danced—so did once an English Chancellor—but wit I despise. The nearest approach to a joke ever perpetrated by any of us was, when an ancestor of mine, in a frolicsome moment, stamped out the bowels of a too familiar keeper: the only practical witticism we have upon record.

"But, Sir, look at my trunk. Does it not, in its structure, represent the very

philosophy of statesmanship? Contemplate, ponder, the organic delicacy of that trunk; exquisitely made to do nothing in a straight line. Whether I am to pick up a pin, or to uproot an oak, I can in no way attempt either achievement but by a *twist*. Now, Sir, as a man—a Caucasian—and a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in this inevitable twist, have we not the time-honoured uses of all politics? Is not the curve of beauty the curve of duty?

"Again, Sir, I can, at *any time*, carry a whole House on my back—no small advantage to one who would fain be a Minister, but who is at this present writing,

"Yours, Only AN ELEPHANT.

"P. S. I will not brag about purity—try me, that is all. WALPOLE has said, I am told, that every man has his price. Well, every Elephant has his cakes and oranges."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S MEASURE.—A QUERY.

WITH fairness and justice in view,
Observing the proverb of yore,
DISRAELI, I'll give you your due;
But, BEN, I must not give you more.

The truth I will willingly tell;
Your speech on the Budget did show
That you know our financial state well,
And can clearly relate what you know.

To so much its merit amounts;
And this may, moreover, be said,
That it proved you are up to accounts,
And possess'd of a decent "chalk head."

But facts can be cleverly strung,
And statements with neatness combined,
By many a voluble tongue,
The tool of a versatile mind.

You talk very finely—could we
With talking alone be content;
But what I am waiting to see,
My buck, is your power to invent.

PEEL's scheme has work'd well, you admit;
That system can you supersede?
Bring forward a better than it,
And I'll own you are clever indeed.

But glibly how'er you may talk,
To render such praise I refuse;
If all you can do is to walk
In his steps whom you used to abuse.

Improve that course, still, if you can,
Though you may no better devise;
And I'll own you a sensible man,
If not superhumanly wise.

But look not for credit immense,
For just plainly stating the side
Of truth, which, if you've common sense,
You knew all the while you denied.

No Compromise—No Surrender.

COMPROMISE is the great principle in the affairs of the British nation, says the EARL OF DERBY. There is, however, LORD DERBY should remember, a species of compromise that won't do. That is to say, there is such a thing as compromising a felony, and any compromise that involves robbing the people of their bread is very much like it.

Another Problem Solved.

SOME persons have expressed surprise that though we have a Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and a Royal Academy of Music, neither of these Royal Academies has any extraordinary renown reflected upon it by any of its pupils. We can only regard the fact as an illustration of the truth of the old saying, that there is no Royal Road to learning, and the Arts are not to be approached by a Royal Road more easily than any other object of study.



HIGHLY INTERESTING.

"SEEN THAT PARTY LATELY?"

"WHAT! THE PARTY WITH THE WOODEN LEG, AS COME WITH—"

"NO, NO—NOT THAT PARTY. THE PARTY, YOU KNOW, AS—"

"OH! AH! I KNOW THE PARTY YOU MEAN NOW."

"WELL! A PARTY TOLD ME AS HE CAN'T AGREE WITH THAT OTHER PARTY, AND HE SAYS THAT IF ANOTHER PARTY CAN'T BE FOUND TO MAKE IT ALL SQUARE, HE SHALL LOOK OUT FOR A PARTY AS WILL." (And so on for half an hour.)

HONOURABLE AMENDS TO SIR HARRY SMITH.

WE have been requested to publish the subjoined apology, as a model of one which is certainly due:—

WHY, I, HENRY G. GREY, otherwise EARL GREY, lately of the Colonial Office, Downing Street, did, out of a mean anxiety to avert from the Whig administration odium which it had incurred in a great measure from the management of that department of it over which I presided, write a most ungenerous and unjustifiable letter to SIR HARRY SMITH, late Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, recalling him from his office, and accusing him of having failed in showing foresight, energy, and judgment: I hereby offer the said SIR HARRY SMITH a PUBLIC and HUMBLE APOLOGY for the same. I freely confess that I did not know what I was writing about when I made those charges against SIR HARRY SMITH, which, according to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, were wholly unfounded, and am very sorry I did not ask the opinion of that illustrious Commander before expressing myself to the prejudice and dishonour of a gallant officer, on a subject whereon I was not qualified to form an opinion. I beg SIR HARRY SMITH to forgive me my unhandsome behaviour, to which I was driven by the fear of losing office alone, and which I should never have been guilty of if I had not expected he would fail, but which, now that he has succeeded, I sincerely repent. Having made this public acknowledgment of my error, I entreat SIR HARRY SMITH will use his influence to prevent my hearing anything more on the subject, whether in the House of Lords or in *Punch*.

Witnesses { PUNCH.
TOBY.

(Signed) GREY.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.—The celebrated ARAGO has resigned his office as director of the French Observatory, rather than take the oath of fidelity to the French Dictator. This noble act is a proof that LOUIS NAPOLEON's lucky star is not among those that the honest astronomer can recognise.

LOUIS NAPOLEON SOLOMON!

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS—and churchmen never flatter—has placed the PRESIDENT in a parallel with SOLOMON. It was given for SOLOMON to build and consolidate more than DAVID: it is reserved for LOUIS NAPOLEON to do more than the mere NAPOLEON. Well, SOLOMON had his gifts of peacocks; SOLOMON NAPOLEON has his present of an eagle: here it is; an eagle offered him by the French Army, on his visit to the banquet prepared for him—

"An enormous eagle, whose wings and tail were composed of sabres, the talons of horse-pistols, the eyes of tri-coloured cockades, and the beak of the hammers of percussion locks."

Not one of SOLOMON's peacocks was much like this bird—a bird that, with its carnivorous propensities, would eat how many bodies on a battle-field? For this was the very eagle that took its supper at Austerlitz—the very eagle that, once upon a time, settled upon the cliff at Boulogne, gazed and screamed across the ocean—screamed and gazed, and then, turned its tail of sabres, expanded its sabre wings, and flew another way. *Pax tibi*, says the Archbishop to the French Army—and the French Army offer an eagle of sabres, and pistols, and percussion-locks, as a responsive peace-offering!

Precious Metal and Precious Mess.

OWING to the attractions of the Australian diggings, the shepherds of the whole country are deserting their flocks, and it is to be feared that the consequence will be the destruction of the sheep. Abundance of gold itself will thus be the cause of distress; and unless something is done to remedy this state of things, we shall soon experience a peculiar and unpleasant illustration of the present "Great cry and little wool."



A Bottle, blown at the Punch Office from Fragments of the Glass of the Crystal Palace.

Jonathan and Japan.

It is said that the American Expedition to Japan will tend to the civilisation of that country's inhabitants. But will not conveying polish to Japan, be something like carrying coals to Newcastle? And should any resistance be offered to JONATHAN, is he not rather likely to take the shine out of the Japanese?

GOLD IN ENGLAND. (PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL!)

[FROM AN UNCONSCIOUS CORRESPONDENT.]

"Bustard Inn, Salisbury Plain, May (Date not legible).

"DEAREST ELIZA,

"I HAVE now been here a week, and it is all truer and truer—all—that ROGER declared to us. All—but say nothing. Say nothing, my treasure, but only think what you'll have! A door-scraper of gold—a knocker of the virgin metal—whatever you will, only be a woman, and, as long as you can, keep the secret; for any way it won't last. This morning the BISHOP of * * * arrived with a pickaxe, a cradle, and a Mackintosh sack. It is now only four o'clock, and he has returned to the inn to salmon and lamb-chops (people can't be particular here) to dinner, with five-and-twenty ounces. But so it is—ALL SALISBURY PLAIN, THE WHOLE BREADTH OF IT, and as for the depth, NOBODY PRETENDS TO FATHOM IT—IS ONE MASS OF GOLD, with just a thin coat of green grass over it! When this fact becomes generally known in London, won't the City be a wilderness! Already, I can count ten distinguished stockbrokers in Guernsey-frocks, navigators' overhauls, and gutta-percha wide-awakes. Our neighbour, MR. URIAH MUCKMAMMON—you know he had left home on a visitation, as his wife said, having a call at the Land's End—well, here he is, with a beard as long as a prophet's, in a suit of doeskin, and sleeping out at nights in a tent, with saddle-bags full of gold-dust for a pillow. When the news has fairly got wind, I dread to think on the skrimmages that'll happen.

"Wonderful are the ways of fate! Here has Salisbury Plain been growing gold for thousands of years—for I'm told it takes at least five hundred years to grow an ounce of scale-gold, whilst two or three thousand, at least, go to the raising of nuggets—(a nugget, my precious, is a lump of virgin ore, about as big as a respectable potato)—here has been this very Plain, with the Druids in their white linen gowns (as you once saw 'em at Covent Garden in *Norma*), cutting their mistletoes and performing their church-service, with never so much as a notion of the glory that was under 'em.

"As it pours with rain, and I've done my thirty ounces to-day, I will snatch a few minutes from PLUTUS to give to the wife of my bosom. Well, I can't tell you how the gold was first found out—but this is it.

"MR. * * * (as the post's no longer safe from here, I don't name some names), a most respectable lawyer of Salisbury, much given to sheep, if only for their parchment, used to come up here to stay at the Bustard, and to take his walks and contemplations on the Plain, thinking, no doubt—for he has the credit of being uncommon serious—of this world and the others. MR. * * * as I've said, having a fancy for sheep, was particularly struck with one black-faced wether; that somehow would look at MR. * * * just as his late partner (a very sharp practitioner, but now defunct) used to look across the desk, in his office days and business-hours, right at him. There is among heathen people a notion that some folks that die come back to this world again, upon all fours, as beasts. Well, MR. * * * looking in the black face of that wether—only his fancy, of course—did think the sheep a striking likeness to his partner. But when the wether went bolt up to a lump or boss in the ground, and kept licking and licking it, and looking up and looking up in the face of MR. * * *, as much as to say, 'how nice,' and with every look and every smack of the mouth, looking more and more like the aforesaid late partner, MR. * * * followed the sheep, and saw a lump of bright yellow stuff in the midst of stone, with the grass licked clean off it. Well, being above the greed of gold, MR. * * *, just for the curiosity of the thing, goes back to the Bustard, and says nothing, but borrows a pickaxe; with which he picks off a lump of about twenty pound, which he puts in his handkerchief, and takes back with him to his room in Salisbury, still saying nothing.

"The next day, one of the Canons of the Cathedral calls on MR. * * * about Church business. (Four boys had been put in the Ecclesiastical Court for playing at shove-halfpenny in the Cloisters.) Well, there lay the lump of yellow stuff, MR. * * * thinking nothing about it; for to him it was shining lumber—nothing better. "Hallo," says the Canon, surprised out of himself, 'why, that's a lump of gold—yea, gold of Ophir!' 'Not of Ophir,' says the simple-minded attorney, because I knocked it off with a pickaxe from a bigger lump on the Plain.' 'Bless me!' cried the Canon, 'you don't say so!' 'On the Plain,' repeats the simple lawyer; 'but as for gold, why, that's impossible.' 'Well, now I look again,' says the Canon, 'it's rubbish—yes,

nothing more than pyrites of iron, with mica, schistus, rag, rubble, and a dash of pudding-stone.' 'I know nothing of these things,' said the lawyer; and began to look out some papers; whereupon the Canon remembered that he'd got a particular appointment (how he'd come to forget it, he couldn't tell) with his Lordship the Bishop; and so the case of brawling in church, otherwise the case of shove-halfpenny, must for a day or two stand over. The very next morning, a man as like the Canon as the Canon's two thumbs are like one another—was seen with a donkey and panniers, a pickaxe, and a spade, taking their way like two pilgrims across the Plain. For a whole week the Canon's knocker was tied up with an old black kid-leather glove, and straw laid down afore the door; he was so dreadful ill with jaundice. Then another Canon fell sick; and then another; then a Prebend, and then a Dean; that, anybody not in the secret, would have thought the whole established Church of Salisbury was in the hands of the doctors! But not a bit of it—every one of 'em, for all the muffled knockers and the straw—every one of 'em was perspiring away on Salisbury Plain, as if they were turning up potatoes of virgin gold at the diggings!

"And still the secret leaks out, and every hour brings new arrivals. You can't think who's here dressed for the mines. In the paper you sent me I read that —, and —, and twenty other M.P.s, had 'paired off;' yes—and here they are, with not even the time to wash themselves, rocking their cradles, and bringing up thumping fortunes.

"I've done very well—altogether about 1000 ounces of virgin ore: I hope to make the 1000 ounces 10,000 before the Plain gets 'ull wind, when, I take it, the rush will be dreadful. At present it's certain that MR. DISRAELI knows nothing about it, or wouldn't he dissolve Parliament? I hate slander; but the EARL of D***BY was said to be laid up last week with the gout; and yet, such is the malice of human nature, when hungry for gold, a miner—a tall, fiery-looking man—was yesterday pointed out to me as the noble Earl—his valet doing the part of his master in London in his flannels. By this you may imagine the state of morals that gold has brought us to! If gold is the root of evil, England will be fuller and fuller of wickedness!

"The day before yesterday there was a dreadful riot. A barrister of high standing (a real Q.C.) was charged with entering the tent of DOCTOR —, a Prebend of St. —, London, and stealing from the gold bags of the Reverend Gentleman, who showed fight with a courage, as a brother divine and miner observed, worthy of the cause.

"All things are getting dreadfully dear, which has brought down upon us a crowd of suttler-women, who wish to pass themselves off as the lower orders. But it won't do; there's more than one born lady who sells rum to the miners at half-a-sovereign a glass; whilst champagne has gone off at two ounces the bottle—the corks drawn by an Earl's daughter!

"Gambling is beginning to show its hydra-head. Three M.P.s (I won't name names, but they are all pairers-off) have started a table with pea-and-thimbles; and, call as you will, there is no police.

"Since I began my letter—for I've been called away a dozen times—one entire side of Holywell Street has arrived; and I hear all the Minorities may be expected to-morrow.

"In another month, and London will be a skeleton city. In the meanwhile, I shall trust in fate and my pickaxe, and am off for an hour or two, before night sets in, to rock my cradle.

"Your affectionate Husband,
"—"

"P.S. Three Members of the Archæological Society have arrived; and—assured of the treasure that will turn up—have determined to blast Stonehenge to-morrow."

Mr. Punch gives this letter as communicated to him at the last moment before going to press. Hence, Mr. Punch has not time to verify, or disprove, any of the statements made by the writer; but Mr. Punch cannot refrain from calling upon the philosophic mind of London to endeavour to imagine the moral revolution—the topsyturviness of all respectability, the chaos of all time-honoured conventionalities, that would inevitably take place—were it to be discovered that Salisbury Plain was really and tangibly a Plain of Gold! Mr. Punch must be permitted to shudder at the consequences to London morals and London society.

A Shower of Benedictions.

LAST week the Archbishop of Paris was blessing a bundle of Eagles and Flags,—this week he has been busy blessing a heap of busts of the PRESIDENT. If this shower continues, LOUIS NAPOLEON will find the French Church quite a Blessing.

Consoling.

THE Electors of St. Alban's are but little affected by the loss of their franchise. They consider that their Borough has caused so deep an impression in the House, that the Government cannot fail to re-Member it.



"I SAY, MISTER, JUST PUT US UP A COUPLE OF GREEN WEELS, WILL YER? THE DUST IS SO UNCOMMON DISAGREEABLE A-DRIVING DOWN TO HEPSON!"

THE INCOME-TAX NEVER DIES.

THE Income-Tax is carried on from year to year—handed over by one Parliament to another—with most monotonous regularity. Such has been the case with the Tories, who gave it to the Whigs, who returned it again to the Tories, who have now voted it for another year, to be handed back once more, probably, to the Whigs. The next Parliament will open business with the Income-Tax, left it as a legacy by its predecessor—and we wish it joy of its succession. This succession, moreover, bids fair to be an endless one, and to descend from generation to generation, like a precious heirloom. It seems to be like those interminable tales which we read—or rather, some one reads—in the Magazines, and which go on for years, never seeming to come to an end. By-the-by, it would not form an inappropriate *Finis* to the act that is published every year for the continuation of the Income-Tax, if there was always appended 'at the end of it the time-honoured notice that is generally pinned on to the end of every Magazine tale:—
"To be continued in our next."

GENEROUS FEELING.—Out of consideration to the feelings of the Protectionists, since their cause has been abandoned by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the Director of the Royal Italian Opera has discontinued for the present the successful performances of *The Martyrs*.

MISS VIOLET AND HER "OFFERS."

CHAPTER IX.

I WONDER why it is considered proper to make some apology for being at Epsom on the Derby day. Nobody ever seems inclined to admit that the attractions of a lively day, and a fine sight, are satisfactory reasons for going down, and it appears as necessary to have a correct excuse for seeing the races as a correct card of the horses that run them. I was quite amused with the various justifications which I heard offered by all sorts of people the last time we went down, which was last year. I do not think papa cared about providing himself with an excuse, but if we had wanted one, we might have said, *selon les règles*, that Aunt HESTER had come up from Wales with her two daughters; her husband, MR. DE STRINGAS, who is a country lawyer, having been obliged to stay in London to answer some election-petition accusations. I think he was charged with having returned his man by bribing the chambermaid of the hotel, where twenty of the opposite voters were imprisoned, to fill all the jugs in the bedrooms with whiskey instead of water; and the consequence was, that on the day of poll, every one of the twenty was found in a state of stupefaction, and incapable of even muttering the name of the gentleman they ought to have supported. I think, too, Uncle DE STRINGAS was suspected of having got up a panic, which caused a run upon the country bank where the enemy's funds had been deposited; so that the bankers were obliged to pay to depositors the money intended for bribing, and two days were lost before any fresh supplies could be sent down from the Pall Mall Club. I know that his talents are very highly esteemed in his county, and Aunt HESTER always wears a beautiful emerald and pearl brooch, presented to her by the neighbouring gentlemen, in commemoration of Uncle's spirited behaviour, when the Speaker of the House of Commons was reprimanding him for violently tearing all the signatures off the petition against his friend. He is the most good-natured, kind-hearted creature in the world, and I am sure that, on the Downs, you might have heard his laugh from the hill to the Grand Stand.

My cousins, KATE and LOUISA, are both pretty girls, on rather a large scale, and perhaps with a little too much of that swing and saucy manner which grows upon girls who are made a good deal of in small circles. But when they come into the world they are shy, almost to stiffness, until they—what they are pleased to call—"know" a person, and then they say anything and everything that comes into their heads.

They are dear girls, both of them, and have as good tempers as their papa, and sometimes laugh nearly as loudly. As for Aunt HESTER, she only lives for two things—to make her family happy, and to copy all the riddles she can meet with into the fly-leaves of a great old copy of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and on the backs of the painful pictures. When we were visiting her, papa altered the inscription under one of the engravings, and made it read, "MR. J^{NO}. JONES cruelly whip'd by BISHOP BONNER, for refusing to reveal why a kitten in walnut-shells was like the General Post Office."

Our carriage was moored nearly opposite the Grand Stand, in an excellent place, (where I dare say we shall be seen while Little Harry and Claverhouse are running), and everybody came to speak to us between the races. ALBANY, you may be sure, was down before we were, and rendered most invaluable service, getting the carriage into the front, suggesting all kinds of clever arrangements for lunch, keeping vigilant guard over us, and driving away all the sullen-looking people who come to snatch the shawls, parasols, and handkerchiefs, while the owners are watching the running. He even got rid of the gipsies in shorter time than anybody else could, and yet without flying into a rage. Besides, he named the horses to us as they cantered to the starting-place (though I do not believe we, or one person in a thousand, recognised any one of the creatures as they came rushing back), arranged sweepstakes between each race, and told us who had won almost the instant the thing was over. He was in capital spirits, and his straightforward, frank, unaffected manner showed to great advantage, as the drawlers and loungers, and men who pretended to be used up, arrived, one after another. As for my cousins, they both declared that they were hopelessly in love with ALBANY; and LOUISA, in particular, did nothing but call out to him to bring her this, and to tell her that, and to help her to the other thing, the whole afternoon. But though he was scrupulously attentive, I do not think that he gave her much encouragement, and he contrived to be on my side of the carriage quite as much as was necessary. AUNT HESTER, I believe, saw exactly how matters were, and once when LOUISA was crying out, "O, MR. SWELLINGTON! you *must* come here this instant and tell me something," she said,

"I think, dear, you might as well let MR. SWELLINGTON alone."

And then she looked straight at me for a moment, with a very quiet little smile, and the next moment pretended to be very deep in the advertisements on the back of MR. DORLING's card. I knew that she had too much good sense to say anything, but I was in perpetual fear lest one of my riotous cousins should shout out what in the country

they call "hints," but which sound like most awkwardly plain-speaking in London.

"Here, VIOLET, here comes another of your *beaux*," (I could never cure the country girls of that word,) cried KATE, giving me a push, as little SIR FINGAL MERVYN, of the Grenadier Guards, came up, looking dreadfully hot, but greatly pleased with himself for something he had achieved.

"How de doo?" he asked; "delightful day! yes—I can't raise my hat, I'm sorry to say, because it's full of Napoleons, and pincushions, and money-boxes, which would come raining over my shoulders. Great knocking down! tremendous!—Thank you very much; it looks as if it had been invented expressly to meet my emergency." This latter acknowledgment referred to a green glass of Hock, with a piece of Wenham Lake ice in it, which papa handed down, compassionately, to SIR FINGAL.

"You are the real original good Samaritan, MR. BROMPTON," said the British Grenadier, as he gave the glass to the servant; "and I won't be ungrateful, because ingratitude is unseemingly and unbecoming." And he stooped very low to take off his hat without dropping its contents. "There, MISS BROMPTON, do me the favour to accept a lemon—I knocked him over with my first stick, winning a sovereign thereby from ATHANASIUS BLEAT, the barrister, who may be a very good barrister, but shies precious bad. Permit me to offer your friends the following trifles from Epsom; namely, one jack-in-the-box, one—

"SIR FINGAL MERVYN, aunt," I said, for I saw the girls were eager to secure some of the Grenadier's spoils.

"Just so," said SIR FINGAL, addressing her in the most good-humoured but grave way; "and pray, let me present to you this exemplary bodkin-case—substantial, rather than showy, perhaps. To you (this was to KATE) this distinguished-looking pincushion—observe the red and gold—and to you (this to LOUISA) this unparalleled money-box: notice the real brass around the hole. And now I must go and give the rest to the BARONESS FONTARABIA, because she is going to take me to town. And so, good-bye, with the same apology as before for not taking off my hat. How are you, ALBANY? Want to do anything?"

"I never bet, now," said MR. SWELLINGTON, very composedly. "But you are all wrong, as you'll find in a few minutes, for there goes the bell to clear the course."

"Put us up, there's a good one, if you've heard anything," said the Grenadier, very earnestly. "You always—"

ALBANY hastily whispered something, which sent the officer away with a hasty step and a blank face; and as soon as he was gone, KATE and LOUISA began to

We made up our sweepstakes for the great race, and ALBANY's hat being duly shaken, we all drew; LOUISA hesitating a long time at drawing, teasing ALBANY to draw for her, and, finally, snatching a paper, with the appropriate sentiment, "Well, here's luck!" I forget what my number was, but ALBANY asked to see it, and I showed it him, upon which he nodded with evident pleasure, and told me to put it away in my lemon. Upon this, LOUISA, to please him by taking his hint, put her paper unopened into her money-box, and, of course, never knew what she had drawn.

Then came the time of suspense, broken only by the regular incidents of the people who will cross the course, and are sent back unless they can dodge the policemen; and of the poor dog, whose nerves must be shaken for the whole following year, by the frightful yelling which the rabble raise as he runs down the line. One really almost hates creatures who are capable of making such noises, and for such a purpose. And then came the false alarm, and then the cry, taken up instinctively by thousands upon thousands; and then the instants of strange excitement even to those who scarcely knew the name of a single horse in the struggle, and certainly have not the least interest in the event. What these rushing moments must be to a man who has a quiet home far away, with a gentle, sorrowful wife, and poor little children in it, and all their money in the world staked upon those maddening horses, I am afraid to think. ALBANY will never bet again—though I am sure I do not know why I write that here.

We were all standing up in and about the carriage, intently watching the race, papa with a telescope, and some of us with opera-glasses; and ALBANY had so posted himself, that there was certainly no danger of my falling. Round rushed the horses, pattering and thundering, and a shifting mass of shining silks, of various colours, confused the eye, and defied one's powers of memory—blue cap and yellow sleeves, and purple cap and white sleeves, and green cap and ultra-marine sleeves—each might be anybody's and everybody's colours for all I could recollect. Another moment or two, and all was over, and hundreds of thousands of pounds, all over the kingdom, had changed owners.

"What's the number, ALBANY?" said papa, trying to bring his telescope to bear upon the great figure they were hanging out.

"MISS BROMPTON has it in her lemon," said MR. ALBANY. And to my surprise, the next moment he sprang from the carriage, dived under another, and presently came out, dragging a savage-looking man, buttoned up to the neck, and with no rim to his hat. The man strove to get away, but clearly had not the slightest chance. ALBANY brought him up to the carriage.

"Something of yours, MRS. DE [STRINGAS, this person has to return."

"Of mine!" said my aunt, in great surprise. "I have not lost anything."

"He is one of those ingenious people who find things which are not exactly lost," said ALBANY. "Produce it, my man."

The man scowled, and shook back his head sulkily, but did not obey.

"As you please," said ALBANY. "This way, then." And holding his prisoner with a firm grasp, he drew him some paces from the carriage, when an apparition approached which changed the plans of the captive. It was a mounted policeman, who, at ALBANY's signal, came galloping up.

"All is serene, Sir," said the prisoner, putting something into ALBANY's hand; and in an instant slipping from his grasp, and darting off at a rapid pace. The officer gave chase, but was soon defeated by the artful manoeuvres of the culprit.

"No matter," said ALBANY, putting what he had recovered into AUNT HESTER's hand. "You must have dropped it, when standing on the edge of the carriage. I saw him dive."

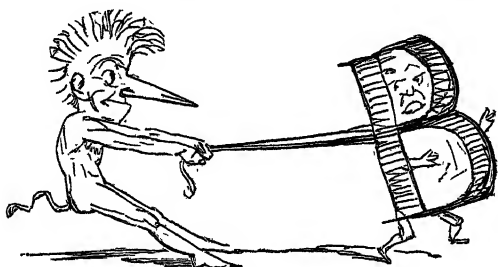
It was the beautiful emerald and pearl brooch which had been given as a testimonial to my Uncle's noble and spirited conduct in the election business. To think that such a reward of virtue should fall into the hands of an unprincipled person! Papa discoursed very curiously upon this to ALBANY, as we came home from the Derby.



snatch at one another's presents, each declaring the other had got the best, and that it was a shame, and the way she was always served.

ONE OF THE GREATEST "TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE."—Having some half-dozen hungry young fellows of your acquaintance dropping *seriatim* into your carriage at lunch-time on the Derby day.

EQUALITY OF NAMES.



into the other. SEVENOAKS, SE'NOAKS, SNOAKS, SNOOKS. No doubt many another name may have been corrupted in the same way, and, vulgar as it is thought now, may be traceable to the root of a high family tree. There is BUGGINS. That evidently comes from BURGOYNE. As thus: BURGOYNE, BURGOYNE's (the son of BURGOYNE), BURGONS, BUGGONS, BUGGINS. What confirms this view, is the fact that we find HIGGINS, a cognate patronymic, in the transition state—like a frog with a tail, not quite changed from tadpole—spelt HIGGONS, in course of decline from HUGO; as HUGO, HUGO's, HUGONS, HUGGONS, HIGGONS, HIGGINS. From the same origin is also manifestly derived HUGGINS—formed in some particular instance instead of HUGGONS from HUGONS. There can be little question that BROWN comes from BIRON or BYRON; and that not very remotely—BYRON, B'RON, BROWN. BRIGGS may easily be deduced from MOWBRAY. One of the early MOWBRAYS, who could read and write imperfectly, spelt his name MOWBRAG, confounding y with g. A descendant of his, very subject to influenza, used to call himself BOWBRAG. In course of time, an elision occurred, first of the w, making BOBRAG, and then of the o, reducing the name to BBAG, with two B's; as that of FRENCH is sometimes written FFRENCH. A subsequent member of the family, who was not a man of letters, struck off a B, and cut it down to BRAG; another, more addicted to letters than literature, added a g, and made it BRAGG. By the conversion of a vowel, it became BRIGG; lastly, some gentleman bearing it, who rejoiced in the genitive case or the plural number, put an s to it: and thus MOWBRAY sunk, through various stages of decadence, into BRIGGS. In the same manner, it would not be very difficult to trace POTT up to PLANTAGENET.

These considerations show that there is not so much difference between the Nobility and the Mobility as the former imagine: and further, that the SNOOKSES and BRIGGSSES, and other individuals of the people, may boast, with truth, of the very longest pedigrees, inasmuch as it has required many generations for such names as BRIGGS and SNOOKS to descend from SEVENOAKS and MOWBRAY.

STARVATION FOR THE DELICATE.

THAT exquisite young officer, CAPTAIN GANDAW, was reading a newspaper, when his brilliant eye lighted on the following passage in a letter which had been written to the journal by MR. MECHE, on the subject of "Irrigation."

"I may be thought rather speculative when I anticipate that within a century from this period, the sewage from our cities and towns will follow the lines of our lines of railway, in gigantic arterial tubes, from which diverging veins will convey to the eager and distant farmer the very essence of the meat and bread which he once produced at so much cost."

"Fancy," remarked the gallant Captain, "the sewage of towns and cities being the essence of owa bwead and meat—and of becaaw too, of cawse, as becaaw is made from gwain! How vewy disgasting! MR. MECHE expects that his ideas will be thought wathaw speculative. He flattas himself. They will only be consida'd vewy dawty. The wetch! I shall be obliged to abjaw bwead, and confine myself to Iwish potatoes—which are the simple pwoctions of the awth—and avoid all animal food but game and fish. And when fish and game are not in season, I shall be unda the necessity of westwicting my appetite to

"A sewip with hawbs and fruits supplied,
And wataw from the spwing."

Gold and the Looking-Glass.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MUNDY—in his capital book, *Our Antipodes*—tells us that quicksilver was in such demand for the Bathurst mines, to fix the metal, that old looking-glasses were bought up, and their "silver lining" scraped off. There is nothing new even at the Antipodes! For how often has Beauty employed the quicksilver of her glass, and only for the purpose of "fixing" so much gold?

"NOTICE OF MOTION."—A Railway Time-table.

UNREPORTED ILLUMINATIONS.

THE Illuminations in honour of HER MAJESTY's birthday were this year of a more significant character than the reader of the newspapers is perhaps aware. Our contemporaries, it is true, have devoted their accustomed two columns to their usual report, but we have sufficient reason to believe that theirs is by no means what MR. DORLING would term a "correct list." We have long suspected, indeed, that these two columns were mere annual stereotypes; and wishing distinctly to ascertain the fact, we this year started a special Penny-a-liner of our own, with instructions to spare no expense in cabs to obtain the fullest, truest, and most particular account. And we now fearlessly challenge the entire press to show "copy" of the following items, which we extract at random from his note-book:—

"LORD SEYMOUR's mansion was illuminated in the choicest taste. It displayed a transparency of the Crystal Palace, arranged as a dissolving view, with a prominent outline in the foreground of his lordship's favourite pump.

"COLONEL SIBTHORP showed a similar device; with, in lieu of the pump, a full-length portrait of himself. The latter enveloped in a Blaze of Triumph.

"The residence of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL was illuminated with the Transparency of a Distressed Agriculturist: a rather substantial shadow, but painted in the palest colours, and fading almost imperceptibly away. Beneath, the inscription—'I am starving'—on an exceedingly rich ground.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER displayed, as usual, a number of ingenious devices. That which elicited the most admiration was a figure-ative representation of the Budget: the figures all *en couleur de rose*, and wreathed in corn-flowers, with the motto—'Let Well Alone.'

"THE EARL OF DERBY's official residence was most elaborately festooned with variegated lamps; the upper story especially being very light. In the centre was a Janus-head, considered by some to represent the Head of the Government. To the right, an Allegory—'Protection,' dressed in the Coat of Office, with its finger naively laid upon its lips and a corn-ucopia beside it, labelled 'Free:' to the left, a distant view of the Mansion House, with the proverb '*On revient toujours à ses PREMIER'S amours*,' indistinctly traced in party-coloured lamps.

"Several of the Protectionist Members displayed a single star—the Star of Hope—but these were mostly very dim, and in many cases quite gone out.

"It is needless to state that MR. PUNCH's official residence was illuminated in its accustomed simple but effective manner. The illumination consisted merely of the pages of his last Number, which were displayed as usual in the window, and completely dazzled the mind's eye of every beholder."

MILDNESS OF THE POLITICAL SEASON.



SUCH is the extraordinary mildness of the political season, that the DERBY Ministry is not yet nipped in the bud, notwithstanding its constant exposure out of doors during the day-time, and the extremely variable atmosphere it experiences in the forcing-house at night. The wonder is, among political botanists, that a plant so extremely delicate should have lived so long, especially after its having lost its hold upon the soil, since it has undergone the process of transplantation from the country flats to the warm beds of the Treasury.

It is to be doubted whether it can ever become a healthy and hardy plant, for it has been reared under the cover of an artificial Protection, which is injurious to progress, and has unfitted it for that free exposure to the open air which is so necessary to vigour and vitality.

"What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid"—on Epsom Downs.

(As defined by a rather "knowing one" of our acquaintance.)

Eat—Chicken or lobster salad, wherever you can get it.

Drink—Sherry or Champagne, *ad libitum*, gratis, upon the same conditions.

And Avoid—Pecuniarily backing your opinion as to which of the metallic trio the "little pea" is hidden under.

MOTTO FOR THE MONOPOLIST BREWER.—"Beer, and for-Beer."

ODE ON THE DERBY.

1.
OH reedy pipes, and drum! resound!
With blended thump and trill,
That cause the heart to bound,
And midriff thrill!
Hymn the grand Derby Day,
The jolliest of the jolly month of May!
A wretch profane and base art thou
Whom business to thy stool doth glue,
So that thou dost that festival allow
To pass without observance due.
The love of gain thy spirit binds,
Oh slave of Avarice!
The most pernicious vice
To mortal minds.

2.
But thou'rt a Trump and jolly chap,
The races punctual to attend,
Who askest me to share thy Trap;
Thee will I ever call my friend.
And never, never may'st thou fail,
Old Boy, thy vehicle to freight
With lobster bright in scarlet mail,
And chicken at a liberal rate,
Of pigeon-pie an ample store,
And bread enough to eat—and more!
Thy hamper should, in its contents,
Include the proper condiments;
Knives, forks, plates, glasses, duly pack;
A corkscrew, too, let it contain;
Of sherry there must be no lack,
And, oh! forget not the champagne.

3.
Over the Thames of turbid flow,
By holy Clapham, and the way
Of pleasant Tooting, thus I go,
Derby, on thy sacred day,
To Epsom's verdant plain.
Lo! every kind of carriage, van, and wain,
(We cut the railway train,

See, mingled with the multitude of drags,
An infinite lot of mokes, and cobs, and nags;
Conveying Swell and Nob,
Cheek by jowl with whom we ride,
And every grade beside;
So we go down,
Laughing, talking, joking,
With costermonger smoking,
Fast man upon Town,
Larking Gent, and Snob.

4.
Hail! young green leaves, and blooming trees,
And yet more blooming lasses,
Smiling in your best array,
On either side the whilst our chariot passes!
And you, ye boys, who load the fragrant breeze,
Shouting "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"
But now, as denser grows the throng,
Clouds of dust the eye assail,
The Gent all Moses-clad pulls down his veil,
And like the speckled lazy-crawling snail,
We creep along.
Behold us in the ruck!
Oh sweet celestial maid,
Mild PATIENCE! lend thine aid,
Whilst at the Turnpike-gate,
All in a jam, for half-an-hour we wait,
Regularly stuck!

5.
At length we gain the Down—
Oh strange, astounding sight!
Sure every vehicle of Town
Is here—Immortals bright!
The multitude on every hand!
The sea of heads on yonder stand!
What a surging hum of voices!
Hark!—a bell above the din—
Clear the course! my mind rejoices—
They are going to begin;
Striped-vested jockeys canter to and fro—

Away they go!
No—not yet—no!
Now they are off—at last—
Gently at first—then fast
As the fleet WIND-KING—WINKIN called in
short,
Scarce slower than electric fire,
Speeds on the telegraphic wire.
Loud shout the men of sport;
Round TATTENHAM's corner whilst the horses
fly,
Increasing clamours rend the air
As the goal is neared—
'Tis won!—aloft the conquering number's
reared—
And flocks of pigeons, soaring high
Throughout a breathless world the news to
bear,
Darken the sky!

6.
Luncheon, now, with due libations,
Not in vain, keen HUNGER craves;
Then to make our observations
On the thimble-rigging knaves,
Between the wheels our way we bore,
And roam among the booths to shy at toys,
As we were wont to do in days of yore,
When we were boys.
Laden with our childish booty,
Back we wend at close of day,
'Mid inextinguishable noise;
And our spoils to Youth and Beauty
Toss upon our homeward way;
As blithe as Sons of MARS,
Or Children of the Gun,
Returning from the wars,
With mild cigars,
Chaffing, bantering, poking fun,
Until we doze;
And thou, oh gentle MORPHEUS! steep'st our
senses in repose.

"IMPROMPTU DINNERS."



AN Advertisement with the above heading annoys us daily. We are by no means *gourmands*, but we cannot say we relish the idea of an *impromptu* dinner. The very word "*impromptu*" seems inevitably to imply haste. Now, if there's one thing more than another that an Englishman hates to hurry over, it is unquestionably his dinner. The suggestion is, therefore, nationally repugnant to our taste. In America we could fancy "*impromptu dinners*" would be in great request. Celebrity is there the motto of the people, and nowhere is the spirit of go-aheadism more conspicuously manifested than at the dinner-table.

Intrinsically, by no means would we depreciate these dinners. We have never tasted, and, therefore, cannot judge them. But nominally, we must repeat, the notion is to us a disagreeable one. And if ever we are asked to an *impromptu* dinner, we shall certainly stipulate that it be what Molière calls "*un impromptu, fait à loisir*."

A Blessed President!

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS has been blessing the busts of LOUIS NAPOLEON. This is quite proper, for we should have to wait a long time, we are afraid, before we heard any of the people say, "Bless his dear face!"

FLINGING SATIRE IN A MAN'S FACE.

A DEPUTATION waited upon LORD JOHN MANNERS to tell him all about the stagnant and dangerous condition of the Serpentine, and to ask for some remedy. MR. LILWALL expressed himself as very confident that

"The crying evil would at length be remedied, seeing that his Lordship, who had always expressed himself as so desirous to promote the healthful recreation of the people, was at the head of that department which pre-eminently gave his Lordship the means of carrying out that desire."

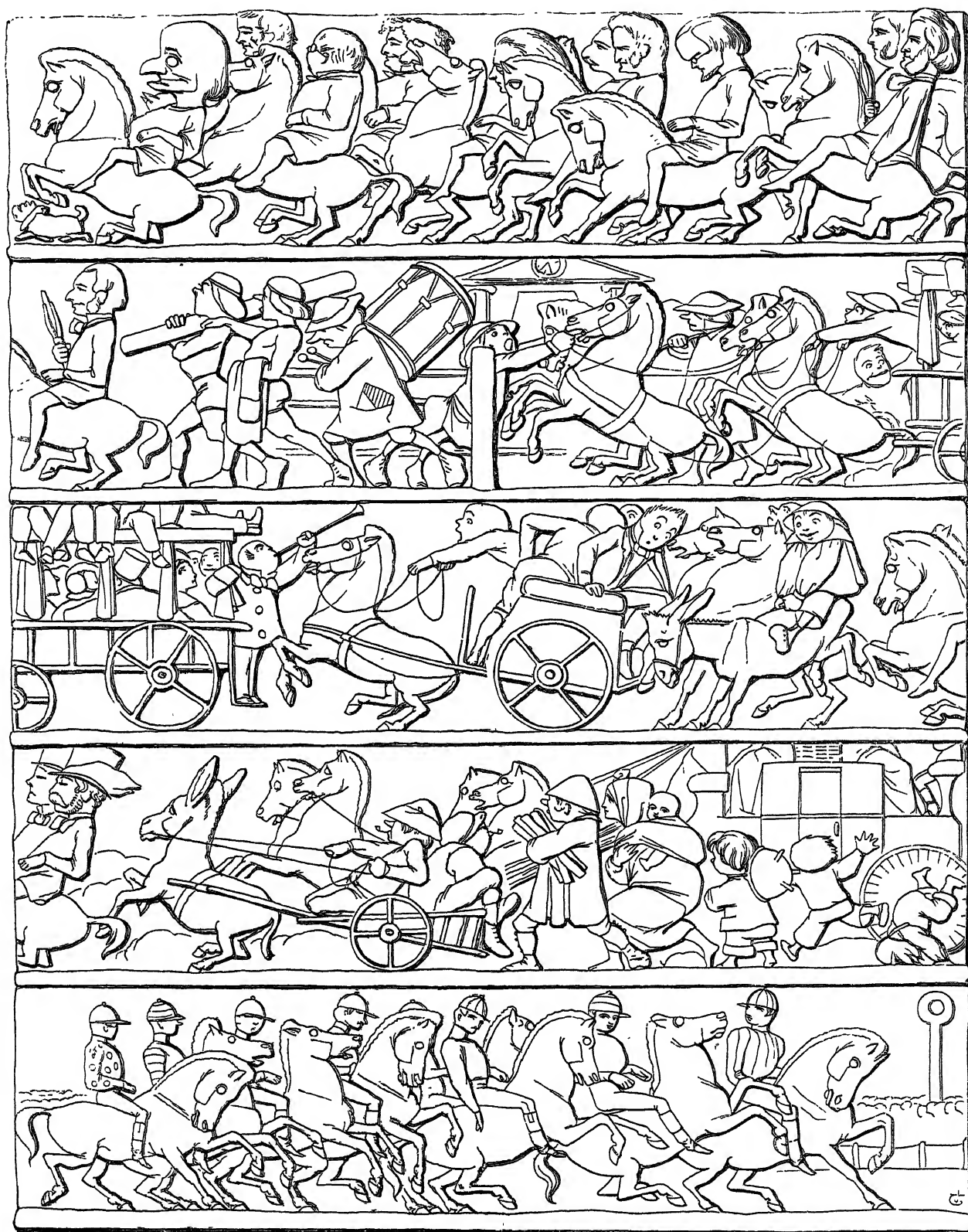
We are afraid MR. LILWALL has mistaken the means of softening a Minister's heart. Rock as it may be, satire is not the kind of acid that will melt it. And what greater satire than to tell LORD JOHN MANNERS that he was "so desirous to promote the healthful recreation of the people!" And this only a week after his memorable speech and vote in favour of the demolition of the Crystal Palace! It's too bad to fling burning satire like this in a man's face! It's worse than vitriolic acid.

The Hero of one Battle-Field.

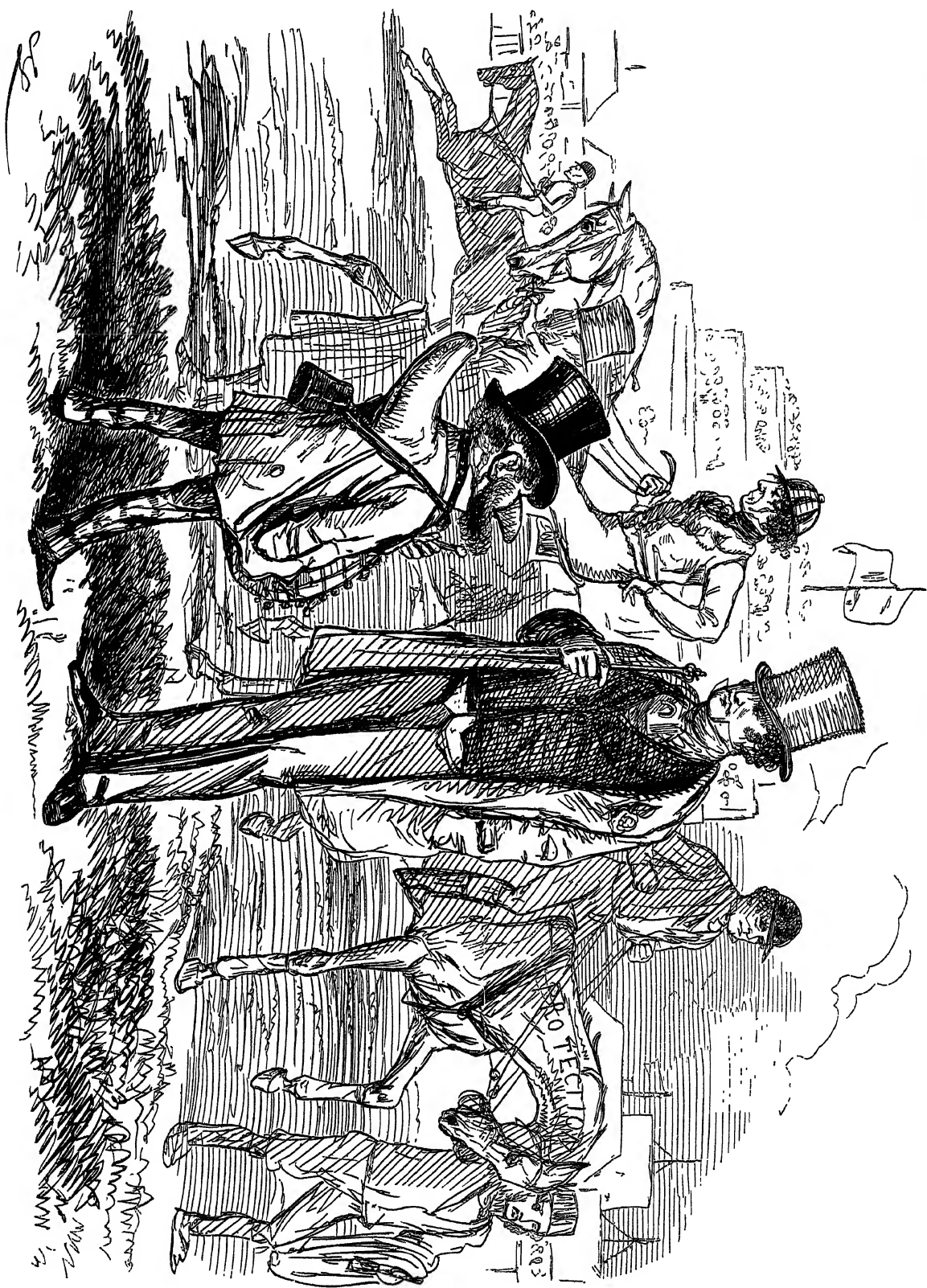
ON the occasion of the review in the Champ de Mars, the PRESIDENT wore the uniform of a General of the Infantry—or of a Colonel of the National Guard—for, as he has never served in either, it is extremely doubtful which uniform he wore, or, in fact, what rank in the French army he has gained at all, beyond that, from never having been in it, of a Rank Impostor. As these doubts make it very inconvenient to know what military title to give him, we suggest that LOUIS NAPOLEON do take his title from that of the only battle-field in which he has hitherto distinguished himself, and be henceforth known as "*the Great SHAM de Mars*."

The Cup that Inebriates, but does not Cheer.

WHEN LOUIS NAPOLEON has declared himself Emperor, the cup of his ambition will be completely full, for then it will amount to the whole Imperial Measure for which he has so long been thirsting.



THE EPSOM MARBLES.



THE GREAT DERBY DAY.

Rt. Hon. Mr. Punch. "Now, My Lord, which do you declare to win with—Free Trade, or Protection?"

A GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.



THE late events in Paris may be characterised as a Grand Disappointment.

FIRST of all, part of the Army was disappointed. They expected an Emperor before the day was half over; whereas in the evening there was only a Prince President just the same as in the morning.

SECONDLY, the Orlanists were disappointed, because they made sure there would have been a row of some sort or other, by which they could not fail to have profited; whereas things passed off so quietly, that they were no nearer the throne after the review than they had been before it.

THIRDLY, the Legitimists were disappointed for the same reason.

FOURTHLY, the Republicans were on the look-out for a *coup d'état*, and were in hopes that something good to their cause might come out of it; but no *coup d'état* occurring, they were equally disappointed with all the others.

FIFTHLY, the foreigners and strangers, who flocked to Paris in the strong expectation that the Empire was to be proclaimed, came away terribly disappointed, declaring they had been seduced there under false pretences, as nothing had taken place beyond a stupid review, of which the dust took very good care to prevent them seeing anything.

And LASTLY, LOUIS NAPOLEON was more disappointed than anyone else, as he rose in the morning with the full certainty that the Army would proclaim him Emperor, and went to bed at eight o'clock with the unpleasant conviction that some one had made a slight mistake.

And the fact is, every one was disappointed, officers and soldiers included. The officers, because they had several days' pay deducted to pay the expenses of a fête that only ended in smoke; and the soldiers, because they had all the hard work to do, without any of the feasting that followed afterwards. They expected showers of champagne and *saucissons* at least, but had nothing to swallow but dust and disappointment.

So, under all the circumstances, we think we are perfectly justified in characterising the late Fêtes of Paris as a GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

SEASONABLE NOVELTY.

PARTIES going to the Derby are recommended to provide themselves with *The Gentleman's Complete Chaffer*; a neat duodecimo volume, fitted for the waistcoat pocket, and containing upwards of 5000 choice bits of "Chaff," suitable for all emergencies. Among its contents will be found a great variety of waggeries for the drag, raileries for the rail, and downy sayings for the Downs; together with an extensive assortment of "sells" of a general utility. Also a number of new and original proverbs on the approved model of "It's all serene," and not a whit more sensible, it is hoped, than that now popular assertion. The whole arranged alphabetically, with Index.

"This is indeed a useful little work. It lately enabled us to hold a successful argument with a Hansom Cabman. The fact alone speaks volumes."—*Slow-Coach Chronicle*.

"The *Complete Chaffer* most effectually advocates the Early Closing Movement. It is astonishing how soon it shuts one up."—*Fast Gazette*.

The Pawnbroker and the Emperor.

THE lower orders of Berlin—we are told—took all they could to the pawnbrokers, in the belief that, according to a general custom, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, on his visit to the city, would redeem the goods. Thus, the Prussian poor took a lesson from LOUIS NAPOLEON, and speculated—(though not with his luck)—upon their "Uncle."

THE DERBY RACE.—For the latest information on this subject, we must refer our readers to either Don's *Peerage* or the *Red Book*.

YE DELECTABLE BALLAD

OF

Y^E TWO LORDS, Y^E TEN COMMISSIONERES, AND Y^E FOULE CAVE OF CHANCERIE.

It was eight bolde Commissioneres,
Eight Commissioneres, and eke one;
And downe to the Cave of Chancerie,
Rigate stoutely they have gone—

SIR JOHN DE ROMILLY, of y^e Rolles,
SIR GEORGE JAMES PARKER goode,
RICHARD BETHELLE, and JAMES TURNER,
And SIR WILLIAM PAGE A-WOODE,

With sely SIR CHARLES LE CROMPTONE,
And WILLIAM MILBOURNE JAMES,
SIR JAMES ROBERT GEORGE LE GRAHAME,
And HENLEY, were their names.

It was of a hot day in July,
Eighteen hundred and fiftie and one,
That downe to the Cave of Chancerie
These Commissioneres have gone.

LORD TRURO he stoode at the Cave's mouthe,
Yet nothing in wolde fare:
"Now boldlie go downe, my Commissioneres,
And saie what ye finde there.

"I mote not face that darksome place,
For fouling of my skin;
Descende, nor doubt, I'll waite withoute,
The while that ye goe in.

"Here will I stande, with mace in hande,
Though 'twere a yeaere and a daie;"
But scantlie were y^e Commissioneres in,
When LORD TRURO he rode awaie.

* * * * *



LORD TRURO he sits in y^e Chancerie,
Y^e barristeres among;
And oh! but his judgments were wearie,
And oh! but y^e suites were long!

Then in came those bolde Commissioneres,
And I trow their cheekes were wan,
And foule I weene were their bandes so cleane,
And the wigges that they hadde on.

"Now, save you, my bolde Commissioneres,
And tell me how have ye fared;
Why are ye so foule, and why do ye scowle,
And wherefore looke ye scared?"

Then up and spake SIR JAMES A-WOODE,
"Small thanks to thee we owe,
That, in yon Cave, we founde not a grave,
'Mongst the loathlie thinges belowe.

"'Twas dark as pitch, till a muddie ditch
We founde, that ranne with inke;
Sluggishe but stronge; it crept alonge,
Full noisome was its stinke.

"Thereon a boate did seeme to floate,
With a black-browed sterne old man—
'Now ferry us over, old grey-bearde,
As fast as fast you can.'

"'Oh! fast would ye row, or fast would ye goe,
Then never applie to me;
I'm ELDON's ghoste, and I holde this poste
At y^e ditche of Chancerie.



"'Tis filled to y^e brinke with lawyers' inke,
Made thicke with suitors' tears,
And it rolls a weighte of heart-sickness and hate,
And hopes deferred for yeares.

"'And in it I fish for a daintie dish
Of carp, and quibble, and quirk,
And emptic purses, and withered heartes,—
I trow it is pleasaunte worke.

"'But, an ye be lawyers, as by your wigges
And gownes I trow you be,
Come into my boate, and we will floate
Over, right leisurelie.'

"Then in we sprung, and over we flung
Y^e grey bearde in y^e floode;
And we made y^e shore, ere that to roar
He had cleared his mouthe of mudde.

"But as on we drewe, the cave it grew
More noisome than before,
Till we came to a pit, whereon was writ
A name on an yron door;

"And by the lighte of rottennesse brighte,
From the fungus growthe at hande,
We reade y^e name 'Master's office'
Ywrit in fayre lawyers' hand.

"And lookynge downe, as men in stoune,
We sawe all heaped aboute,
Unhappy suitors, picked to y^e bone,
With pockettes inside oute.

"With paper wings, and clawes and stings,
Preyed on them a ghasstlie crewe,
Of accountes, and charges, and orders,
And warrants to reviewe;

"And office copies that sucked their bloode,
And reports that bared their bones;
And attendances that ground their heartes,
As you grinde corne 'twixt millstones.

"Then back apace from that awfulle place
We drewe, and so came awaye
To pray you, my Lorde, your helpe to afford
To those suitors, an you may."

"Now a figge, ye foolishe Commissioneres,
A figge for such idle tales;
The Cave is a fayre Cave, and pleasaunte,
And nothing those suitors ails.

"As they went in to lose or winne,
The chance they must abyde;
They must get oute, my helpe withoute,
Or where they are must lye.

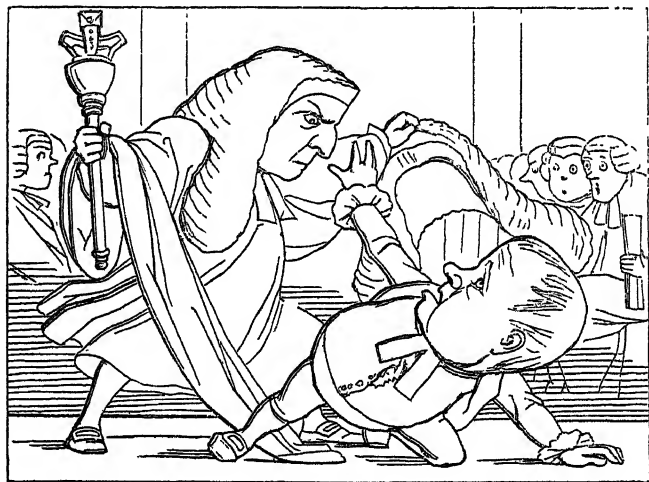


"My seales and mace, and eke my place,
I holde for no such stuffe—
Call y^e next cause—give me not pause—
I've saide it—and 'tis enuff."

Then into the court, in statelie sort,
Another Lorde he drewe,
And well pleased were those bold Commissioneres
When the LORD OF ST. LEONARD'S they knew.

With a stert and a frowne, he hath stripped the gowne
From LORD TRURO's shoulders wide;
He hath grasped the mace, and into the place
Where LORD TRURO sat in pride

He hath sudden sprung, and downe hath flung
LORD TRURO to the floor,
Before that Lorde could finde a worde
To aske why or wherefor.



"Go downe, false Lorde, let me afforde
Those hapless suitors ayde,
That in woe have lain, and all in vain
Reliefe of thee have prayde.

"Come with me, ye bolde Commissioneres,
We'll find means, an if we may,
The ditch to drain, and to drive the train
Of loathlie things awaye."

With those bolde Commissioneres he hath gone,
And LORD TRURO he looked blacke,
Quoth he, "To goe is easy, I trow;
But how about getting back?"

THE LAW OF CROCHET.



PARLIAMENT has at length been compelled to give its ever-tardy attention to a question deeply affecting the domestic happiness of thousands of her MAJESTY'S married subjects. We allude to the Crochet question. The miseries arising from the unsettled state of the law upon this subject have resulted in an agitation which has made itself constitutionally heard. Meetings have been held in all the smoking rooms of the clubs, in the lobbies of the Operas, in the apartments of bachelor friends (after supper), and in the various other places of refuge to which the sufferers had been driven by Crochet persecution; and it has been finally resolved that a Bill shall be forced through the Houses, immediately after the Easter recess, to settle the question satisfactorily. This bill has actually been prepared, and Mr. Punch's précis-writer sat up all night to take out the legal phraseology, and to substitute English and com-

mon sense, in order that the outlines of the measure might be laid before the nation. The character of the bill will be seen from the analysis thus prepared. The measure is entitled,

AN ACT to Amend, Consolidate, and Define the Law of the Crochet-Hook.

The Preamble recites that the power of the Crochet-Hook has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Clause 1. enacts that no married lady shall, under any circumstances (not even the absolute necessity of finishing "this duck of a pattern, because I am quite in love with it"), be permitted to work at Crochet more than fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Clause 2. enacts that if a calf's head be sent up to the dinner-table badly cooked, it shall be no plea on the part of the lady of the house that she could not see after it because she was so busy with her Boar's Head.

Clause 3. exempts a husband from all the penalties of looking grumpy and being a disagreeable cross old thing, in certain cases; namely,—

When a lovely anti-macassar is held up for his admiration, he having at the time one or more buttons deficient in his shirt.

When he comes home by appointment, to take her to see the Apteryx at the Zoological Gardens, and finds her not dressed, and reluctant to move, because she has just found out a new way of purling 14, by casting off 11, and dropping 3465.

When she pretends to hear his last joke from the club, but obviously does not, as her lips and mind are palpably counting loops.

Clause 4. enacts that if a wife persists in an unreasonable attachment to Crochet after due notice—namely, first, a gentle hint from her beloved EDWIN; next, a half-joking remonstrance from his most intimate bachelor friend; and lastly, a grave entreaty from her mother-in-law—the conjugal tie shall be held to be dissolved to the extent following:—EDWIN may go to Blackwall whenever he pleases, and without ANGELINA, even though there are ladies in the party; may take a bed at old BAFFINS's at Twickenham, or his cousin TOM's at Hampstead, without ever saying a word about it previously; may be utterly deaf to all allusions about ANGELINA's having nothing to go to the Opera in; and may render that fact practically of less importance, by not intimating the slightest intention of taking her there.

Clause 5. provides that nothing in that Act contained shall prevent a devoted wife from sitting up till any hour of the night darning stockings, or mending the children's things.

Clause 6. declares that all disputes arising as to the meaning of any words in the Act shall be settled by the husband, without appeal.

Clause 7. enacts that Oaths shall not (for the future) be taken by the husband in certain cases, or uncertain ones either; the Act having now provided a remedy for all cases of Crochet aggravation.

Clause 8. provides that the husband shall be obliged to furnish the wife with the means of rational and sensible amusement during his absence from home; namely, if a lawyer, he had better give her copying to do; if a merchant, he can send her account-books to cast up; and, if an author, he can desire her to read his works; but this latter task (which no author's wife can condescend to perform) is to be prescribed in moderation.

Clause 9. empowers a husband to taunt his Crochety wife in any gentle and humorous way, as, if she asks him to take her to the Isle of Wight, he may reply that he shan't, for she has had enough of the Needles. Or, if she requests any old clothes of his (to be converted, by a certain mystic process, into geraniums and fuchsias), he may ask her if she thinks he is as fond of "casting off" as she is. And she is expressly interdicted from pouting thereat or thereafter, or at any other time or times whatsoever.

There are some other Clauses, but their nature will be explained on the discussion of the measure. The charge of the Bill in the House of Lords will be entrusted to LORD BROUGHAM, who is celebrated for his Crotchetwork, and in the House of Commons to MR. DISRAELI, because he really works very fairly—with a hook.

THE NO-HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ONE of the most melancholy results of the No-House on Tuesday, the 18th of May, is the extreme activity that has been given to the small joke market, by the fact of there not having been forty members present on the occasion in question. Every idle tongue that can wag, has attempted some waggery on its own very small account, and some of the "transactions" have been, indeed, worthy of the "stocks" in a rural point of view; for if any village stocks are yet to be found, the perpetrator of a bad pun ought to be made the subject of an immediate transfer into that low class of security.

Two or three quotations will give a sufficient idea of the disastrous results that have ensued to common sense, from the cause we have stated.

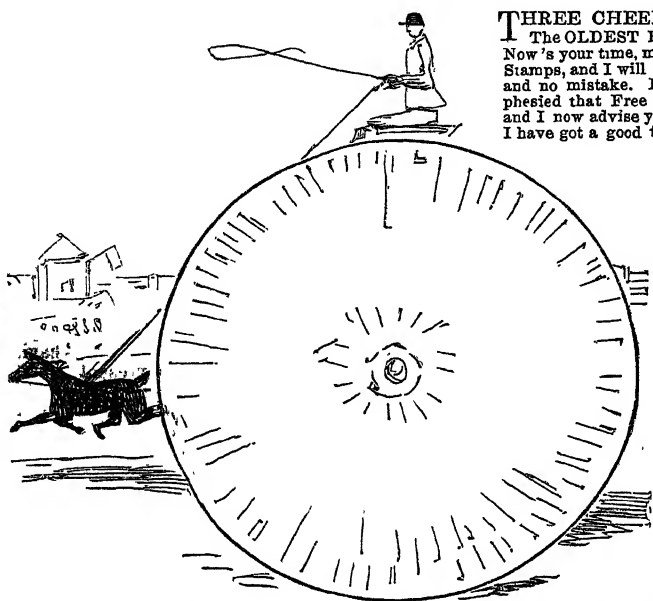
An individual, who had formerly moved in a respectable sphere, was heard to observe, that if the Commons occasionally made "No-House," they could not get through the business of the country "No-Hows."

Another individual, whose name we suppress out of respect to an aged grandmother, was no sooner told that the House had risen, because there were not forty members present, than he exclaimed, "Oh! can't they get on without forty being present? But I suppose the Commons are determined that, if they cannot always observe the *suaviter in modo*, they will at least make sure of the *forty-ter in re*."

Another individual, whose indiscreet waggery has taken a sort of anti-privilegious turn, which may one day bring him not only to the bar of public opinion, but to the bar of the House, was rash enough to remark, in the hearing of our farthing-a-liner, "Ha! it's an odd coincidence that forty of them should be required in order that business may be proceeded with, for we all know that there were exactly forty thieves."

Another still more degraded being, who unites two professions, according to the Johnsonian theory, and who, being a punster by day, is—we need not say what—by night, was so far indifferent to all consequences, that in the hearing of an individual with a horsewhip in his hand, he had the rashness to remark, that "the business of the session must be proceeding very *piano* indeed, when the *forte* cannot always be relied upon."

We feel that we have somewhat braved the indignation of the public in bringing under their notice these evidences of mental infirmity; but perhaps when the Commons see the disturbance occasioned to a portion of the public intellect by the fact of there being No House, it may render them careful how they are guilty of such laches again.



THREE CHEERS FOR BEN DISRAELI,
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED PROPHECY!
Now's your time, my boys! Send me 12 Postage Stamps, and I will forward you the Derby Pick, and no mistake. Recollect, I have always prophesied that Free Trade was the horse to win, and I now advise you to get on as fast as you can. I have got a good thing or two for the Election

Races, rapidly approaching. Be liberal, and I will bring you in handsomely. I never deceived you, and wouldn't, though you were to pay me for it. My connexion with the leading stables (where the Stable Mind is kept) enables me to give you the very best information. All my horses are rapidly rising (next grass), and you are fools if you do not rise with them. Bear in mind I am the Celebrated Winner this year, in spite of the prophecies of those short-sighted fools who don't know a horse-chestnut from a chestnut horse, that I wouldn't come in. So, boys, who's afraid? Back BEN, and he's sure to lead you on to Victory. Remember, there is but one horse, and BENJAMIN is his Prophet! That Horse, I tell you, is Free Trade. Back him, and you must go in and win. I have also a Clipper for the next Parliament, and

no mistake. BEN intends starting a Four-in-Hand on the Derby Day; terms, whatever you please, including a bottle of Champagne. So don't be faint-hearted; but send a stamped envelope immediately to DIZZY, Post Office, Caucasus, directed—"To be left till called for." Not a minute ought to be lost. Send your money, with the full certainty of winning. BEN never felt so sanguine about the Derby, before. Hurrah!

HARRY COPPOCK (Member of the Reform Club) is now ready to send to all his Friends and Subscribers a full, true, and correct account of all the Hacks (with a proper description of their local weight, their political colours, and a list of their backers) that intend to start for the Parliamentary Races this year. The latest odds carefully given. Commissions to any amount punctually attended to at the full market value.

PRESENT PRICES.

6 to 1 agst The Liverpool Card.	25 to 1 agst Bell Metal.
9 — 1 — Lord Johnny.	90 — 1 — The Tower Hamlets' Absentee.
10 — 1 — The Oxford Pet.	400 — 1 — The City Baron.
11 — 1 — The Manchester Broadbrim.	400 — 1 — The Greenwich Alderman.
69 — 1 — The Westminster Protectionist.	500 — 1 — The Irish Brigade.
2,000 — 1 — The Derby Lot.	

Letters addressed to **HARRY COPPOCK**, Reform Club, enclosing the needful in postage-stamps, or money, will be immediately attended to.

DR. CAHILL'S ULTRAMONTADE.

THE REV. DR. CAHILL, or some maniac who writes under his signature, has—to descend to vulgar phraseology—"tipped" the PREMIER a "JUNIUS." Yes—for DR. CAHILL's epistles—like those of JUNIUS—are "full of sound and fury;" but then, to be sure, JUNIUS's Letters contained something more.

DR. CAHILL's object is twofold; so objects generally appear to a person in that condition wherein he, apparently, writes. But CAHILL's objects are different one from the other—rather different. One is to resent the proposed inquiry respecting Maynooth as an affront; the other, to court that same investigation. We are afraid we are poaching on the manor of DR. FORBES WINSLOW in quoting the subjoined language, the discussion of which may appear considerably more suitable to the pages of "*The Journal of Psychological Medicine*" than to those of *Punch*:—

"Judges of former times pronounced sentence without vulgar gibes, and the executioners of the law despatched their victims without poisoning the edge of the axe, or steeping the rope in vitriol."

MR. CALCRAFT must not mind DR. CAHILL. MR. CALCRAFT must see what a state of mind he is in to insinuate that our modern executioners poison their axes, and steep their ropes in sulphuric or nitric acid. Everybody knows that to poison an axe, in order to chop off a head, would be a mere device to kill a dead man; an act of malice which would never be thought of but by a frantic Irish priest, with a Protestant in his power, and having an axe, and some poison at hand, but no fire. And, of course, no one in his senses would for a moment believe that MR. CALCRAFT is so ignorant of the chemistry of hemp and of the mineral acids, as to soak his halters in such fluids, and thereby destroy them, or convert them into xylodine, or a substance similar to gun-cotton.

Nor must the sages of the Law, any more than its finisher, be offended with DR. CAHILL. No one imagines that LORD CAMPBELL and his learned brethren are accustomed to chaff the culprits whom they condemn—to mistake the black cap for the fool's. The poor man, perhaps, confounds the present with the past. He may remember that there were certain judges who used to deliver over a heretic to be roasted alive, with an ironical request that he might be dealt with without bloodshed.

As to DR. CAHILL, it is useless to reason with him, to ask what headsman, with any head of his own, would poison an axe, when he might poison a lance; what JACK KETCH would be such a booby as to subject his rope to corrosion? Therefore, we would discard the idea of the rope in connexion with that of treason, as suggested by such stuff as this:—

"No, Sir, the inquiry which is offered in insult will, and must, eventuate in our advantage. We can well defend our theology. We teach the theology of France, to which the RUSSELLS, the PALMERSTONS, the DERBYS, the WELLINGTONS, and the TRUBOS of France, bent uncovered to the earth on the 10th of May, in the Champs de Mars. Do you understand me, LORD DERBY? We teach the discipline and the doctrine to which 60,000 of the

French host, clad in steel, bent the knee on the 10th of May, amid the discharge of 100 pieces of French ordnance. Are you listening to me, my Lord? We teach the treatises which Austria teaches, where your nation has been openly and publicly insulted, where your ambassador is at this moment barely tolerated, and where the person called 'Our own Correspondent' is no longer permitted to publish his foul anti-Catholic slanders from Vienna to London."

With horror, loathing, shame, and indignation, have we read of Roman Catholic priests, in Elizabethan times and since, half-hanged and ripped up alive. Such atrocities we blushed for as chargeable on Protestant persecution, albeit resulting from those

"Bloody instructions, which being taught, return To plague the inventor."

But DR. CAHILL's effusions induce us rather to suspect that those cruelties should be imputed, simply, to the defective psychology of the period, which could not distinguish between the insane Roman Catholic priest and the popish traitor. Mad doctors of Romish divinity may then, as now, have threatened their government with foreign arms, and have received their answer on the scaffold.

If we thought that CAHILL had the least sound portion of brain remaining, we would seriously remonstrate with him for labouring, as it would seem, to bring odium on his party; which is really too bad, especially at present. As it is, we will only say that the Roman Catholics ought to look after DR. CAHILL, or the person who writes in his name; especially now that so much alarm and irritation relative to Popery exist among the people of this country, who are apt to judge of a body by its leaders, and are very loth to admit the plea of insanity as an excuse either for felony or constructive treason.



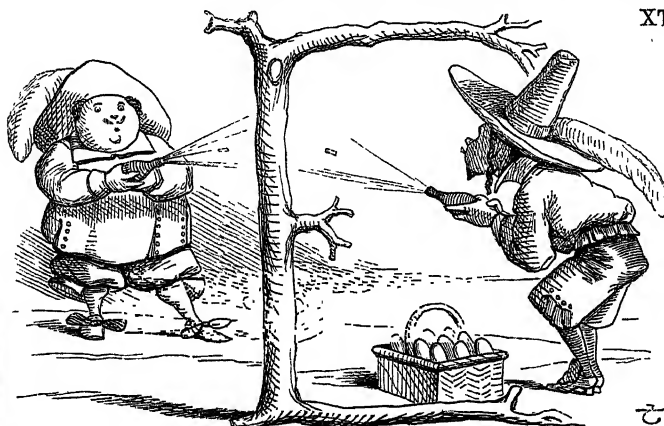
THE BEGGING-LETTER IMPOSTOR.

PORTRAIT OF "THE OFFICER'S DAUGHTER."

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.—"Betting-Offices" were introduced for those who personally know no better.

A MILD HIT.—The fact of there having been no House a few nights ago may be regarded in a scientific point of view as a piece of "negative electricity," for every one was much shocked at it.

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOUR.



EXTRAORDINARY as it may appear, the following correspondence has just been put into our hands, with full permission to make what use we please of it. Having first offered it to a buttermilk man who refused to name a price for it, we beg leave to present it to our readers:—

"Gander and Egberts,
½ past 3 P.M.

"MR. DIMITY presents his compliments to MR. WHITEY BROWN, and has been requested by MR. LAVENDER KIDDS, to inquire whether MR. WHITEY BROWN admits the remark attributed to him, with reference to the influence of MR. LAVENDER KIDDS on the female

customers to the lace and fancy department of our great establishment.

"G. and E's., 20 minutes past 3 P.M.

"MR. LAVENDER KIDDS begs to acknowledge the communication from MR. DIMITY. MR. LAVENDER KIDDS adopts the remark attributed to him, with reference to MR. WHITEY BROWN, and refers MR. DIMITY to MR. GINGHAM TWILL for any further explanation."

These two letters were followed by an interview between MR. GINGHAM TWILL and MR. DIMITY, after which several letters passed, the object of which was a demand on the part of MR. DIMITY that MR. LAVENDER KIDDS should withdraw a certain adjective from a sentence he had made use of in reference to MR. WHITEY BROWN—a demand that MR. GINGHAM TWILL refused to comply with in the name of MR. LAVENDER KIDDS.

A meeting was accordingly arranged to take place between the parties on Saturday afternoon, on Hampstead Heath; and MR. LAVENDER KIDDS, accompanied by MR. GINGHAM TWILL, arrived on the Heath, *via* Kentish Town, at the hour appointed, when they were met by MR. WHITEY BROWN, attended by MR. DIMITY, who had come by the direct route, *per omnibus*.

The presence of such a considerable party excited much attention on the Heath, and to avoid observation it was determined to strike into the furze bushes in the interior. To allay suspicion the party partook of curds and whey previous to starting. There being only one mug among the four, it was found inconvenient for the two principals to drink out of the same vessel, and there being a good supply of spoons, the difficulty was got over, there being as many spoons as there were persons engaged in the business.

One donkey carriage-and-pair having been chartered for the occasion, the driver was dispensed with, and the two seconds led the two donkeys by the nose—one principal occupying the front seat and the other the dickey. On reaching the ground MR. WHITEY BROWN proceeded to measure it deliberately with his yard measure, and after a little conversation between the seconds it was arranged there should be—instead of an exchange of shots—an exchange of cigars, so that there might be the usual termination of smoke to the duel. This having been agreed to, MR. LAVENDER KIDDS, after having received his antagonist's puff in his eye, declared himself perfectly satisfied.



THE ISLE OF SKYE AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

THERE are about twenty millions of sheep in Australia crying for shepherds. Sir CHARLES TREVELLYAN avouches the fact. In the Island of Skye the whole population are in danger of perishing for want of sustenance. Superfluous mutton on one hand, starving families on the other. What is needful for sheep and men is simply this; to take the Isle of Skye and empty it into the Antipodes.

Talk of playhouse pantomimes—here is a pantomime of real life to be worked; fairy transformations not to end with the fall of the curtain, but, the transformation once effected, to be perpetuated for generations.

Every man with a sovereign to spare, with even half-a-sovereign, may make himself a real, benevolent, twenty or ten-shilling magician. Nothing more easy. We will show it—show it pantomimically—how the thing may be done.

SCENE I.—Isle of Skye; rocky and barren scenery; mists rolling up from the sea. Population scattered, emaciated, despairing. Hunger, and her attendant fiends prowl through the island. The aspect of all things is that of hopelessness and desolation.

Ship, the *Golden Fleece*, drops anchor. Mists clear away—sun breaks out. Boats, containing certain well-known persons, whose names brighten committees, pull to the shore. Other boats, containing clothes and victuals, follow.

SCENE 2.—Hundreds of families, the old, the young, all and every one carrying something that is to

them a remembrance—a sort of household god—to slow bagpipe music wend to the shore; then embark in the boats.

SCENE 3.—Deck of the *Golden Fleece* crowded with aforesaid inhabitants of Skye. Anchor weighed—bagpipe sounded—and departure.

(Here may be imagined a very beautiful moving panorama of sea and sky; dolphins, flying-fish, &c., &c., and ships going and coming. Approach of land—land made; land continued until it stretches into the bush.)

SCENE 4.—An extensive view of the Bush; so extensive that hundreds of Skye shepherds and families are seen in various places; the aforesaid shepherds and families so ruddy and sleek, that their dearest creditors, if they had any, would not know them. Curtain falls to the music of bagpipes playing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Now here is a pantomime that every body, with even half-a-sovereign, may help to produce. A long golden wand is not necessary; but the least bit of the coined metal. For only half-a-sovereign, and a man may help to change the horrible reality of Skye to the fairly plenteousness of the Antipodes. Gentlemen, your subscriptions for the good ship *Golden Fleece*.

Minutes of Difference.

THERE can be no greater Minutes of Difference, than the Minutes which differ between the various public and railway clocks in the metropolis. It has been suggested, therefore, that these clocks, since they are always disagreeing, should go out and have a meeting—attended, of course, with their proper Seconds—in order that their "Minutes of Difference" might be settled in the same harmless way, and with the same degree of "satisfaction," as has attended another meeting lately at Weybridge. The only question is, if a clock could be found who would have the face to make himself so ridiculous.

No Conscript Fathers!

AMONG the exemptions from the conscription under the Militia Bill we observe is included

"Any poor man having more than one child born in wedlock."

If a poor man wishes to be a man of peace it ought to be enough for him to hold out a single olive-branch: we don't see why he should be obliged to produce two.

BAD JOB FOR BLACK-LEGS.

PERHAPS the "knowing ones" at the Derby the other day reaped a less than usually rich harvest, as, owing to the police precautions suggested by MR. ELLIOTT for the prevention of egg-throwing, the greatest yo(l)kels were kept away.

THE WEYBRIDGE DUEL.—It is most astonishing that all those "Minutes of Difference" should have been the work of only two Seconds!

GRAND TOUR DE CONSCIENCE.



W
I read a paragraph the other morning which spoke of a "hopeful rumour" that a certain or uncertain late Archdeacon, after having gone over to the Church of Rome, is expected to come over again to the Church of England. All this re-cantation and cantation is not very creditable to the intellects of the parties concerned, however much it may say for their consciences. One hardly knows the value to either side of an individual whose position is like that of a serious pendulum, or of whom it may be said, with respect to his views on religious subjects,

"There he goes backwards and forwards, There he goes round and round."

A church dignitary leaves the Established Church—conscientiously enough, no doubt—feels unhappy in his mind, and wants to come back again, when possibly some new preferment will be joyfully bestowed upon him. There is, however, something inconsistent in the whole proceeding; and we hope we shall not have many cases in which we shall hear of a reverend pervert or convert being able to sing, as the Archdeacon may in the present instance—

I've been Rome-ing, I've been Rome-ing,
To a creed à la Romaine;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my living back again.

"OUR CRITIC" AMONG THE PICTURES.

A CRUISE ABOUT THE LINE.

UNPROFESSIONAL reader, do you know what the Line is at the Academy Exhibition?

It is the front seat at the theatre; the corner-place, out of the draught, in the railway carriage; the cross-table at the public dinner; the grand stand at the Derby—in short, it is the best place on the walls of the Royal Academy's Rooms, and is of course reserved, first, for R.A.s and A.R.A.s, and, their wants satisfied, for those of the unlettered whom the Academy delighteth to honour.

The Line is that space of wall which an average man's eye embraces, as he stands, without looking up or down. Painters are as anxious to be hung "on the Line," as convicts are to escape the same fate; and in Trafalgar Square, as in the Old Bailey, gentlemen in this position are pretty sure of attracting a crowd of admirers, or critics, as the case may be.

Suppose we take a short cruise along this Exhibition Equator—putting in here and there, as beauty tempts, or absurdity provokes, or feebleness requires.

Of course, pictures on the Line challenge criticism. There is no timid bud of just opening genius here that one need fear to wither up with a critical north-easter. Here are the strong men of canvas and colour, quite able to defend themselves—or, if not, by what right are they there?

The pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition are hung by an annual Committee of the Academicians. I don't know how this hanging Committee are selected, or how set to work. With R.A.s and A.R.A.s, I presume, they have no choice. But these disposed of, what guides them? One would be tempted, from two or three indications observable here, to fancy that the magic of these letters extends to wives, and sons, and cousins; nay, failing academician kin—like family fellowships at the Universities—to all of academicians' name. Beyond this, I cannot discover anything to explain how some of the Liners have found their way into this privileged place.

I wish to offer you a humble hint, respectable R.A.s. Suppose for once you broke through the rule of hanging all your own pictures on the line? Suppose you directed your hanging committee to deal

upon the canvasses of their brethren as on those of the outer crowd? I can easily conceive the embarrassment of such a task of selection. The hang-men cannot be unknown, as they ought to be, and go about their work like executioners of kings—with masks on. But what a comfort it would be to see justice done for once! Or, if that be impossible this way, suppose for one year you were to choose your hanging jury out of the unlettered of your brother painters? It appears to me probable that the result would be more satisfactory to the public, and more charitable to the Academy, than in the present mode. I should certainly be spared the pain of explaining to my pretty country cousin, who will insist on knowing everything—how R.A., No. 1., is supposed to have gone crazy in his old age, but is still allowed to disport himself on these walls, being harmless upon canvas; how R.A., No. 2., once produced a good picture, and is therefore to be allowed to go on thrusting bad ones under my nose to the end of his painting days; how R.A., No. 3., paints execrable daubs for the Exhibition, it is true, but then makes such wonderful sketches out of it; how R.A., No. 4., turns out landscapes like feeble teaboards, but then in private is such a gentlemanly person;—in short, I should be spared the necessity of explaining all the various reasons which account for the fatuous or feeble works on the line with those magic letters in the catalogue, which tend so to mislead my pretty cousin's judgment. Suppose she should get an Art-Union prize: how do I know that she may not invest incontinent in one of these misplaced liners?

It is my proud privilege, whether in England or in my native Italy, to speak the truth. Even in Naples, where KING BOMBA has gagged the press, stifled the *cafés*, and even muzzled the *lazzaroni*, he allows PULCINELLO to talk at will in the *Chioggia*, and to pass all in review, from the sentence of POERIO to the prospects of the Sardine fishery.

I am therefore privileged, I think, to utter those daring things about the august Academy, although I know all I am risking. I suppose I shall never be invited to the private view, or favoured with a ticket to the dinner. I don't care; for between ourselves, not having a title, and not being a picture-buyer or a picture-dealer on a large scale, I don't suppose they would ask me if I praised them all round, from WARD to JONES. So I may as well say what I think, in spite of consequences. I say, then, frankly, that there *should* be a privilege—I will not call it a sentence—of superannuation for incapable R.A.s; or, if they have such a vested right in the Academy walls, that they must be hung there, let the Octagon room be set apart for a Chamber of Horrors, as it were, to which may be consigned the works of the imbecile, the incapable, and the impertinent amongst the Royal Academicians.

There would be no lack of tenants for that pleasant little dog-hole.

I can imagine what its walls would be this year, with my friend JONES's *Battle of Meeanee*, in the place of honour, faced by MR. SOLOMON HART's *Gutenberg, Faust, and Schaeffer*, and flanked on either side by the same gentleman's incredibly snobbish *Reading for Honours* and *Preparing for a Pluck*. MR. HOLLIS's *Deal Hovellers*, and *Dieppe Grisettes*, and *Mateilottes* would probably take conspicuous places—though it must be said that the painter is better employed on such subjects, than on certain *Romeos* and *Juliets* I remember of his. I am afraid that this year I should have to consign my excellent and much-respected friend, MR. LESLIE, to the same limbo. What right has a man like MR. LESLIE to paint me that abominable little Clapham bread-and-butter miss, with a black dose, and to call the lady *Juliet*, and the physic her sleeping-draught?

I ask this with some warmth; for the more sincerely I admire and respect MR. LESLIE as a painter—the more distinct my recollection of his exquisite *Beatrice*, running like a lapwing in the pleached walk, with her arch eyes and sweet bright face—the more charming in my memory the stately and winning grace of his *Duchess*, and the obese shrewdness of his *Sancho*—the more angry I have a right to be with that unaccountable defiance of a British public which is involved in putting such a title on such a picture. I have nothing to object to the young woman or her occupation. If MR. LESLIE choose to paint MISS SMITH of Clapham Rise, as she appeared when about to take her medicine, he is welcome to do so. But let him give the thing its right name, and not mislead my pretty country cousin in this way, and compel me to set her right, which is painful to me, as well as difficult, and often leads to a little unpleasantness between us.

I am not at all sure that I should not consign MR. MACLISE's *Alfred* to the cellar with MR. LESLIE's *Juliet*. I protest I admire MR. MACLISE's great power of draughtsmanship, his vigorous way of grasping a subject, and of nailing it down, in precise unmistakable lines, upon his canvas. But what a collection of huge, written, dead limbs is here!—what an utter absence of harmonious colouring—of artist-like distribution of light and shadow—of dramatic as well as pictorial arrangement of groups—of genuine expression—of natural texture! Look at those branches loaded with hawthorn bloom—every petal made out, every leaflet drawn with pains, but the whole cut in tin; not a flicker of living light—not a pin's point of true imitation about a thing which, unless truly imitated, is nothing. Observe that mass of fern in the right corner. Compare its leaden ponds with the dewy dankness of MR. ANTHONY's fern brake, in that round picture on your left. There is the true living reality; here is

the metallic counterfeit. The critic in the *Times* wrote of this picture, "MR. MACLISE has here done all that the Pre-Raphaelites have attempted." There must have been a slip in the types. No doubt what the eminent critic wrote, was "MR. MACLISE has here attempted all that the Pre-Raphaelites have done." I would not pause on these accessories, if I could dwell with more satisfaction or award warmer praise to the essentials of the picture. But I should be doing violence to myself, and I should be misleading the taste of my cousin, if I did not point out to her that *Alfred*—instead of the calm, keen, quiet observation with which that model of practical wisdom must have scanned the Danish array, numbering its tents and noting its weak points for attack—wears an expression of scowling second-hand, hare's-foot-and-burnt-cork intensity, worthy only of MR. T. N. HICKS, as he appeared in the "Grand, original, melodramatic, equestrian Spectacle of ALFRED THE GREAT; or, the WHITE HORSE OF THE SAXON, and the BLACK RAVEN OF DENMARK," at Astley's. And I have nothing better to say of those Danes, from their king downwards. In fact, the picture is neither more nor less than an example of the tawdriest style of third-rate theatrical grouping, and I do not see how I can say anything harsher.

Yes—MR. MACLISE must be borne, with MR. LESLIE, to the Chamber of Horrors. But I will follow him with crape on my hump and baton, and my drum shall be muffled, and my Pan's-pipes shall sound the Dead March in Saul, and TOBY shall wear mourning on his tail, and everything shall show that I feel the full import of the sad solemnity at which I am assisting.

Next week, if you please, for a few words about some Landscapes.

THE EPSOM-GIPSY'S ART OF TELLING FORTUNES.



HE art is very simple. It depends entirely upon the price. The larger the price the stronger the fortune. For instance, here is

A FORTUNE FOR SIXPENCE.

"Now my fine young gentleman I see by the marks of your hand that you are in love and that your love is a black-haired young lady but she has already been married and has got five children but loves you more dearly than all the five children and the moon and the stars and the Great Bear and the Little Bear all put together. Now please you my fine young gentleman I see an evil line in your hand which tells me you will destroy an old stocking of your dear grandmamma's which if you had looked into it before you had thrown it into the fire you would have found to contain a sum of fifty thousand pounds all in new bank notes from HER blessed MAJESTY'S

blessed Mint which may the lucky stars always protect together with PRINCE ALBERT and all that belongs to her. Now sir may you always back the winning horse sir and never out yourself in shaving sir but marry the young lady that is dear to your heart and order the coachman to give the poor Gipsy something to drink your honour's health." Here, however, is something much better. It is a

FORTUNE FOR A SHILLING, AND A LEG OF A CHICKEN.

"My dear pretty young lady,—I see by your sweet hand which is as full of kisses as a baby's face that your heart will have more love than it will know how to hold and a fine young gentleman will come and ask you for some of it and you will give it him as kindly as you would that nice breast of a chicken if I were to ask you to give it to me for the sake of the young bairn that is sick at home and wishes she could only thank you for it like her poor mother which I am sure she does with all her heart and many blessings to you, my beautiful young lady for the same and a gipsy's blessing always brings flowers to the cheek it falls upon and fortune will smile upon you my dear young lady like a young mother upon her new born child and you will walk all your life through fields of hay and a carriage and four horses to carry you home when you require change of air or you have forgotten to order your dinner. And hearts my lady will fall into your lap as surely as those scraps will fall into mine when your ladyship has done with them—and which will make a delicious broth for the Gipsy and her poor bairn when they taste it with the remembrance of your ladyship's kindness. The stars protect you my sweet lady—and may the angel you're so like always smile down upon you from Heaven!"

Perhaps, however, it is wrong to pay the Gipsy before-hand. It is always best to pay her afterwards, and then to let your generosity run in generous proportion to hers'. A penny for every thousand pounds—or a farthing for every child promised—would be a handsome percentage which no Gipsy, considering the liberality with which they distribute their tempting promises, would object to.

A glass of wine administered in advance, of course, has its effect upon the magnitude of the fortune.

THE POETICAL COOKERY-BOOK.

APPLE PIE.

AIR—"All that's bright must fade."

ALL new dishes fade—
The newest oft the fleetest;
Of all the pies now made,
The Apple's still the sweetest;
Cut and come again,
The syrup upwards springing!
While my life and taste remain,
To thee my heart is clinging.
Other dainties fade—
The newest oft the fleetest;
But of all the pies now made,
The Apple's still the sweetest.

Who absurdly buys
Fruit not worth the baking?
Who wastes crust on pies
That do not pay for making?
Better far to be
An Apple Tartlet buying,
Than to make one at home, and see
On it there's no relying:
That must all be weigh'd,
When thyself thou treatest—
Still a pie home-made
Is, after all, the sweetest.

Who a pie would make,
First his apple slices;
Then he ought to take
Some cloves—the best of spices;
Grate some lemon rind,
Butter add discreetly;
Then some sugar mix—but mind
The pie's not made too sweetly.
Every pie that's made
With sugar, is completest;
But moderation should pervade—
Too sweet is not the sweetest.

Who would tone impart,
Must—if my word is trusted—
Add to his pie or tart
A glass of port—old crusted:
If a man of taste,
He, complete to make it,
In the very finest paste
Will enclose and bake it.
Pies have each their grade;
But, when this thou eatest,
Of all that e'er were made,
You'll say 'tis best and sweetest.

THE SPORTING PROPHETS.

THERE never was a stronger illustration of the fact of being "out for the day," than that furnished by the sporting prophets, who were one and all "out" for the Derby day. The eyes of "ARGUS," the prophet employed by the *Post*, seemed to have all missed the winning-post; "PEGASUS," of *Bell's Life*, seems to have used his wings for the wildest flights of the imagination; and, as to "VATES," of the *Advertiser*, he should, henceforth, adopt the poetical rather than the prophetic version of his name; for it is clear he is much weaker in matters of fact than in matters of fiction. Agreement is generally a proof of correctness, and the prophets may have the benefit of that one point in their favour, for their unanimity in being all wrong is really quite wonderful.

The Late "Affair" of Humbug.

WE have been requested to state by the "Cock-pheasant" supposed to have been present at the recent duel, that he was not there at all, but that the bird actually in attendance was an ordinary cock-sparrow, which the state of mind of the parties magnified into the more important member of the feathered tribe on the occasion in question. The scream supposed to have been heard is now understood to have been the echo of a bray from a maternal donkey calling home her foal, as it is believed the parties had hit upon a very considerable mare's nest.



Equestrian. "NO, I SHAN'T STOP FOR THE LAST RACE; I MUST GET TO TOWN, TO GO TO AN EVENING PARTY."

What's to be Done with the Serpentine?

THE Serpentine is still confined to its bed with that unpleasant eruption of green spots on its face and bosom, which have rendered it such a disagreeable object in the eyes—and noses—of the neighbourhood. The disgusting state of the patient may be conceived, from the fact that it has not had its bed made for years, and that any attempt to improve the condition of the bed has been met with a supply of wet blankets by those to whom the case has been intrusted. Some hopes have lately been raised—on the principle that one disease sometimes alleviates another—by the development of a mild case of cataract in the head of the unhappy River, under the form of the old Waterfall, which has recently been set running. The only treatment we can recommend for the Serpentine is the total clearing out of its bed, and we are sure the Government need have no difficulty on the subject, since it has pumps enough in its employ for the purpose required.

MR. WAGNER AND THE CHANCELLOR.—On the decision of the LORD CHANCELLOR, MR. WAGNER was immediately heard to sing: and to sing very small indeed.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.

'Tis oft the lot of *Punch* to mark
An empty sub-official spark,
With scarcely wit enough at most
To occupy the whipping-post.
Yet round the Lobbies he has been
To see what Members can be seen,
Returning from his servile tour,
Grown ten times perter than before.
Whate'er opinion you may drop,
The Whipper-in your mouth will stop.
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I ought officially to know."
So asks you—free from all condition—
To pay to him a prompt submission.
Two country-men, of such a cast,
As the refreshment-room they pass'd,
And on their way, in empty chat,
Talk'd much of this, and more of that,
Touching on all things as they went,
Spoke of the present Government.
"A stranger compound," cried the one,
"Never existed 'neath the sun:
A Tory body, hot and strong,
Protection's head, a Free Trade tongue;
Its teeth to bite its tongue inclined,
And then its tail—how far behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue,
The regular Protection blue."

"Hold there!" the other quick replies;
"Its Free Trade colours met my eyes,
As it with open mouthpiece lay
At Aylesbury the other day.
Taking it cool, the thing I view'd,
Eating its very words for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And say it takes Protection's hue.
At Ipswich I the creature saw,
The while it exercised its jaw."
"Free Trade, Free Trade, Sir, I assure you."
"Free Trade!" cries t'other, in a fury,
"Do you believe my wits I've lost?"
The friend replies, "'Twere no great cost;
For, if they serve you always thus,
They are not worth the smallest fuss."

So high at last the contest rose,
The Members nearly came to blows;
When, luckily, there came a third,
To whom the matter they refer'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them if they knew
Protection's shade from Free Trade's hue.
"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease your bother,
The Government's nor one nor t'other.
I saw the animal last night;
View'd it by House of Commons' light.
I mark'd it well—the truth to hint,
The body wears a neutral tint.
You stare! but I've a plan in view
To prove the fact."—"Explain, Sir, do."

"Well, then, at once to clear the doubt,
Suppose we turn the creature out,
On Opposition benches set him,
And if he's then Free Trade, I'll eat him."
He spoke: then full before their sight
The Government appear'd—'twas white.
With no decided shade to rank,
It had become a perfect blank.

All stared and look'd extremely wise.
"My victims," the Ex-Premier cries,
(For being out, he found his tongue)
"You all were right, and all were wrong:
When next you speak of placemen's hues,
Remember there are selfish views;
Nor wonder if 'tis sometimes shown,
A Government can sink its own."

REMOVAL.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE, from Hyde Park to Sydenham, for change of air.



THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

OUR CAMPAIGNS WITH WELLINGTON.



HOSE who had rather that the battle-field should be a field for the imagination, in which the mind may ramble, while the body keeps out of harm's way, should go to the Gallery of Illustration, where they may take part in all the exploits of F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Having the honour to hold a commission in the celebrated *Punch* corps, which has served in so many good actions during a long literary campaign, we placed ourselves at the head of the troops who are daily besieging the doors of the Gallery in Regent-Street. Pushing gallantly forward, we proceeded into the interior, where we received a slight check, but this only encouraged us to proceed, and we ultimately sat down, with a considerable

corps de réserve—which filled the reserved seats—for the purpose of making observations. Finding our position a good one, we determined to hold it in company with some "troops" of friends by whom we were surrounded, including a few infantry; and we formed a rather considerable army of occupation, occupying the lines in front of the scene of action.

The first view that presented itself to us was Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, the birth-place of the DUKE, to whom we immediately attached ourselves—though not quitting the mental reserves—in the capacity of Aide-de-Camp. We were at once conveyed to Serin-gapatam, under the directions of GENERAL HARRIS, and had the satisfaction of sharing the retirement of the celebrated MRS. HARRIS during the dangers of the siege, though we had the pleasure of witnessing the striking picture of the removal of TIPPOO to the tomb of HYDER ALI. We continued to accompany the illustrious warrior through his Indian campaigns, and had the honour of carrying the colours—in our eye—at the battle of Assaye, where the standard of perfection was gallantly maintained by CAPTAINS GRIEVE, TELBIN, and ABSOLON. The horse were admirably managed and skilfully drawn up by Hind-and-fore-Quarter-Master ALFRED CORBOULD, whose animal spirits secured the admiration of all present.

Leaving India, we proceeded to Europe, and were soon opposite Lisbon, whose port—though neither dry nor full of body, for there is plenty of water and scarcely anybody there—may be pronounced excellent. We next had the satisfaction of being present at the taking of Talavera, and at the still more interesting taking of a friendly glass of wine between the English and French during a temporary truce, when they met on the banks of a stream that divided them.

Still accompanying the renowned hero, we were present at the battle of Busaco, and assisted, with our own hand, in letting off a round of applause, which those who carried the colours into the battle elicited. After a few other stirring scenes, in which we continued to act as an army of observation, we found ourselves entering Madrid by the side of WELLINGTON. Passing through numerous vicissitudes, we ultimately formed part of a wing—the white feather, warranted to fly—at the Battle of Waterloo. Our notions of this celebrated action having been hitherto bounded by Stangate on the north, and the Westminster Road on the west, were very much enlarged by the view that MR. GRIEVE and his fellow-artists have taken—and given of it. The battle presents one curious feature in the fact, that a BLUCHER trod very closely in the shoes of a WELLINGTON.

This brings us to the close of WELLINGTON's Campaigns; and we advise everybody—even those who, having been in them already, have no objection to fight their battles harmlessly over again—to go and take part in them as we have done. It is a pleasing sign of the times, and a mark of good taste on the part of the artists, that the pictures are not chiefly "of battles and sieges;" but of "sites, local colour, and costume," which the proprietors say it has been their main purpose to delineate.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is a great man, no doubt, and the circumstances of the age in which he lived, caused his greatness to be shown in war; but there is in these days little sympathy with "deeds of battle," and the artists have shown their true appreciation of public taste by keeping war in the background, as far as they could, even while depicting the Campaigns of WELLINGTON.

The artists have acted wisely; for every incident in the Diorama, showing the better side of human nature, meets with hearty applause; while the one or two scenes of mere carnage—which are judiciously

rendered very rare—excite but secondary interest. In conclusion, much instruction and amusement may be derived from the contemplation of the WELLINGTON Campaigns; and we advise everybody to enlist in the service—of the proprietors—immediately. It is said that one volunteer is worth two pressed men; but, though we went as men of the press, we were made very welcome, and excellent quarters were assigned to us.

MY MEMBER.

Respectfully dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, by his sincere admirer, MR. PUNCH.

Who, now that naughty CASTLEREAGH
With SHARMAN CRAWFORD's gone astray,]
For Downshire ought to win the day?

My Member.

Who, since the seat I've dearly bought,]
Must in for it at once be brought,
(At least so I have always thought)?

My Member.

Who, if he calls his soul his own,
And don't his views to mine postpone,
Shall overboard at once be thrown?

My Member.

Who, when I say that wrong is right,
That truth is falsehood, black is white,
Must take the self-same point of sight?

My Member.

Who, at my will is deaf, dumb, blind,
And, howsoever disinclined,
Must, if he *will* speak, speak my mind?

My Member.

Who, with my letters ne'er must fence,
But praise the style and guess the sense,]
Despite of number, mood, and tense?

My Member.

Who, in the park, or in the street,
Shall have a nod whenever we meet,
And at my balls shall shake his feet?

My Member.

Who, 'neath such favours, shower'd *en masse*,
From mere humanity shall pass,
And be my man, my ox, my ass?

My Member.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN THE CRYSTAL VILLAGE.

WHEN a new site was sought for the Crystal Palace, the BISHOP OF LONDON asked only £100 a-year rent per acre for certain of his lands; a proof that Bishops know the value of this earth. The Bishop's offer being declined, MR. FULLER looked elsewhere, and Sydenham—Sydenham is henceforth to be the Crystal Village!

Of the future wonders of the Crystal Palace itself, we can scarcely speak; but we have no doubt, whatever, that when the glorious fabric is up, the western suburbs of London will, in so far as rents are concerned, be well-nigh down.

The opposition to the continuance of the Palace in the Park originated and was organised by certain aristocratic bodies; and now, mark the result! These folks are now so full of remorse for what they have done—are now so teasingly possessed by the belief that the Crystal Palace will draw around it all the "rank and fashion" of London, that ground-rents in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, or the Crystal Village—as it will henceforth be called—mount like quicksilver. Among the earliest visitors has been LORD CAMPBELL, who, it is said—for we do not pledge ourselves to the fact—has offered any money for a site, as near as possible to the Palace, for a new mansion. JUDGE CRESSWELL has also been seen in the neighbourhood. A large plot of land was about to be sold, when it was discovered that the purchaser was an agent of LORD SEYMOUR'S; whereupon the public-spirited individual, the owner, declared off; consenting only to part with so much as—if his Lordship were desirous of becoming a tenant upon any terms—would allow him to sink a pump.

The migration from the west-end towards the Crystal Village will, it is expected, be so great, that Tottenham-court Road will be able to move to Kensington; Spitalfields or Shoreditch dropping to Tottenham-court Road. Already, an enthusiastic licensed victualler has given notice of application for a tavern, to be called *The Sibthorp's Head*; it must be owned, rather an ominous sign for a landlord who would not have an empty house.

MINUTES OF A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MR. JOSHUA GOLIGHTLY, AND MR. THOMAS WADDLEDOT.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR.—Inaccurate versions of the subjoined circumstances, highly derogatory to the parties concerned, having been extensively circulated, we have the honour to request the favour of your inserting in your journal the enclosed minutes of the same.

"We have the honour to be, Sir,

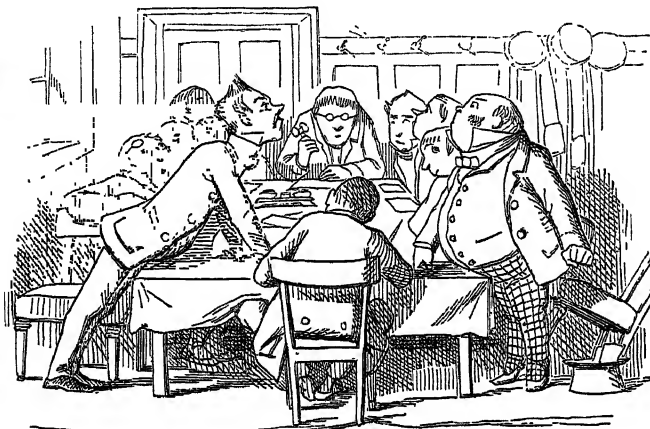
"Your most obedient servants,

"DOMINIC O'RUARK, A.B., T.C.D.

"May 26.

JAMES SIMPKINS,

"Lieutenant, Honourable Artillery Company, Bunhill Fields."



"MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK having been deputed by MR. WADDLEDOT on the 1st ult. to wait upon MR. GOLIGHTLY for the purpose of requesting an explanation of the words, 'You're another,' as applied to MR. WADDLEDOT by MR. GOLIGHTLY at a meeting of the Select Vestry of the Parish of St. Rump-cum-Dozen, Bishopsgate Street Without, was referred by MR. GOLIGHTLY to MR. SIMPKINS, who at once admitted the substantial accuracy of the report of MR. GOLIGHTLY's language on that occasion, and justified it on the ground of the epithets 'muff, impostor, and out-and-out humbug,' previously applied to MR. WADDLEDOT by MR. GOLIGHTLY.

"MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK, on the part of MR. WADDLEDOT, disclaimed any intention on the part of MR. WADDLEDOT of using the words, 'muff, impostor, and out-and-out humbug,' in any sense personally derogatory to MR. GOLIGHTLY, and accordingly called upon MR. SIMPKINS, on the part of MR. GOLIGHTLY, to withdraw the offensive expression, 'You're another,' as applied by MR. GOLIGHTLY to MR. WADDLEDOT.

"MR. SIMPKINS, on the part of MR. GOLIGHTLY, declined to withdraw such offensive expression, as not being of a nature to wound the feelings of MR. WADDLEDOT on the view expressed by MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK, inasmuch as the words 'muff, impostor, and out-and-out humbug,' not having been used by MR. WADDLEDOT in a sense personally derogatory to MR. GOLIGHTLY, the words, 'You're another,' as applied by MR. GOLIGHTLY to MR. WADDLEDOT, could not be admitted by MR. SIMPKINS to be personally derogatory to MR. WADDLEDOT; and MR. SIMPKINS further maintained, that MR. WADDLEDOT was another, and concluded by requesting MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK to



request MR. WADDLEDOT to put that in his pipe and smoke it—meaning the offensive and derogatory language set forth as above.

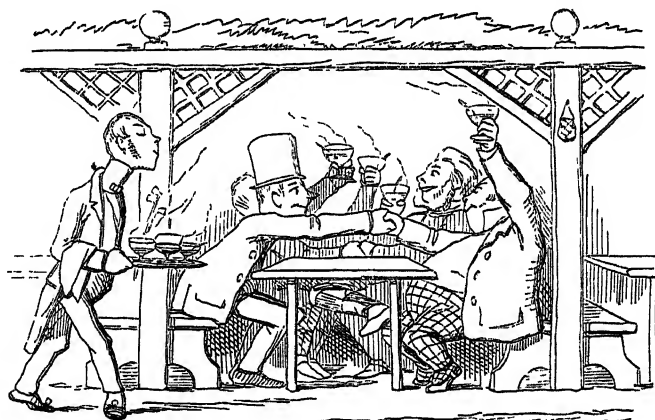
"MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK, being under the impression that MR. GOLIGHTLY was a snob and a ruffian, conveyed this impression to MR. SIMPKINS in distinct terms, and declined to withdraw anything, at the same time pointing out to MR. SIMPKINS that if he had the spirit of a pediculanecus reptile, he would know the proper course to be taken as between one gentleman and another under the circumstances.

"MR. SIMPKINS stated thereupon that MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK was an individual and a blackguard, and requested MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK to leave his shop, or he (MR. SIMPKINS) would kick him (MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK) into the street.

The hostile meeting between MR. WADDLEDOT and MR. GOLIGHTLY came off on the 25th instant; when the parties met in Battersea Fields, and after an interchange of one shot from MR. WADDLEDOT, who fired at random, and accidentally shot a donkey belonging to a gentleman



of the neighbourhood—MR. GOLIGHTLY's pistol having been on half-cock at the moment of his pulling the trigger, and, therefore, not going off—MR. WADDLEDOT, through MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK, his second, declared himself perfectly satisfied: and the parties, after spending the



day pleasantly together in a dry skittle-ground adjoining, left together in a cab in a state of excitement, with MR. DOMINIC O'RUARK on the box.



Most Unpardonable.

THE Clerk of the Weather sends us word that "the reason of Wednesday last being such a very wet day at Epsom is easily accounted for by the very simple fact of a DERBY holding the rains of government this year." [We have left directions at the Office that the Clerk of the Weather's word is never to be taken for the future.—ED. PUNCH.]

THE ARABS IN PARIS.

CERTAIN Arab Chiefs—quite a sample of their race—have had their education finished in Paris. They return to the desert shining with French polish. *Galignani*—always brimful of French sentiment according to the demand of the market—relates how, before the departure of the Chiefs, they visited the widow of MARSHAL BUGEAUD, to express their admiration of the General who had destroyed thousands of their countrymen; and to sympathise with the widow on the cause of her forlornness. The Kalifa of Constantine said:—

"The good which the Marshal has done is immense; he has sown it in our country as a labourer sows barley in the furrows, for his name is written not only in our hearts, but his works are engraven in indelible characters on our mountains and in our plains."

Once upon a time a man sowed gunpowder, mistaking it for onion-seed; the Marshal's premeditated sowing must have been of this sort; although Arab gratitude has taken the sulphur and saltpetre for barley. The Marshal's works, moreover, are no doubt engraven deeply as sword and fire could cut and scathe them. However, when the formal acknowledgment of the Marshal's good works was expressed, and the conversation became general, many beautiful stories were related for the delight and comfort of the bereaved widow.

"Another related the combat of the Sikaf, and the moment when GENERAL MUSTAPHA BOU ISMAEL, when wounded in the hand with a musket-ball, deposited at the feet of the conqueror three heads which he had himself cut off."

What a pity that the heads themselves were not forthcoming! The sentiment that still embalmed them for the consideration of the Marshal's widow would then have been complete. The Marshal visited the prisoners in the rude campaign of 1846-47, when

"As fatigue and privation had dried up the milk of several of the women, the DUKE D'ISLY had provided them with goats for the nourishment of their children."

The husbands of the women had their throats cut—but the fatherless babes were "provided with goats!" Hereupon, MADAME BUGEAUD wept; when another chief having comforted her, there was a general chorus:

"And now, thanks be to God for having procured us the satisfaction of seeing the son and the widow of him who fills our hearts and our mouths."

The mouths filled by the Marshal in Algeria are, doubtless, not to be counted; mouths filled, too, with their country—(i. e., their country's clay).

Galignani does not tell us whether the entertainment at the house of the widow concluded with fireworks; but—in honour of the memory of the Marshal—they ought. A lively representation of the caves of Dahra, with a portrait of PELISSIER, would have made a transparency—though nothing, by possibility, more transparent than the atrocious mockery that sent the Arabs to fawn upon the widow of a tyrant and butcher.

THE CAUCASIAN BROTHERS.

THE extraordinary sympathy of the *Corsican Brothers*—so beautifully developed by KEAN at the Princess's and BUCKSTONE at the Haymarket—has asserted its mysterious power in the real bosoms of real life. The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI and the ejected DAVID SALOMONS—of the Caucasian race—Caucasian Brothers, have in a marvellous manner felt the influence of fraternal sympathy. The drama of the stage—got up with all possible effects—is nothing to the drama of politics. A few recorded instances may serve to show the stupendous truth of this discovery.

DAVID SALOMONS is fined for sitting and voting in the House of Commons.

DAVID again addresses the electors of Greenwich.

DAVID is dropped by LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

DAVID, desponding, doubts whether next Session he shall sit in Parliament.

DAVID determines to have a suit of small-coal and sackcloth.

DAVID resolves—come what may, next Session—to sit upon the steps of the House of Commons.

DAVID will again ask of BENJAMIN, "Are you not a man and a brother?"

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is snubbed for Free Trade admissions by DERBY.

BENJAMIN again returns to Protection.

BENJAMIN, meeting him at the QUEEN'S Ball, shakes his Lordship by the hand.

BENJAMIN, in high spirits, determines to lead the House.

BENJAMIN orders of his tailor a bran-new Windsor uniform.

BENJAMIN—come what may—upon the Treasury Bench.

BENJAMIN will move the previous question.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE original Do-the-Boys Hall was in Yorkshire. There is an establishment of the same name in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey. For further particulars apply to the Dean and Chapter of that collegiate Church.

THE DUCKS OF THE CHURCH.



WE know how MRS. BOURNE invited—in her blandest way—her dear little ducks to come and be killed. And, doubtless, it was the politeness of the landlady that always deprived the cere-

mony of killing of its usual inconvenience. Now, LORD BLANDFORD would sacrifice his Ducks of the Church in the rudest and least ceremonious manner, without any consent soever asked or given. His Lordship has, in the most summary way, introduced a Bill "to make better provision for the management and distribution of episcopal and capitular revenues." Whereat certain

Members of the Bristol Church Union—clerical and lay—are much scandalised and astonished; protesting that no such Bill should become an Act, "without the previous deliberation and concurrence of the Church of England!" Such consent—even as the consent of the landlady's ducks to be killed—would no doubt be cheerfully obtained, if properly solicited. We would, then, advise LORD BLANDFORD to try the persuasive tones of his voice; and before proceeding further with his Bill, to take his way to Fulham, and at the doors of the palace to cry, through a silver speaking trumpet—"Bishop, Bishop, Bishop, come and be plucked!" We have no doubt whatever of the answer.

THE ORACLE OF DERBY.

WHAT hope, what fear, attend on DERBY's breath!
The other day he sigh'd Protection's death;
Last night his Lordship sang a different strain,
And threatened to restore the tax on grain.
The landlord now his honeyed words content,
With promise of a scheme to screw up rent,
Excite in aced squires a merry mood,
And make the people tremble for their food.
Now bodes his language to the rural pack,
Free Trade and Corn Laws never to come back;
With blank dismay appals the rustic caves,
And bids us all expect perennial loaves.
Maynooth anon my Lord to menace seems,
And flatter SPOONER's mind with pleasing dreams;
The sweet musicians then with hope he feeds,
The tuneful band of brass that KEOGH leads;
In short, to speak the speech of common use,
The noble Earl keeps talking fast and loose;
Pearls black and white in his discourse are strung,
And my LORD DERBY has a double tongue.

Sale of the Soult Gallery.

THE spoils of SOULT's Spanish campaign have been sold within the past few days, in Paris. The papers speak of the crowds that beset the place. At a certain time came the PRESIDENT to have a look at the works; when the *sergens-de-ville*, much to the disgust of the Parisians, entered and cleared a way for the ruler of France. LOUIS NAPOLEON was highly delighted with many of the paintings! Now as they were nearly all of them originally stolen, we wonder whether the admiration of the PRESIDENT was raised more by the works themselves than by the means by which they were obtained? Any way, it was a proper tribute to the memory of the plunderer of Spain that his moveables should be duly considered by the burglar of France.

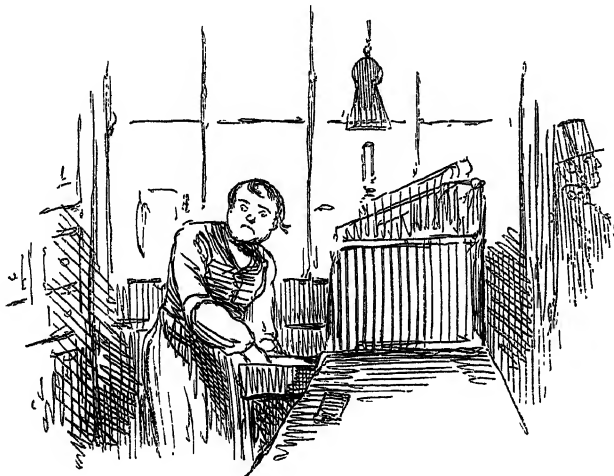
"Prophetic" Emigration.

WE should recommend "ARGUS," and "VATES," and "PRIAM," and "TOUCHSTONE," and "PEGASUS," and the whole tribe of sporting Seers and Soothsayers to emigrate as fast as they can, for it has been in most clearly proved by their late Derby failure that they are "no Prophets in their own country."

AN "EVIL" OF THEIR OWN ELECTION.

EVER since the Electors of St. Alban's and Sudbury have been disfranchised, they have been going about declaring they are the "Victims of Misrepresentation."

THE DUELLIST'S FRIEND IN NEED.—A police-officer.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLACKGUARD BETTING OFFICES.

Sporting Character. "I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE ROBBERING MASTER, BUT I MUST MEET MY ENGAGEMENTS."

RAPID GROWTH IN ENGLAND.

It is very curious how rapidly one grows in England sometimes. This has been the case more particularly lately. We have known young persons grow suddenly four, five, and six years older within the present twelvemonth. Many elderly young men about town, who, not more than six months ago, were scarcely thirty-two years of age, now confess to their being "six and thirty, if they're a day." We are at a loss to know what particular cause to attribute this rapid growth to, unless perchance it is the fear of the Militia Bill already beginning to operate. This is not unlikely, for it is already sufficiently known that that bellicose measure exempts from service "all persons after the age of thirty-five." It is the fear of being compelled to wear an odious, vulgar uniform, and the bore of having to do duty every year for twenty-one days, that has caused so many of our antiquated beaux, who, only last season, were so astonishingly young, to make such a tremendous jump forward in the calculation of their ages. It is lucky that the ladies, the elderly belles, who become younger the older they grow, have no female Militia Bill to act upon their fears in a similar way.

Eagles at Feeding Time.

ROYAL eagles can, on occasion, feed together pacifically as doves; witness the banquet lately held at the Royal Palace, Berlin, when the Eagle of Russia and the Eagle of Prussia pecked a bit together. The Prussian Eagle rose and shook himself, and gave the health of the Eagle of Russia, saying:—

"God preserve him to that portion of his world which he has given him for an inheritance, and to our epoch, to which he is indispensable!"

"Let NEWTON be, and all was light," says the poet: let NICHOLAS have Russia, Poland, &c., &c., for his double beak,—and let us possess him to our epoch, for which his gunpowder is indispensable.

Colour for an American's Remark.

THE American Minister, dining with the Fishmongers, is reported to have said, "This corporation has the honour of numbering among its members the man who slew WAT TYLER." It seems strange that an American should have sympathised against, instead of with, the patriotic blacksmith; but perhaps that anomaly may be explained by the supposition that he did not reflect that a black smith is not necessarily a nigger.

A LETTER FRESH FROM THE COVER.

"THE COCK PHEASANT, who witnessed the duel at Weybridge, presents his compliments to *Punch*, and begs to assure him, on his word as a Bird who only frequents the tables of the Rich, that he merely was present on that ridiculous occasion in order to *make game* of the entire affair."

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—It was extraordinary the number of Betting Offices that were closed early the morning after the Derby!

HEROISM ON THE TIGHT-ROPE.

POOR old MADAME SAQUI! How many of us can look a long, long way—we will not think how long—back, when that marvellous woman stood, the centre, the human speck, of a burning Vauxhall-star—who shall say how many feet above the earth? MADAME SAQUI! Marvellous, indeed, were the wonders of Vauxhall! The millions of lights that made dim the very story-books, and gave to childhood an actual knowledge, a breathing experience of glories and effulgencies, that made even SINBAD poor and colourless. The Arabian Nights! Could they be anything like that night—our first night—in Vauxhall Gardens; a night whose wonders were crowned by that astounding Frenchwoman, MADAME SAQUI! There she stood in burning state, with balls of red and blue fire rising and breaking like a thousand bubbles about her—and rained upon by golden showers; showers that seemed a real, enduring wealth!

And MADAME SAQUI—having, like a spider, run a long thread of life,—jumped to the ground full of ready money. She had foregone the rope, and resolved to walk the earth, when—

"Her brother"—says the *Patrie*—

"Who was the manager of the Rouen theatre, was on the point of becoming bankrupt, with debts amounting to 600,000*fr.*; and, to save his credit, MADAME SAQUI paid the whole amount, and reduced herself to poverty."

Well, with a heavier load of years upon her shoulders, the devoted sister had her shoes chalked once more, and once more mounted the rope; balancing and dancing away; but somehow not dancing fortune back to her. However, she managed to save some 30,000*fr.* in Spain; but as Spaniards rarely suffer so much to leave their country, she was stripped by banditti—by fellows who deserved every inch of the rope by which the money had been earned—stripped of every sou.

And now, here she is again! Here is the poor old woman—aged 75—once more on the tight-rope, dancing for bread at the Hippodrome, in Paris!

Reader, does not that old rope-dancer teach a touching lesson? Is she not in her wrinkles a noble object of self-devotion? Poor old soul! She may dance—dancing on a rope, with seventy-five years upon her head!—dance amidst showers of fireworks,—but there is a halo of goodness brighter than Bengal lights, more radiant than "golden drops."

Granted, it may be possible to find selfishness even upon a throne. May it not be equally possible to behold self-sacrifice even upon a rope?

PUNCH'S CRUELTY TO QUOTATIONS BILL.



MR. PUNCH has observed, with extreme regret, that in spite of his humane exertions, both *Timeo Danaos* and *Rusticus expectat* have been publicly maltreated in the House of Commons. Once more he has, therefore, to beg the assistance of his kind friends in aid of his bill for the suppression of these enormities.

Besides the list of unhappy Quotations—poor refugees from the Latin authors, which Mr. Punch claimed protection for, when he last addressed the House on this matter—there are a few more which claim the same consideration:—*E. g.*

Why cannot the probable punishment of a nefarious minister be hinted at without our venerable friend, *Raro antecedentem scelestum* being dragged in? If the British nation be degenerated, say so like a man, my dear Member; don't stoop to the baseness of pulling about, *Nos nequiores mor dicturos*, &c. Again, we are undoubtedly distinguished but why should poor

guished in the mechanical arts in England, *Excudent alii, &c.*, pay the penalty of it?

Nobody can doubt that life has its share of annoyances, but why add to the share of poor dear *Surgit amari aliquid*?

Then, BLOGSLEY is elegant and speculative (particularly at his own excellent dinners); but *Punch* doesn't see why *Extra flammantia mœnia mundi* should be cudgelled into doing public homage to his faculties!

And if the NAPIERS are brave and brilliant warriors, *Punch*, for one, would scorn to panegyrisé them at the miserable expense of poor *Duo fulmina belli*.

Really, gentlemen, cannot you make up your minds to allude to the vagaries of Bloomers without making *Varium et mutabile semper Femina* bear the brunt of it?

THE ELECTIONEERING LETTER-WRITER.



THERE is great room for improvement in the addresses which candidates for seats in Parliament are now writing to their constituents.

Most of these compositions are couched in a coaxing tone, which is very mean, and express a deference and a respect which are manifestly affected. A free and independent elector, if he has the sentiments of an Englishman, must feel insulted by an attempt

to wheedle and flatter him out of his vote. He must know that no gentleman would, in so abject a manner, solicit the honour of cleaning his boots. Yet the man who represents you in the House of Commons—your Parliamentary servant—must work harder than your footman, if not do work as dirty. He can have no legitimate motive to seek such an office, but a sense of duty; and that would induce him to apply for it in the style of one who feels that he is offering to confer a favour—not asking for one. As thus, for example—

"To the Electors of Mudford."

"GENTLEMEN,

"Having no business of my own to attend to, I am willing to undertake yours; and if you choose to return me as one of your Members of Parliament, I will accept the employment. I make this announcement to you at the instance of some friends of mine, who represent to me that I have leisure which I ought to devote to the good of my fellow-men, and that my qualifications would best enable me to serve them in the capacity of legislator.

"The labour of a conscientious Member of Parliament is very burdensome. It takes a great deal of trouble to get up the facts and figures which he must master in order to understand the political questions that come before him—more particularly if he is to take part in their discussion. He has to sit up late at nights in an unwholesome atmosphere, listening to all manner of rigmorale and empty prolixity; and besides, he is liable to serve on Committees, which is a monstrous bore. For all this he is rewarded, in a great measure, with obloquy, abuse, and ridicule.

"However, these tasks must be performed by some persons; and doubtless the individuals on whom they naturally devolve, are those who, like myself, have more money and time than they can spend, reasonably, on their own affairs.

"My abilities to discharge the duties which I will allow you to impose upon me, consist in a strong sense of justice, a clear understanding, a considerable amount of acquired knowledge on most subjects, especially those of history and law, and a facility in the logical and perspicuous expression of my ideas.

"Should you think proper to return me, I shall feel bound to acquit myself of my obligations to you, and the nation at large, as well as I possibly can.

"I do not see why I should urge you to accept my proposition, but should it appear eligible to you, I can only say that you are at liberty to take the necessary steps for insuring my election, with the distinct understanding, that my return must be free of expense, as I consider that in dedicating to you my time and services, I am making as great a sacrifice as can be expected of me.

"At your command, then, Gentlemen, I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"Reform Club, June, 1852."

"ARISTIDES BROWN."

"P.S. My political views are based on the principles of truth and equity, in which you must confide if you mean me to be your representative: for I cannot give pledges as to particular measures, with respect to which my conduct might be determined by circumstances."

Such as the above would be the address of the candidate who only contemplated the good of the electors. If he had merely in view his own advantage, or the simple gratification of his personal vanity and ambition, he would take another tone—the usual one.

Even a Tory might as well be open and straightforward. Instead of describing himself, in the style of a puffing tailor, as coming forward, "on the Conservative interest, to uphold those time-honoured prin-

ciples on which our glorious Constitution," &c., it would be much more dignified, as well as judicious, to write plainly and confidently in this way:—

"To the Voters of Fenborough."

"GENTLEMEN AND OTHERS,

"I present myself as candidate to represent your borough in the House of Commons.

"I have the honour of being recommended to you by the eminent nobleman who owns so much property among you; and on whose patronage so many of you chiefly subsist.

"My politics are the same as that distinguished nobleman's. They are also identical with those of the higher clergy, and officers of the army and navy residing among you, and dealing so largely with the tradesmen and professional people in your neighbourhood.

"For most of you this intimation will suffice; but probably there are amongst you some free and independent men to whom I may as well state my political principles more explicitly.

"I am, then, an old Tory. I am opposed to popular enlightenment, education, progress, and civil and religious liberty.

"I think knowledge had better be confined to our old Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that instead of going on, we should go back, if we mean to save the country.

"It is my belief that our policy, for upwards of twenty years, has been a great mistake. I am prepared to vote for the re-enactment of the Test and Corporation Acts; for the repeal of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill; and for returning to the system of Parliamentary representation which was changed by the Reform Bill, so called. Should no statesman have the moral courage to propose the reversal of these mischievous measures, I will at least do my best to frustrate them, and render them inoperative.

"I advocate the restitution of slavery in the Colonies. I would restore the wholesome severity of the penal code. It is my conviction that all rogues ought to be hanged, and I think the country suffers seriously from their not being so, besides having to maintain such fellows in an existence, of which they should, by rights, have been deprived.

"The system of impressment is one which I would strongly maintain. It not only recruited our navy; but it gave county magistrates and other gentlemen opportunities for getting rid of troublesome fellows.

"I would support the full revival of flogging in the army.

"I would put limits to the use of machinery and the operations of trade, in order to depress the manufacturer to his proper level, beneath the agriculturist, so as to give a due predominance to the landed interest, which I esteem as Class No. 1.

"I consider the incomes of Bishops sacred, and would suffer no alteration in the distribution of Church property.

"All innovations in Chancery, or in any department of the law, under the name of reforms, I would resist, as injurious to the vested interests of the legal profession.

"I will concur in any proposition to double our land and sea forces. I would render the Game-laws more stringent.

"I would retain sinecures, as affording decent provision for gentlemen of narrow means and good families.

"I am opposed to Free Trade, and an advocate of Monopoly, and the privileges of the Few as opposed to the claims of the Many. There will be plenty of strong beer at the Hog-in-Armour, where I have fixed my quarters.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"Crumblestone Hall, June, 1852."

"MOLDERWOOD MILDEW."



THE PARTY "WHO HAS A CERTAINTY" FOR THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.
N.B. SEND 18 POSTAGE STAMPS.



THE BETTING FEVER.

FUTURE MEMBER FOR BEDLAM.

THERE is an insane man—with lucid intervals of snuff-taking—whose peculiar madness seems to be a desire to spend his time in the courts of law. Having a seat, however, in the House of Commons, he is allowed to enter that awful building, where he thumps, and bumps, and wrings the hands of Members—until some of them weep again—and no notice taken. It is generally understood that Bedlam is to have a representative; and that the lunatic, in charge of two keepers, will represent the institution in the next Parliament. To no other circumstance can we attribute the impunity permitted to the unhappy maniac in question. Perhaps, however, he is not considered to be even yet mad enough for an Irishman.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

AIR—"Oh, dear! what can the matter be?"

Oh, dear! what can the Mat(h)er be?
Dear! dear! what can the Mat(h)er be?

This is an awkward affair.
We promised to get him a couple of hundreds;
We promised to get him a couple of hundreds,
To bind up the wounds of his heir!

AIR—"Sing a Song of Sixpence."

Sing a song of Sixpence! a pocket full of gold!
For two hundred sovereigns our honour may be sold;
When the money's paid you, there's nothing to be done:
Isn't that a recompence for cutting down a son?

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

WE often hear of persons being offered this princely sum, but the only person we ever knew actually to receive it, in payment of his thoughts, was a Penny-a-liner!

TO GENTLEMEN IN DIFFICULTIES.

PLANTAGENET BOOTLE owes—let us say—ten thousand pounds! For a BOOTLE, a milk-score; yea, an ass's milk-score.

Mr. Punch offers himself as a person peculiarly fitted to relieve the embarrassed. Mr. Punch—taking BOOTLE as an example—will benevolently, for no fee whatever, reveal his pecuniary plan.

BOOTLE has no money, but BOOTLE has an estate—somewhere. A very fine estate; and the rents are—occasionally—very regularly paid. Now, with these worldly advantages, why, in the name of California, should BOOTLE be dunned, bothered for a dirty ten thousand pounds?

BOOTLE has—we will take a round number—a hundred creditors. He owes to each (round numbers again) a hundred pounds.

The hundred creditors are called together. Punch talks to them in his own bland way, and they, one and all, with six per cent. interest, take BOOTLE's bills at three months for—£100.

The three months are gone in about three weeks; months always flying with quadruple velocity, when their wings carry stamps. BOOTLE has not a farthing wherewith to meet the bills: it is very annoying, but PLANTAGENET is penniless.

Mr. Punch calls the creditors together: they are very noisy—of course; very indignant; BOOTLE's voted a scoundrel; and Mr. Punch, closing his palms together and drooping his eye-lids, resignedly bows.

Mr. Punch suggests an arrangement by which the bills may be "extinguished." It is this—BOOTLE will renew every hundred pound bill for seventy-five pounds; by which process twenty-five pounds will be extinguished, to the benefit of BOOTLE.

There is a great row; but the bills are renewed for the seventy-five pounds—renewed and again dishonoured.

BOOTLE is execrated everywhere as a swindler, but Punch again calls the creditors together; and, braving the hurricane of their wrath, finally induces them to take for their bills of seventy-five pounds, bills for fifty pounds; by which process, another five-and-twenty pounds of the original hundred are, to the profit of BOOTLE, extinguished.

And now the reader laughs contemptuously at Punch, and tells him to his teeth that he is a conceited nincompoop to think that, with all his eloquence and all his gammon—for that is the coarse word—he can ever hope so to gull a body of honest people out of their money.

Well, Punch confesses it—he did but jest. Nevertheless, what he has not the audacity to propose, Spain and Portugal—with serenest impudence—offer to the English bondholder!

"To extinguish" a debt, as defined by Spain and Portugal, is not for

the debtor to put the debt out at once, but by degrees; and that by paying no part of it. Not by the extinguisher, but snuffers, thus:—

The snuffers at one snip take off one-fourth of the wick; then the other fourth; again; and the last "extinguishes" the obligation!

Thus Spain and Portugal have extinguished their debt, and their creditors are left in the dark as to the pecuniary remedy. The debt is not to be blown in again.

A NEW DERBY CUP.

It is proposed to the territorial aristocracy to subscribe for a testimonial to the EARL OF DERBY, to consist of a golden lacrymatory, the metal whereof is to be derived from rent, which it is expected that the hopes inspired by the noble Earl's Government will uphold, until the progress of agriculture shall have reinstated the farmers in the prosperity which once enabled them to pay it easily. This honorary, though lugubrious utensil, is to be given to LORD DERBY, in order that he may weep into it in utter despair of re-enacting a corn-law, and so preserve the results of his crying, to present them to the agriculturist, as evidences of that will which the generous mind always takes for the deed. Thus posterity, slightly varying a famous elegy, will inscribe upon the PREMIER's monument:—

"He gave the Farmer all he had—a tear."

and may—or may not—add,

"And made JOHN BULL—'twas all he wished—his friend."

An "Honour"-able Distinction.

AFTER a harmless interchange of shots, the Weybridge duellists are reported to have declared themselves "perfectly satisfied." In the name of common wonder, "satisfied" with what? With having achieved a doubtful notoriety, and for a day or two afforded food for the gossips, and grateful penny-a-liners? Well, every one to his taste, certainly: but for ourselves, we must confess we are by no means envious of that distinction which is usually coupled with a "difference."

POLITICAL HOAX.

A YOUTHFUL Cockney, fresh—very fresh—from Epsom, remarked that the present Administration was such an imposition that he thought it had better be called the Oaks than the Derby.

A LUNATIC IN CHANCERY.



HE Papers contained the other day an account of some proceedings in Chancery, which were significantly headed *in re* BLANK, a Lunatic. Any one who reads the report, will not be surprised at the lunacy of BLANK, whose "West Indian Estates have been kept up at an annual loss of £2500," and who was "represented," on the occasion to which the report refers, by no less than nine counsel. Surely, this is enough to drive any one mad; and we are quite sure that the Chancery Lunatic would form quite as effective a hero of a descriptive song as the *Maniac*. The first stanzas might consist of his

declarations of sanity, with the well-known refrain of "I am not mad—I am not mad!" until the progress of the Chancery suit, as detailed in the song, should lead up to the terrible climax, "They've driven me mad."

We feel thoroughly convinced that a fearfully exciting and terribly instructive entertainment might be got up on the subject of the Court of Chancery, as a sort of opposition to the Holy Land, and the title of the Accursed Districts might be bestowed upon it.

Everybody is flocking to see the ascent of Mont Blanc, and everybody would also hasten to witness a similarly graphic view and description of the still more dangerous descent into the abyss of Equity. An awful account might be given of the perilous passage over the fearful crevasse of the Rolls, and the frightful scaling of that slippery *mur de côté*—where you pay so dearly for every step you take—the Masters' offices. How many fatal spots might be pointed out in such a picture as this: and there is no doubt that the exact point at which some unfortunate "JARNDYCE" was overwhelmed by an avalanche of costs might be accurately indicated. The barristers would of course be introduced as guides, and a terrible *tableau* of a Chancery *Morgue* would add to the dreadful reality of the description. Our own *Toby* would have much pleasure in sitting or standing for one of the celebrated dogs, whose province it is to rescue the unfortunate victims who have become imbedded in the eternal snows of Equity, which, though never given to the melting mood themselves, have the effect of melting all that they come in contact with.

THE PATRON OF BETTING OFFICES.

THERE is, nearly opposite HATCHETT'S, in Piccadilly, a certain establishment, on the door of which is inscribed, in conspicuously large characters, ST. JAMES'S BETTING OFFICE! Now, were the name simply JAMES'S, or rather JAMES'S, it would be unobjectionable. But although it is conceivable that *Saint* JAMES should rejoice in the guardianship of a street or a palace, it is not easy to imagine him willing to accept the patronage of a Betting Office. A gambling house is not the sort of concern which any saint could be disposed to take under his protection: a species of being at the antipodes of the saints would be the more appropriate patron of a den of which the most suitable, if not proper, name, is that of a place which shall here be nameless. It is probable that the proprietors of the Betting Office in Piccadilly never heard of ST. JAMES, or at least do not know who he was, or anything about him: which in some measure may excuse the mistake they have committed in making use of his name to dignify a sort of institution to which he would never have lent it. They had better remove JAMES from their door, and put HARRY in its place, substituting, for the qualification of saintship, that of antiquity.

A Case for Counsel.

A CASE of some difficulty has just been submitted to MR. BRIEFLESS, who is at present engaged in looking up the authorities on the somewhat novel question, whether an old cravat found lying without an owner in the street should be forwarded as Unclaimed Stock to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, for the general good of the country. The stock is, of course, reduced, and carries with it little or no interest. It seems to have been originally an investment in the three and a half, for three and six is about the figure at which the Unclaimed Stock was purchased.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

THE following is the latest Quotation: "India is only to be valued for its money."—*A Young Lady consigned to a Bombay House.*

POTATO POTEEN.

THERE is an Industrial Exhibition now going on in Prussia, where one of the most interesting productions is a quantity of whiskey made from potatoes. There is nothing very cheerful or inebriating in the notion of a potato, but it seems that it is possible to get drunk upon that very common-place and every-day esculent. The idea of indulging in potato potations is somewhat novel, but it appears that a man may positively make merry on the produce of a pound of champions. Animal spirits are common enough; but vegetable spirits, as distinguished from animal spirits, we have no recollection of meeting with. We shall, we suppose, be having festive songs on the subject of vegetables, as we have hitherto had upon the vine, and we should not be astonished to hear at convivial meetings such lays as the following:—

A pound of potatoes come peel, peel for me,
Give those who prefer it pure gin;
No matter what sort, so potatoes they be,
Divested with care of their skin.
For oh, when the cares of the day are gone by,
And a man is disposed to grow frisky,
A pound of potatoes at once let him buy
To make him a "go" of good whiskey.



HALL ALONG OF THEM BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Plunkety. "LOST? I BELIEVE YER! AND LOST A HATFULL OF MONEY ON THE HOAKS, TOO; AND HOW I'M TO SETTLE WITHOUT PARTING WITH MY JEWELLERY, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! AH, MR. BOTTLES, IT'S HARD LINES TO WAIT AT TABLE WITH SUCH CARES AND HANKIETIES."

What are they Ar'ter.

WE understand that there are likely to be several pictures suggested by the clever painting of MR. ANSDALL, called *The Fight for the Standard*. A friend of ours is already busy on the *Contest for the Herald*, and we have heard that one of the PRE-RAPHAELITES has commenced the *Struggle for the Times*, in which every Advertisement will be re-produced with that minuteness which forms so important a feature in this particular school of art.

THE DERBY PICK.

THE best "Derby Pick" we can think of would be to send for our old American friend, HOBBS, to ask him to come and lend ministers a friendly hand in picking the Dead Lock, in which they appear to be in.

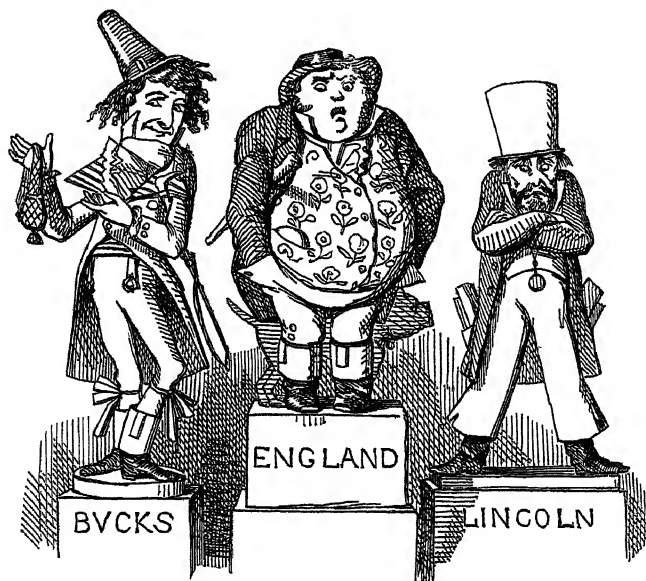
THE PRESENT RACE.

THE old saying assures us that "the Race is to the Swift." This should be altered to suit the tastes of our modern young men; for in their minds the "Race is decidedly to the Fast."

MODERN MYTHOLOGY.



England ought to have a greater number of female representatives. BRITANNIA, till the time of recent Admiralties, was supposed to rule the waves. England is also represented by a gentleman of ample proportions, who is delineated in top-boots, buckskin breeches, and a capacious waistcoat, bearing a cudgel, and is called JOHN BULL. The figure of JOHN BULL occurs generally in an attitude of astonishment and indignation, expressive of his views of the conduct of Ministers. It is commonly considered that JOHN BULL does not enjoy his due share in the representation. The other representatives of England are numerous, and form a certain assembly, which, if it were properly constituted, would consist of heroes and sages. These personages all represent counties, boroughs, or universities, nominally; but in reality a great many of them merely represent noblemen and landlords: whilst Ireland is ostensibly represented by a set of puppets, the greater part of whom, in fact, represent the POPES OF ROME.



BUCKINGHAMSHIRE is chiefly represented by a somewhat spare and pale figure, with hair curling so strongly, that, at an earlier age, it might have procured for its wearer the appellation of "the curly-headed ploughboy," had his principles then been the same as they are now, and had his features not been more pronounced than we usually find those of the Saxon rustic. He sometimes appears as a plain gentleman in black; at others, as masquerading, in the garb of a country squire. He at present presides over the Exchequer.

LINCOLN is represented for the most part in the shape of a

mong the ancients, countries, cities and towns were represented by tutelar deities, generally of the feminine gender. The representation of England is rather anomalous. England has but one female representative — BRITANNIA, who appears, armed with an eel-spear and a pot-lid, on the reverse side of pence and half-pence, where she is vernacularly called Tails; also in the front of various insurance offices, joint-stock banks, and marine store shops. Strong-minded women assert that

wild-looking gentleman, with moustaches and an eyeglass, whose capacity may be concisely described as military. His air is grave; but he is not so profound as he looks, and he makes jokes, which excite great laughter, but not so much as he occasions when he attempts to speak seriously. He is often seen in the act of making his exit, with his papers in his pocket, from the House of Commons previously to a division, because he dislikes the Opposition, and has no confidence in Government.

LONDON has no less than four representatives—the most remarkable of whom wears the aspect of a Noble Lord, and did wear also the Windsor uniform, but is now depicted as a page out of livery. Three of the group are seated; the fourth is apparently trying to take his seat, but prevented from sitting by a personification of Religious Liberty, in a coronet.

MANCHESTER is principally represented by a man having a broad-brimmed hat and buttonless coat, with a straight collar, taking his stand upon a sack of foreign corn, and making a violent effort to spike a cannon.

The best known representative of OXFORD may be described as exhibiting the form and features of a respectable elderly gentleman, wearing an old lady's apron, and extending a classical but rusty ægis, embellished with a mitred Gorgon's head, over a heap of loaves and fishes.

ABILITY AND INCLINATION.

To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

"I am here, Sir, to put in practice, as far as I am able, the policy I advocated when on the other side of the House."—MR. DISRAELI, on his legs.

YOUR principles—should your position prove stable—
You'll push, you inform us, "as far as you're able."
Now, BENJAMIN, what we're desirous to know,
Is, what lengths, if you're able, you purpose to go.
Let the voice of the Bucks agriculturists' charmer
Say how far he'll proceed, to please landlord and farmer.
Declare to what size you the loaf would reduce,
As to let you supposing JOHN BULL such a goose.
Will you go the whole Hog, with its gluttonous brood,
That once gorged its fill on the multitude's food?
Is there any restriction you'd place on the feast?
By a sliding scale think you to limit the beast?
Because, of your views if the least doubt exists,
With regard to our quarterns, and busters, and twists,
The people themselves must the benefit give
Of that doubt as to how you intend them to live;
And make sure you won't subject their food to taxation,
By ousting yourself and your Administration.

A SUSPICIOUS SHOWER.

THE *Kilkenny Moderator* states, we find, that a shower of rain has lately fallen in that vicinity, which—

"Proved upon examination, to have been of an almost inky blackness."

Now this is rather early, we think, for this meteorological phenomenon. We usually do not hear of it until the Autumn, when the absence of political news obliges our contemporaries to resort elsewhere to fill their columns. Showers of black rain fall copiously then, we know, and serve to irrigate the "gigantic gooseberries" with which we are annually surfeited. It seems to us, therefore, that the epithet "inky," in the above instance is chosen with really a most refreshing *naïveté*, seeing that the shower in question would doubtless "prove upon examination," to have fallen merely from the pen of a penny-a-liner.

A Foolish Proposition not so Foolish as it Looks.

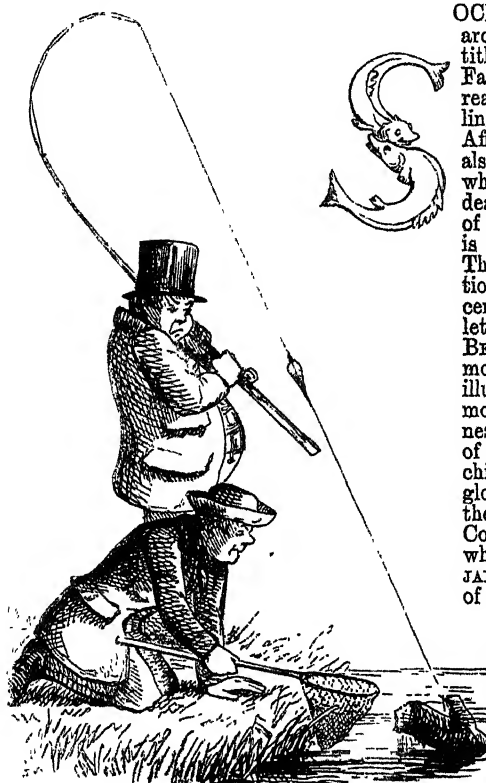
In the Isle of Skye there is poverty and starvation—in other words, the island yields nothing which affords the slightest employment for the teeth. In Australia, the fields are overrunning literally with gold—in other words, there is plenty of food and employment to fill the mouths of all. Why not send the inhabitants of the starving country to participate in the harvest of the golden one? Be not ashamed to try a dentist's remedy for once. Treat the inhabitants of Skye as if they were suffering from the toothache—and by sending them to Australia, give them the greatest relief by "*stopping their mouths with gold*."

A FARE INFERENCE.

A CABMAN must either be the most grasping, or the most extravagant of men. We are inclined to the latter belief; for we have always found when he drove us anywhere, that it was as much as he could do to make a Shilling go as far as eightpence ought to do.

A ROD IN A PRETTY PICKLE.—BIRCH, the Irish libeller, who has just been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

THE CANTERBURY EAGLE'S NEST.



SOCIETY dignifies an archbishop with the title of Most Reverend Father. There is good reason, however, for styling archbishops Most Affectionate Fathers also. If any one knows what it is to have a dear, kind papa, the son of an archiepiscopal sire is that blessed child. These pleasing reflections are suggested by certain passages in a letter addressed by SIR BENJAMIN HALL to a morning contemporary, illustrative of the almost incredible goodness of certain primates of all England to their children. Among our glorious institutions, there is the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, where, writes SIR BENJAMIN, on the authority of a Blue Book:—

"The son of an archbishop, being rector of two parishes, situated in different counties and a prebend of Canterbury, is also the registrar of the court, from which sinecure office (for he does not perform the duties), he receives £10,894 per annum, besides possessing patronage of other

sinecure offices in the same court with more than £20,000 a year! The patent by which this reverend pluralist and sinecure registrar is appointed, commences with these words:—'To all the faithful in Christ unto whom these presents shall come,' &c., and is signed by the archbishop. *Vide* page 116 of the Report.

"At the death of the present registrar, the vacancy will be filled up by the grandson of another archbishop, who was appointed to the reversion when he was sixteen years of age. He is now a peer of the realm, and was lately an Officer in the Life Guards! At his death the son of another archbishop, who is already appointed in reversion, will succeed. This gentleman is a student in the Temple, but he will be subject to the provisions of an act which will limit the emoluments."

Such offspring of archbishops are indeed fortunate in their berth. To be sure, the emoluments of the student in the Temple are to be limited; but they will bear that, as their limitation will not exactly correspond to the limits of the work and labour done for them. The principle of a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, indeed, would reduce them to less than an infinitesimal sum; since, whilst the remuneration of the registrarship of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury is represented by figures, its duties may be expressed by a cipher. Whilst its value to its possessor is £10,984 a-year, its utility to anybody else is *nil*.

Having nothing to do for nearly twenty thousand pounds per annum, how well the Archbishop's registrar does it, SIR BENJAMIN thus exemplifies in a postscript:—

"By the same Report, No. 711, session 1850, pages 93 and 94, it appears that so little care was taken of the documents in the registrar's office, 'that several papers were nothing more than dust.' 'That even the wills were not sound they are mended with paste and paper.' 'They are kept in a place called Pennyless Porch.'"

Pennyless Porch is a very appropriate name for the repository of wills on which the exaction of probate dues has helped to beggar widows and orphans. This consideration, again, is suggestive of the strong parental feeling of archbishops, which is peculiar, and closely resembles that of certain archbishops of the winged race—golden eagles, which not only take care to feather their nests, but make a prey of the lambs for their own young.

In studying the natural history of archbishops and golden eagles, let us dwell on their love of offspring, their *storge*, their philo-progenitiveness, with delight; on the amiable features in their dispositions only. Let us overlook the gloomier and more painful traits in their natures, such as devouring the lambs—whom the archbishops, in truth, are rather supposed to feed.

But in the meanwhile we cannot do better than follow the example of archbishops in taking care of our children. Why should their patrimony, after our decease, be confiscated, to the amount of the impositions of the ecclesiastical court, for the benefit of the see of Canterbury? To gorge the archiepiscopal eagle, the registrar of the

Prerogative Court, it appears, for one thing—and not the least. It may be very natural for the aquiline prelates to eat up our progeny; but it is equally natural for us to do all we can to preserve our babes and sucklings from their aerie: and whilst we admire the parental fondness of these birds of prey, we hope SIR BENJAMIN HALL will persuade the House of Commons to allow us and ours to be no longer their quarry.

JENKINS LET LOOSE AGAIN.

PUNCH has a duty to perform. He must, very mildly, remonstrate with JENKINS—who has, somehow, found his way into the *Herald*, for *Punch* can swear to the hue of the plush—in order that he may, if possible, season his admiration. JENKINS is at LORD LONDENBOROUGH'S, and listen to him:

"The company were received by LADY LONDENBOROUGH, who was attired in the splendid diamond tiara, which no one who visited the Crystal Palace could fail to recognise as the same that there had attracted so much admiration. This, placed on such a head as that now familiar to the public by GRANT'S beautiful portrait of her ladyship, in the Royal Academy, and coupled with the most perfect affability of manner, seemed from the moment of introduction into a suite of magnificent rooms to diffuse a spell within their precincts."

The diamonds on such a head, with affability, diffused a spell! What sort of spell? And wherefore should a gentlewoman be thus advertised by the profane JENKINS? Can he not be decently awestruck by the diamonds? Can he not placidly sink from five feet ten—that was the height he advertised himself when last out of place—to four foot two, crushed by the diamonds, and so crushed, be quiet?

JENKINS, however, moralizes, when contemplating COLT'S revolvers: "Between the pistols and the *flax* which might upon occasion be converted into an excellent shroud, some pieces of plate were exhibited by MR. MONTAGUE."

Dear JENKINS, no more of that. No cross-bones in that flunkey mouth. Keep to diamonds, and clean the "pieces of plate."

A paper-weight elephant is shown:

"As a model of a heavy subject by an Irish artist, MESSRS. ELKINGTON should lose no time in forwarding it to the Cork National Exhibition," observed a little gentleman, with a point laced cravat, at our elbow. "Yes, sir," was the comment of an odd-looking man, with a bald head, at our other elbow, 'cork is sure to *buoy* (pronounced with the splutter of a determined punster *buy*) it up.' We at once considered these cases incurable, as a disgusting habit seldom acquired by studious men—DEAN SWIFT and a few others excepted."

Puns isn't allowed in our pantry, says JENKINS. They are decidedly low.

"As we entered the library, three or four well-known words passed through our memory, which we shall not presume to translate—

"*Arma virumque cano;*"

But why not translate? *All* the servants do not know Latin. Among other celebrities JENKINS observes "the amiable EARL OF ROSSE;" we presume the nobleman who constructed that darling telescope. Other gifted men were present; and no doubt among them the delightful WHEATSTONE who invented that love of an electric telegraph with HERSCHEL, who has somewhere found out such ducks of stars.

Protectionist Toasts.

THE Protectionists have been very prodigal lately at their public dinners with their toasts. We advise them, as friends, to make the best use of their time, for it is perfectly clear that if they succeed in making bread dearer, the loaf will become much smaller; and it is equally clear that when the loaf is only half its present size, the Protectionists can only enjoy half their present round of Toasts.

MILITARY INDOLENCE.

A MEMBER of the Peace Society, who goes the whole lamb, wants to know whether the very extreme of idleness must not prevail in the Army, when soldiers not only do not exercise any industrious employment, but are actually, on some occasions, compelled to *deploy*.

A Paragraph only to be Read by the Ladies.

EVERY Man has his price, so said WALPOLE; but he never said as much of Woman. The fact is, WALPOLE judged the ladies only too correctly, for he knew as well as we do, that many of those dear creatures are beyond all price! (*We expect a pair of embroidered braces, at least, for the above.*—ED. PUNCH.)

PROTECTIONIST ESTIMATES.

PERHAPS the most curious item in the estimates agreed to by the Protectionist Government is the estimate that has been formed of our national honour, which (*vide* the MATHER case) has been set down at two hundred and forty pounds.

A PARTY CRY.—Hearing your neighbour's child cry all night through the thinness of the party-wall.



A FOOLISH AND A BETTING MAN.



A WISER AND A BETTER MAN.

SANGUINARY OUTRAGE ON A DEFENCELESS FOREIGNER.

MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE.—THE HONOURABLE CRAVEN DRAGONET, a Captain in the Guards, was brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with the following ruffian-like and cowardly assault upon GIUSEPPE PICCOLUOMO, an Italian organ-boy.

It appeared that CAPTAIN DRAGONET and a party of his men were returning from their morning parade, or whatever it is called, at St. James's Palace, when the lad unintentionally got in the Captain's way, which so exasperated the gallant officer, that he drew his sword, and cut the poor little fellow down.

Police Constable A 500, deposed that he was on duty that morning in St. James's Street, when he saw the soldiers, with the defendant at their head, come marching up towards Piccadilly. The organ-boy was playing and dancing to some ladies at a window, and whilst occupied in so doing, failed to notice the approach of the military, and backed into their line of march. The defendant called to him to get out of the way, but before the boy had time to move, pulled out his sword, and with that weapon inflicted a stroke upon his head, which felled him to the ground. He (the policeman) ran immediately to the assistance of the youth, whose crown had been cut open, and was bleeding profusely. He carried him to the next surgeon's, and then proceeded in search of the defendant, whom, as soon as he (defendant) was off duty, he took into custody whilst stepping into a brougham.

MR. McNAB, the surgeon, said he found the boy with an incised wound in the scalp, three inches in length, laying bare the *aponeurosis* of the *occipito-frontalis* muscle. The patient's tall conical hat had been completely cleft, and, but for its substance having deadened the force of the blow by opposing a tough resisting medium to the passage of the weapon, the *cranium* would have been divided, and the result would have been fatal.

The boy was here produced in court, with his head bandaged, looking very pale and weak from loss of blood. He confirmed the evidence of the preceding witnesses through an interpreter, and declared that his getting in the Captain's way was quite unintentional, and that he had done nothing that he knew of to give him any provocation.

The Magistrate told the defendant that he (defendant) was now at liberty to make any statement he might think proper, but informed him, that if he said anything tending to criminate himself, it would be used against him.

CAPTAIN DRAGONET, who appeared to treat the charge with great levity, said he was not sorry, on the whole, that the young rascal had escaped with his life. The little vagabond had not only got in his way, but when ordered to stand aside, had made a derisive gesture by putting his hands to his nose.

The lad on being questioned whether he had done so, replied, that he had merely raised his hands instinctively in self-protection, expecting, from the Captain's angry voice, a box on the ear.

The defendant said he thought at the time, and believed still, that the act was intended for impertinence. It would never do for an officer on duty when trifled with, to stand on ceremony. He was sure the Magistrate was quite aware of that. He had an appointment, and would thank his Worship not to detain him.

The Magistrate said he was sorry to say that this was a case in which he could not accept bail.

The defendant, exhibiting considerable astonishment, declared he really could not understand what his Worship meant.

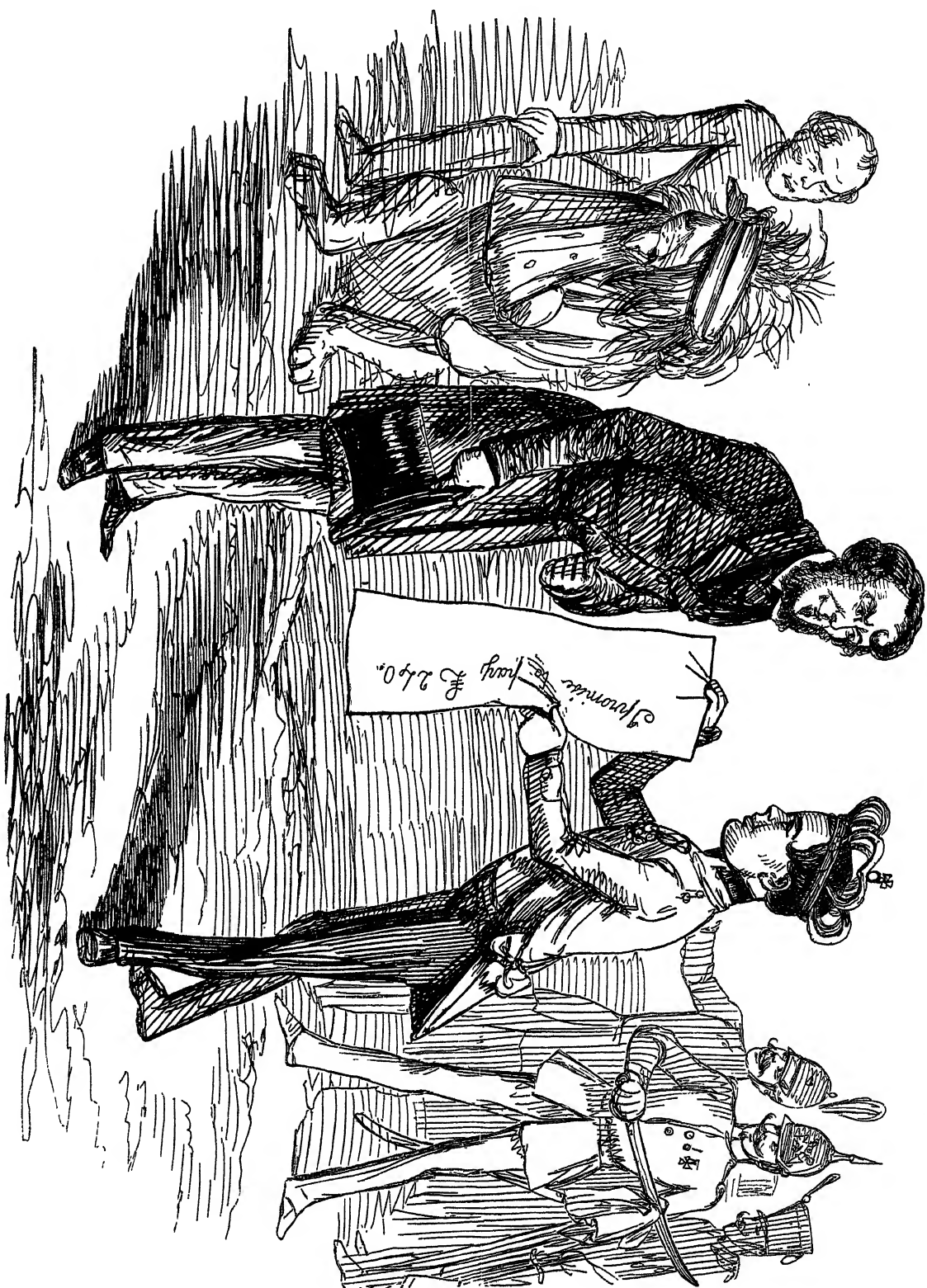
The worthy Magistrate said it certainly did appear that the defendant was not aware of the very serious position in which he had placed himself. He (defendant) had narrowly escaped standing at that bar on a charge of wilful murder. As it was, he should be under the necessity of committing him to Newgate to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court for cutting and wounding, with intent to commit that crime, or some grievous bodily harm.

The Captain, apparently thunderstruck at this decision, was removed in the van.

*** Mr. Punch presents his compliments to MR. HARDWICK, and begs to say, should MR. HARDWICK not exactly be able to remember any such case as the above to have occurred at Marlborough Street, that Mr. Punch's reporter is subject to fits of somnambulism, in one of which he may have had a dream, wherein his imagination transformed a ruffian in a certain foreign service into a British officer, and brought a dastardly savage who, under Austrian law, sabred an unarmed man with impunity, before a London Magistrate.

A Natural Inference.

THE Derby Prophets, it appears, were this year even more than usually incorrect in their prophetic guesses; and as they every week so abundantly advertise their appreciation of a speedy payment for their "tips," we may perhaps be pardoned the assumption that their business is transacted on the principle of "quick returns and small prophets."



Earl Malmesbury. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE; AND IF AT ANY OTHER TIME YOU SHOULD—I'M SURE—VERY HAPPY,"—&c., &c.
Judicious Bottle-Holder. "AH! I'D HAVE HAD MORE THAN THAT."

AUSTRIA'S COMPENSATION FOR ALMOST MURDERING A BRITISH LION.

THE INCOME-TAX SUPERSEDED!



It is self-evident to the commonest booby that the Income-Tax can be fairly adjusted in no other manner than by taking the excess of it off precarious earnings and profits, and distributing the burden so removed over permanent property. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has intimated that the Income-Tax Committee, after much deliberation, is likely to arrive at a conclusion to the same effect. But MR. DISRAELI also hints that such a mode of equalising the impost would be so unpleasant to permanent property, that permanent property would never stand it. The only thing to do, then, is to abolish the Income-Tax, and to find a substitute for it less unpopular.

He who has nothing ought to contribute his proper share of it to the national hat—the Crown; and so on in due proportion indefinitely upwards. By how much any one person or class of persons is taxed more in relation to their means than another, by so much is the property of that class or that person confiscated, and he, or it, plundered outright.

It is perhaps impossible, in taxing a complicated society, to do without a little confiscation; only that injustice is to be avoided as much as may be. Many taxes present themselves to the mind as less open to objection on this account than the Income-Tax. There might, for instance, be a tax upon noses, proportioned to their length, which would press chiefly on the aristocracy and the Hebrew community; but the aquilines would turn up at the idea of such an impost, and the snubs would signify to you that they wished you might get it.

The most rational, moral, wholesome, salubrious, and feasible tax that could be devised in lieu of the Income-Tax, would be a tax on fat people; whereby all would be taxed according to their substance. This suggestion is quite disinterested; the author is upwards of twelve stone when last weighed, and is a growing middle-aged man.

As a tax upon necessities is the worst of taxes, so the least objectionable is a tax upon manifest superfluity. Fat people must, at least, have plenty to eat and drink, unless in the case of disease, for which exemption should be allowed, on attestation by a medical certificate.

A fat-tax is one, to incur which would be in a great measure optional. Its amount would be reduced in proportion to the reduction of obesity, to be effected by moderation, exercise, and early rising, on all which good habits it would act as a premium.

Those whom a tax on the corporation would principally affect, would be mayors and aldermen; also corpulent bishops, deans, canons, and pluralists: the very persons best able to bear depletion. Fat people, moreover, generally, are the most eligible subjects for taxation, for nobody sympathises with them; and if, being oppressed, they attempted to get up a cry, they would only raise a laugh.

The assessment of the fat subject should be based on the excess of the periphery, in each individual, over the natural standard, in relation to the height. It should be made by a medical man; and thus Government would have an opportunity of bestowing some patronage on a profession which it has hitherto shamefully neglected.

It may be objected that a Fat People Tax would check consumption; not so: it would only diminish plethora. If it lessened the demand for meat, it would give an impetus to hides, which would be wanted for shoe-leather to supply the wear and tear which it would occasion by stimulating pedestrianism. Should it cause a decrease in exciseable liquors, the deficiency would be compensated by the additional duty that would be obtained in consequence of its promotion of horse exercise.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is gratuitously welcome to this idea for a budget, if his agricultural friends will allow him to use it, as it is to be feared they will not; although it would tend to relieve the land of its burdens by effecting a diminution of their own weight.

DE LUNATICO.

SUPPOSE a gentleman were to go about dropping into Courts of Justice, and grinning and winking at the judges; were to walk into the House of Commons, and slap its most distinguished members on the back and thigh, and, wherever he went, were to indulge in similar antics and extravagances. Suppose he wound these eccentric proceedings up with an act that placed him at the bar of the Central Criminal Court, would he not be acquitted of the deed, on the ground of being irresponsible for his actions? And would he not be ordered to be detained in custody during her MAJESTY'S pleasure? And would not everybody say that this was shutting the stable door after the horse-stealing had been accomplished, and that the unfortunate gentleman ought to have been taken care of long before?

In the mean time, perhaps, there are certain bereaved relatives, mourning a now irreparable loss which might have been remedied.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—We beg to recommend to our military authorities that, as an elementary lesson for raw recruits just commencing practice with firearms, a figure, dressed as a British soldier, should be used as a target, for it is proved by experience at the Cape, that nothing can form a finer mark, or one that is more easy to hit.

A SONG FOR MR. SPEAKER.

WE'VE met for legislation;
So, hey for altercation,
And prolix dissertation,
Statistics dull and drear,
And logic not very clear,
Though terribly severe.

The downy pillow scorning,
We won't go home till morning;
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

Chorus of Hon. Members.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

While one of you is prozing,
The weary may be dozing,
On cushion'd bench reposing,
With inattentive ear;
In spite of cries of "Hear!"
And cheer and counter-cheer,
So musically snoring,
Whilst some "Adjourn!" are roaring—
The speech their patience boring—
Or cry like chanticleer.

Chorus.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

How slow will creep each moment,
As on Maynooth Endowment
You mouth harangues, for show meant,
Since dissolution's near:
Orations insincere,
There's too much cause to fear,
That very strongly savour
Of humbug's subtle flavour,
To curry popular favour,
Alone deliver'd here.

Chorus.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

Then furious, wild, and frantic,
Will rave—with gestures antic,
Outpouring bulls gigantic,
And words that won't cohere—
An Irish Brigadier;
When some opponent's jeer
Will drive the whole band raving;
In such a way behaving,
That I, the tempest braving,
Shall have to interfere.

Chorus.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

With a view to re-election,
Spout for or 'gainst Protection;
With personal reflection,
With sarcasm, gibe, and sneer,
The opposite party sear:
In elocution queer,
In coughing, humming, hawing,
And false conclusions drawing,
Continually jawing,
Till daybreak persevere.

Chorus.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

And if you're tired of talking,
Yet do not think of walking;
But, legislation balking,
Stop Government's career,
In opposition sheer,
The measure whatsoever;
Division on division
Will put off all decision;
Thus let us earn derision
For business in arrear.

Chorus.
We won't go home till morning, &c.

"SATISFACTION!"—Letting off a brace of pistols, and frightening a cock-pheasant.



THE YOUNG GENT WHO IS GOING TO MAKE A RAPID FORTUNE
BY BETTING.

BAKERS FOR PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH TO THE ELECTORS OF ENGLAND.

MY FRIENDS,—the EARL OF DERBY—*alias* the RUPERT of DEBATE—*alias* the CORN-LAW DODGER—is about to stand his trial. He has, in case of the worst, made his political will, and set his red box in order. SIR FITZROY KELLY, counsel for the defence—hope in horsehair!—is self-assured of a verdict: nevertheless, the Earl, with his proverbial prudence, has left nothing to chance. The verdict may go the wrong way with DERBY; when RUPERT—as the DODGER is comforted to know—will have been prepared for it.

Folks have been told to trust in Derby—to stand by RUPERT—to confide in the DODGER. The greater their ignorance of the purposes of the triple man, the greater their faith. Thus do men trust in a particular tee-totum, resigned to any letter that may turn up. F or P. Free Trade or Protection? All's luck.

But if DERBY is mysterious, DISRAELI is plain. Would we take a turn of the Minister's divining-cup? We must seek it in the sack of BENJAMIN.

And now is BENJAMIN seemingly rebuked—even at the Mansion-House—for the cup found in his sack. "Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

MY FRIENDS! A few days—but a few, and some thousands of upright, earnest, patriotic men Jews included, for doth not the valorous, consistent RUSSELL, again go to the City with a rose of Jericho in his button-hole?—will be shouting throughout the length and breadth of blessed England to the hearts, and, it may be, to the pockets of folks with voices. A few days, and the sun will rise and set upon the process of making six hundred and fifty-eight small SOLOMONS for the Temple of Wisdom nearly built, but by no means ventilated, at Westminster.

Now these are the six hundred and fifty-eight Bakers to be chosen; Bakers to make the loaves of the people for the next four, five, or six years to come. Pooh! That is not the MARQUESS OF GOLDSBURG—son of the DUKE OF VANTBRACE—with his hand on his waistcoat, and his head gracefully bent towards the gentleman in a pea-jacket and a short-pipe in his hat: that is really not a Marquess—though he has been proposed and seconded under that title—whose face, all smiles, glows down upon that sternly-questioning greengrocer, the patriot of the borough of Pottlepots; that, we say, is really not a Marquess, but if you will it, one of your future Bakers. It is he, oh people of Pottlepots, who will make your loaves for yourselves and little ones for, it may be, the next seven years. It is he who will make that loaf half its present size for all its present price. You think him a gay, chivalrous, sunny-faced young nobleman. Well, so he is; but once in the House of Commons, a Baker, an inexorable Baker for all that. A Baker, whose faith is little loaves and high prices; a Baker who—with possibly the best intentions—will do his very best to increase the daily difficulty of daily bread.

A Baker, a mere shopkeeping Baker, may be in himself a meek, unpretending, guileless, honest man. But a Baker of Parliament—a Baker who upon the Little Loaf puts his own Big Price—a Baker who, in defiance of the mouths and bellies of the multitude, is a Baker, though M.P. sprout from his name, that Baker is of the family of Ogres, and grinds babies' bones to make his wheaten bread.

My dear Friends—I earnestly entreat you to read these words to your wives. All women are politicians, especially when the question is in the cupboard. Only let the matter lie in a pie-dish, and we will back one MRS. JONES against three MR. SPOONERS. Let the women only know that Members of Parliament are the Bakers of Parliament, that the House of Commons is the House of Ovens,—and we have Big-Loaf in a topping majority.

Politics are never made so easy, even to the apprehension of babes and sucklings, as when represented by penny rolls.

What an easy, morning task with the morning breakfast! The board is spread. The SIMMONSES are very small shop-keepers, with a large range of commodities, from peg-tops to turnip-tops: when all are assembled, parents and progeny, there are eight. This morning—it is little BOB's birth-day, he was christened BOB after SIR ROBERT—there are rolls for breakfast; rolls and butter.

"BOB," says SIMMONS, "what's the name of this roll?"

"His name is PEEL," says ROBERT, boldly.

"And wherefore PEEL?" asks SIMMONS.

"Because," answers BOB, "he's twice as big as he used to be."

"And if he shrinks, and isn't half as big, what will you call him then?"

"DER—BY!" shrieks the youngest girl, two years old, by name REBECCA.

"A good girl," says the smiling SIMMONS. "Give her two lumps of sugar. And, BOB, why can I so well afford to give BECKY two lumps of sugar?"

"Because," answers BOB—well-educated infant!—"because you don't have to give so much for the loaf!"

Thus, my Friends, consider every candidate through the medium of the quarter loaf. Believe it, and choose accordingly. Men, women and children, it is not Members of Parliament you are about to make, but Bakers of Parliament! Not Legislators, but loaves! Choose, then, for you may, your own size—Little or Big.

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

AN AFFARE OF ONNUR.

MIST^r. BIL WIGGINS and MIST^r. BOB FOSTER presents their Comp^t to MIST^r. Punch, and baggs his Insereshn of the Follerin:—

"In the Coarse of a Pollytickler discushn at the Chekers last Eavnin, MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY maid a Hobserwatton, witch MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS said he was A Lie.

"MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY Axed MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS wot he meant by that Expreshn?

"MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS refer'd MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY to is High.

"MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY then sayd if u says that are agin ile Punch yure ed.

"upon Witch MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS repeated the Wurds.

"wheerby MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY up to Pitch in to MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS; but MIST^r. BIL WIGGINS and MIST^r. BOB FOSTER interfered sayin this Warnt the Place for A Mill.

"The consequens wos it wos agreed they should have it Hout in the Yard.

"MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS, MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY, MIST^r. BOB FOSTER, and MIST^r. BIL WIGGINS then Proceeded to the Back of the Ouse, whear a Ring was formed of a Circul of Acquaintanse; and the Parties ad a Settoo.

"MIST^r. BIL WIGGINS ficiated for MIST^r. GIM SMITHERS, and MIST^r. BOB FOSTER did the Nedeful for MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY.

"The men havin fort one Round without Blud droon, MIST^r. BIL WIGGINS Axed MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY if he'd had enuf, and MIST^r. DIK RUBBLY alowd his Self satisfide.

"Witch bein the Case the Men shook Ands and adjurned back to the Tapp where we Had Beer all rownd, and the Affare concluded to the satisfisacshun of All Parties consurned.

"JOON 5th. 1852.

{ "BOB FOSTER.
"BIL WIGGINS,"

Motives.

MANY a talented young man only enters College from a motive of good-Fellowship;—and many a worldly young man enters the Church, as almost every Alderman enters city life, from no other motive than that of good living!

ELECTION BANNER OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.—"England expects that every man will Vote for a Five Shilling Duty."



IN AUSTRALIA.



IN ENGLAND.

HINTS ON ENGLISH ELEGANCE.

RESPECTED PUNCH,

"THE enclosed fragment wrapped up a piece of cheese, which formed yesterday's lunch, and as it will certainly be of as much use to you as to me, I send it without delay. It seems to be part of a letter from some old schoolmistress, to a niece, whose schooling has not been quite the thing, but of that you will be a better judge than I.

"Your's faithfully,

"A CONSTANT READER."

"MY DEAR MARY ANNE.—Although I perceive, and perceive with delight, that you have conquered some of the chief difficulties in polite pronunciation, that you are no longer in doubt as to where you should place the aspirate (I mean the H, dear), and that your choice between the V and the W is guided by something like a fixed principle, I would not have you suppose that all necessity for further exertion is at an end.

"At present, my beloved niece, you err not so much in pronunciation as in the selection of phrases, and I deeply regret that the cares of my establishment at Peckham prevent me from attending you more constantly, and checking each inelegance as it presents itself. I was much grieved, for instance, when I heard that at a very select tea-party, you alluded to the engagement of MR. SMITH to Miss BROWN, by saying that they 'kept company.' If there was any occasion to allude to the delicate fact at all (which I very much doubt), you should simply have said that MR. SMITH was 'engaged' to Miss BROWN—no more.

"I have also observed that you are somewhat lax in your formation of the preterite tense, saying 'I done it,' instead of 'I did it,' and 'I see him yesterday,' instead of 'I saw him.' Study, I beg, with increased attention, the list of verbs I enclosed in my last. Be careful, too, in your use of adjectives, and do not let a desire to give greater force or point to your observations, betray you into inelegance. I do not for a moment suspect that you make use of such expressions as 'stunning,' 'out-and-out good,' 'jolly,' and so forth, for I regard those as male vulgarities, from which the female mind instinctively shrinks. But I fear you have allowed yourself to use 'spicy' as a word of commendation, and my emotions are not to be described, when I heard that you praised a fashionable waistcoat, by the employment of some such horrid word as 'scrumptious' or 'scrumptuous.'

"Many learned persons, I am aware, consider that much of the wisdom of our ancestors is couched in the proverbial form, but notwithstanding that opinion (for which I have the greatest deference), I cannot but think the form most infelicitous, when used to convey the moral and social convictions of a young lady. Thus, you might remark that the expediency of a plan is shown by the result, without exclaiming that the 'proof of the pudding is in the eating,' and the charitable doctrine, that even the most reckless profligate is capable of reformation, might surely be set forth in other terms, besides those which declare that 'it is a long lane that has no turning.' And I have observed that when you utter an expression of the sort, you add 'I say,' in a very loud tone of voice, and with an air of superior wisdom, as if the proverb were your own particular creation. This, my dear MARY ANNE, is very vulgar.

"It gives me much pain to find that you are ambitious to obtain a

character for wit, since this propensity is a frequent cause of indecorum. MR. WIGGINS, I own, should not have said the other evening that the "tankard ran," but should rather have said "leaked," yet it was wrong of you to answer him by remarking that the "ale ran and not the tankard," and then to look round at the company for applause. Nor was it at all necessary on your part to state, when you were informed that somebody had a bad cold, that you had never heard of a good one. Again, though I admit that nothing is more charming than 'serenity,' I cannot approve of the phrase 'all's serene,' as an indication that some difficulty has been surmounted. Believe me, that those who encourage you in the use of what is called 'smart' language, are no true friends.

"With respect to your writing, a little more discrimination in the employment of capitals would"—(*Cætera desunt*).

THE LANDLORD'S ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

THERE is scarcely anything that is really new: what is commonly so called is a familiar fact in a novel form—an old friend with a new face. The science of Electro-Biology, for example, on which itinerant philosophers are now lecturing about the country, has long been practically known—at least to gentlemen in the habit of dining at taverns. Such gentlemen will testify to the circumstance of having been themselves operated upon more or less successfully, on various occasions, in the manner following:

Some wine having been ordered after dinner, is discovered to be brandied, corked, or otherwise objectionable, and the landlord is sent for to be remonstrated with in regard to it. The proceeding which he then adopts will be recognised, by all who have witnessed electro-biological experiments, as strictly electro-biological. At first, indeed, he affects astonishment at the complaint about the wine, appearing to take the truth of the impeachment for granted.

As if just to satisfy himself, however, on that point, he pours out a little of the condemned liquid and tastes it. His look of surprise changes to an expression of hesitation; he tastes again—the uncertainty becomes decision—and then he says firmly, yet with deference:—"Really, gentlemen, I think your taste must have been a little out of order—do try this wine again." Here he holds his glass up to the light. "Pray be so kind as to observe the bees-wing there, Sir," and so saying he contrives to make the patient also hold his glass up, and to fix his attention on something floating in the wine. Leaving him with his gaze thus fastened, he enters into the history of the wine, states its vintage, the time it has been in bottle, and the different Majors and other personages of distinction who have commended it.

All this while, the patient is squinting at a fixed object in the liquid, and by the time mine host has concluded his dissertation, is quite prepared to give in to the challenge, "Now, Sir, I defy you to tell me that this is not a glass of excellent port!"

In precisely the same way may some susceptible subjects be prevailed upon to take Marsala for Sherry, and the most arrant Gooseberry for Champagne, and to pay accordingly. This is precisely Electro-Biology; only a better name for the operation—if electricity has anything to do with it—would perhaps be Electro-Gammon.

HOBBS' PHILOSOPHY.—To make the pot boil.

BRITANNIA AND HIBERNIA.

AN ELECTRIC DIALOGUE.

Britannia, at Holyhead. Sister Ireland.*Hibernia, in Dublin.* 'Tis here I am then; and your voice is melted honey to my heart.*Britannia.* Isn't this a real Union, sister?*Hibernia.* Burn the Union of parchment—isn't there a cord between us: a cord that shall be stronger than a thousand acts of Parliament, though all of them were spun out of the brains of the Mimbers?*Britannia.* A cord! Why, it's the same fire that pulsates in both our hearts: don't we feel it together: and don't I feel loving you more and more with every word I say to you?*Hibernia.* Precious words! The pearls of the deep not so precious as the sweet syllables that come, like fairies, through the sea.*Britannia.* Won't we be friends for ever?*Hibernia.* For ever and ever, and longer still. What are you doing, dear, in Parliament?*Britannia.* Well, we're tumbling to pieces—but, bother Parliament!*Hibernia.* Will you come over to Cork?*Britannia.* Should like it—but can't yet. That DERBY's so slow—and BEN's become so majestic, and then there's the—the—*Hibernia.* Don't hesitate, darling; speak out.*Britannia.* Why the—the Maynooth grant.*Hibernia.* What! The dirty £26,000? I tell you what—we'll make a change with you. Take back your bishops, and we'll give you the £26,000.*Britannia.* My dear—between ourselves—there are folks to whom the Maynooth grant is worth any money. I do believe there's a party in Parliament that would rather pay it—if it could be done privately—themselves, than not have it paid at all. It's a cloak, my dear.*Hibernia.* A cloak! What cloak?*Britannia.* Why, you'll excuse me, but, being popish, a scarlet cloak: now BULL can at times be only moved by this bit of scarlet, and, with a general election on foot, a cloak of the colour is the very thing for the hustings.*Hibernia.* Well, you are the meanest, most contemptible—*Britannia.* Sister, let the zealots rave or grumble; we'll be wise and love one another in spite of them. Sister, I blow you a kiss.*Hibernia.* Sister, I return it.

THE WAGNER WAR.

THE musical history of our time affords no parallel to this exciting contest. Not in London merely, but throughout the kingdom, its influence is now deeply felt; and that which was at first regarded as a mere managerial dispute, now threatens lastingly to affect the peace of the musical world at large.

Though startling to some, the rupture by no means was a wholly unexpected one. Hostilities have long been secretly impending, and the arrival of the German *cantatrice* was seized as the signal for openly commencing them. That lady, however, is but nominally the HELEN of the war. The real question at issue is briefly this:

From time immemorial almost, it has been held (among themselves) that public singers, in general, are a privileged class; complete exceptions to all legal rules, and utterly exempt from the vulgar duty of keeping a contract—unless it thoroughly suits their interest and convenience to do so. Engagements, in fact, have hitherto "professionally" been regarded as binding upon one side only; not that which gives the services, but that which pays for them. The Manager, it is held, must perform *his* part of the bargain as a matter of course; but the Singer is traditionally left open to make a better one elsewhere, should the opportunity offer. The very wording of the contract, it is pleaded, admits the existence of but one Voice in the matter. Upon this the Managers have at length joined issue; and we confess their doing so has not surprised us.

In our position of universal Umpire, we have, of course, been most voluminously appealed to on this momentous question. Scarcely a postman passes without dropping a small avalanche of Notes and Queries into our letter-box; and we are hourly haunted by the apparition of some breathless "constant reader," who comes in person for an answer to his yet unopened missive. One of our earliest visitors was a gentleman who has for many years been regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of the Alfresco or Tea-Garden School. This vocal "veteran" is now unfortunately rather in a fix. Animated by the example of the gifted JOHANNA, it appears that he has been taking a complete leaf out of her engagement-book, and with a most cucum-brian coolness, has ratified his simultaneous services to the managers of no less than three of our cheap suburban "Halls of Harmony." Each of these, we understand, is an expressly "exclusive" contract; so that by no possibility can he perform any one of them, without legally rendering himself accountable for, at least, a pair of breaches.

This is by no means an isolated case. We have at our pen's point a dozen such at least; but we think the present will suffice to show that the infection called Wagnerism is spreading most rapidly throughout the musical profession, and that the lower as well as the higher circles of society will, ere long, deeply feel, and, as we think, deplore, its influence.



THE RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST WHO WILL BET A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST EVERYTHING, AND PAY IF HE LOSES—OF COURSE!

AGAIN, OUR INSANE ARTIST.

It is our painful duty to announce that this maniacal miscreant has again assaulted us. We consider ourselves bound to draw attention to the fact, not so much for our own as for our country's sake. Fallen, indeed, were England in the eyes of sister nations, if it were known that lunatics run riot in her streets, and defy the arm of justice in open staring day!

The particulars of the outrage are briefly these. Happily freed from the cares of office, we were as usual drag-ging to the Derby, and rather damped rendering ourselves to the annual joviality of the occasion, when our progress and attention were alike arrested by our near wheel being firmly locked in the embraces of an antiquated hackney-coach. We mentally stared, of course, to see so obsolete a trap upon the Derby day, and not unnaturally wondered who on earth could be insane enough to patronise it. But the mystery was soon most lamentably solved: for, just as we were pouring in a rattling volley of "chaff," suddenly down went the window of the exploded vehicle, and to our horror out popped the head and shoulders of our miserable friend!

* * * When we recovered our senses, the hackney-coach had vanished; but its wretched occupant, we found, had taken a terrible advantage of his temporary juxta-position. There lay at our feet a maniacal note, folded, we could see, in literally frantic haste, and bearing an almost hieroglyphical address. By painful experience we recognised the scrawl, and summoning alike our courage and our eyeglass, we desperately cracked the seal, and read as follows:—

"A PICTURE OF DISMAY."

"Portrait of our nervous friend, SPRIGGLES, drawn for the Militia."

* * * It is almost needless to add, we did not recover our equanimity till lunch time.

England mustn't Expect too Much.

It seems that the Ministers have repudiated their own policy, abroad as well as at home, for the case of Mr. MATHER seems to show that they abandon the duty which should give protection to their own countrymen, when brought into collision with the foreigner.

THE REAL LONDON PRIDE.—We know an inveterate Cockney who declares that London milk beats the country milk, and beats it "by many chalks."

KNOWING DEFINITION.—"Betting Offices." Places where (on a settling day) it is hard to meet your betters.

"Now then! I wish you'd take yourself off;" as JOHN BULL said to the Income-Tax.

CRIMINAL TREATY WITH THE CRIMINAL OF FRANCE.



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY is pushing a bill through the Lords, that, if to the shame of England, it shall become a law, will hugely delight the French President; for it will, at little trouble, place in his grasp the men who have escaped to England, believing in the vulgar error that England is a free country. The bill is nominally for "the mutual surrender of criminals in France and England to the respective governments of those countries;" but the bill is so crossed and interlaced with subtleties that a case of felony may with little difficulty be trumped up against a political offender. LOUIS BLANC, for instance, might be claimed for robbing the President of

his reputation, valued at something more than a silver fork. LORD CAMPBELL turned the bill over very suspiciously—so did LORD BROUGHAM; and if it pass the Lords in its present shape, which is doubtful, it must be made harmless by the Commons. Neither is the bill to be less suspected because introduced by the EARL OF MALMESBURY: his lordship's instincts are a little too much towards the Elysée. "It is a purely criminal treaty," says the Earl; for all that we would rather have nought to do with it. We want nothing in common with LOUIS NAPOLEON; and, least of all, handcuffs!

MR. COCKERMOUTH TO THE VICAR OF FROME.

COME now then, MR. BENNETT, Sir,
Inform us what your tenets are,
Decidedly auricular?
Or are you not particular?

Hold you with Flagellation,
And Transmogrification—
Wholes equalled by their particles—
Or the Nine-and-Thirty Articles?

Are chops on Fridays edible?
Are winking pictures credible?
How about candle-burnings,
Genuflexions, crossings, turnings?

Are you given to censer-swinging,
And little hand-bells ringing?
Or stotery, or copery?
Or any nasty Popery?

Flower Shows and Shower Flows!

At the recent meeting of the Botanic Society, the great attraction advertised consisted of the American plants of MR. WATERER. This gentleman with an aquatic title was fully represented on the occasion in question, for the shower was incessant. By way of rivalry, the Zoological Gardens might have announced, that in addition to the ordinary collection of animals, it would "rain cats and dogs," and no one could have complained that the advertisement had not been complied with.

A FREE-TRADE FAIRY TALE.

MR. CARDWELL has addressed the constituency of Liverpool; and, in a long and convincing speech, arrayed the results of Free-trade against the prophecies of Protection. He marshalled his figures most triumphantly: the DUKE himself never drew out his forces with a greater promise of victory. We give them, as showing the consumption of 1851—the year of Free-trade—and of 1841, the year of Protection.

	1841.	1851.		1841.	1851.
Coffee, lb.	28,421,093	32,564,104	Cocoa, cwt.	1,930,704	3,024,338
Tea, lb.	30,681,477	53,965,112	Currants, cwt.	190,071	454,766
Sugar, cwt.	4,065,971	6,594,308	Raisins, cwt.	241,214	208,801
Cheese, cwt.	248,335	336,160	Brandy, gals.	1,105,145	1,850,307
Butter, cwt.	251,255	344,185	Rum, gals.	2,278,861	2,880,775

AS SIR FITZROY KELLY has already, to his own satisfaction, proved that of all the millions of quarters of wheat imported, not a grain has passed into English stomachs; so is he prepared to show that the above articles, quoted by MR. CARDWELL, although imported, have never been consumed. We are allowed to anticipate a few of the arguments of the Right Honourable Gentleman.

"Coffee	was	Chicory	Sugar	was	Sand
Tea	was	Sloe-leaves	Cheese	was	not the cheese."

As for the remaining articles, SIR FITZROY promises to be ready with a most destructive reply when the hustings shall be erected for him.

OUR RACING PROPHECY.

If the Betting offices are not put down before next year, we should suggest something like the following as a programme for the next Cup day at Ascot:—

The Footman's Plate—of three dozen spoons and half a dozen forks, by subscription of a spoon or a fork each. Every subscriber to remove the initials and crest, or forfeit one shilling.

The Tradesmen's Cup—by subscription of half-a-crown each from their masters' tills by the London shopmen.

The Butchers' Stakes—of one hundred pounds, open to all the metropolitan butchers' boys.

The betting will be limited to the Betting offices, and the final settling will take place at one of the penal settlements.

Agricultural Distress.

The English and Australian agriculturists, it would seem, are now alike "distressed," and from diametrically opposite causes. Here, it is the want of gold affects them: there, the glut of it.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS FOR LADIES; OR BANE AND ANTIDOTE.



WE saw in a fashionable newspaper, a paragraph headed "THE RACES AND THE FÊTES," being a perfumer's advertisement in disguise, which informs "ladies attending on these occasions" that they "would do well to provide themselves" with some stuff which it calls "Aqua d'Oro," and adds:—

"This fragrant and spirituous perfume refreshes and invigorates the system during the heat and dust of summer, and will be found an essential accompaniment for the opera, the public assembly, and the promenade. In all cases of excitement, lassitude, or over-exertion, it will prove of great advantage taken as a beverage, diluted with water."

The British sailor, in the song, exclaims, with an imprecation, that there is nothing like grog. JACK's declaration is erroneous as well as profane. The perfume, Aqua d'Oro, "diluted with water," is very much like grog, and if

"taken as a beverage" in any quantity, would very soon produce the same effect. Yet if ladies must drink fragrant and spirituous perfumes, they would probably find good Schiedam or fine old Jamaica Pine-apple Rum more wholesome; or a portable flask of *eau-de-vie* might be recommended in preference to a smelling-bottle. On the whole, however, perhaps it would be advisable for ladies who go to the races to avoid the distillery-drinks altogether, and stick to the Champagne.

The same puff also extols the virtues of a cosmetic, called "Kalydor," which, as it avers, eradicates among other blemishes, "spots, pimples, and discolourations." If it really does this, the Aqua d'Oro and the Kalydor should go together: the ladies who purchase the former to drink, should also buy the latter to remedy the effects of the beverage, namely those peculiar blossoms whose development on the face is the well-known consequence of indulgence in alcoholic fluids.

SYMPATHETIC SHOWERS.—The rain on the Ascot Cup day seems to have exercised a curiously sympathetic influence upon the Betting-house proprietors. It was astonishing what a number of them were found next morning to have "mizzled."

THE WEATHER AND THE HIPPODROME.



declares himself to be rather superfluously satisfied, or, in other words, that he has had somewhat more than enough of it. He has commenced his season with a most unseasonable succession of "overflows," of a not very profitable character, but he has tested the loyalty of his performers, who went cheerfully through thick and thin—though the thick decidedly predominated over the thin, for there was more mud than puddles—to serve the manager. As to the Royal Hippodrome Balloon, it has been in soak all the week, and can scarcely have a dry thread about it. We can only hope that a long season of sunshine may help to dry MR. BATTY'S tiers, and—to use a sort of Irish allegory—bring him up with a wet sail, that he and his banners may come off with flying colours.

PUNCH TO THE BIG-WIGS OF ETON.

GENTLEMEN,—Your little fourth of June entertainment went off very well—very well, indeed; fine boys—noble fellows—admirable British youth. But, gentlemen, you must, in future, really you must, respect the dues of hospitality. You invite the American President; yes, you ask MR. LAWRENCE to come and hear the boys, and then—unwittingly, I hope—but you must be a little more cautious for the future—you then set up MASTER EVERED, K.S. to recite—in the very teeth of the American Minister—BURKE'S firebrand thingamy, *Against Taxing the American Colonies*. And the company—it was very spiteful of them—"loudly applauded" for "in the presence of MR. ABBOT LAWRENCE," it had "a marked effect."

Now, gentlemen, are you aware that you no doubt offended the monarchical principles of the republican Minister? About a fortnight ago, did not that estimable gentleman glorify the Fishmongers' Company *because* it numbered among its late members the man who "killed the rebel WAT TYLER?" Yes—rebel was the word! The representative of a nation of successful rebels rejoiced that the rebel TYLER had bitten Smithfield dust!

Now, the Minister who can rejoice over the body of sprawling TYLER—of the rebel who would not quietly see his child profaned by the tax-gatherer—cannot admire the disaffection of EDMUND BURKE in his praise of the rebels to KING GEORGE—the tens of thousands of rebels on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Americans ought to have paid the money—held their peace and their allegiance. Even as WAT TYLER ought to have paid the poll-tax for his daughter, or have permitted the test proposed by KING RICHARD'S officer.

The Minister who condemns WAT TYLER must, logically, condemn WASHINGTON, even though the Minister misrepresent the success of the rebellion of which WASHINGTON was the glory and the hero.

Therefore, gentlemen, take warning: consider the delicate position of the American Minister for the future—and further consider that

I remain your obedient servant,

PUNCH.

AUSTRALIAN AXIOM.—"A Shepherd in hand is worth two in the Bush."

RACY THOUGHTS

Of a Young Man on coming home from Ascot, wet through, and having lost all his Money.

THE reason why Racing is generally called "The Turf," must be owing to the fact of so many *green blades* being found upon it; and I'm sadly afraid I've been one of them to-day.

If the jockeys were weighed previous to the race according to their moral, instead of their physical, weight, it is to be feared that there are exceedingly few who wouldn't be found wanting.

A person can lose his money very quickly on the Stock Exchange, or by managing a theatre, or by throwing it down a mine, or by burying it under a lot of houses; but it's a serious question if Racing will not get through his fortune much quicker in the long run.

The man who stakes his fortune upon the four feet of a horse, mustn't feel surprised if, in the running, his fortune becomes forfeited also.

In gambling there is no gratitude. Let one man beggar another, either at cards, or at billiards, or on the Turf, or at pitch-and-toss—I don't care what the method of beggary may have been; but do you think he feels in the least grateful to the man whose money he has won?

Racing is only another kind of dice-throwing, with this difference, that you throw with horses instead of dice, and with this disadvantage, that the horses have jockeys, and the dice none. The game is very simple, and a very pretty one to look at. You put the twenty horses all together—rattle them well—and when they come tumbling out, running at their full speed over the green course, I defy you to tell which number will turn up the winner. It is all over in one minute, and it is doubtful at which of the two games a person can lose most at a single throw.

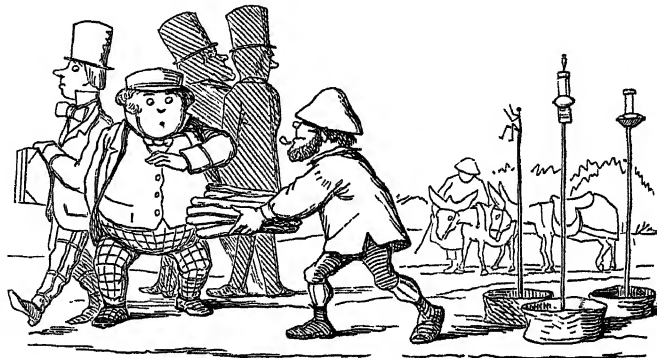
The man who believes in his luck at racing is doomed to be a penniless man, let him be as rich as all the ROTHSCHILDREN of Israel put together!

Confound it! The best part of the race, after all, is the champagne and the eating and drinking. If you are betting, you cannot enjoy your "grub." You are thinking of the stakes, and how much you may have to fork out—instead of being intent, as you should be, upon forking out the stakes which are at the bottom of the pigeon-pie. What a fool I was to stick to any other!

There is no fool so illiterate but who imagines he can go upon the Turf, and "make a book!"

The thimble-ig-men, I maintain, are an injured set of beings. They were suppressed, whilst the members of the betting-ring were left untouched. Compare the two together, and I doubt if there would be found a pea to choose between them.

I have lost my money, am discontented, miserable, and wet to the skin. I cannot imagine a more pitiable being than I am at the present moment, and yet such is the infatuation of racing, that I really believe if there were men and big sign-posts stationed at every step to bawl out as loud as they could, "You mustn't go upon the Turf"—that still, still I should be rushing upon it again to-morrow, in spite of all their injunctions, and in spite of my own experience that I was sure to be punished for it!



Inviolability of Bishops.

MR. HORSMAN has obtained a majority for an inquiry, that will never take place, into the conduct of the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS for appointing MR. BENNETT, the martyr of St. Barnabas, to Frome. The whole matter will end in smoke; for let a Bishop do what he may, says MR. DISRAELI, Parliament has no power to touch him. The lawn is triple mail—the silk apron the nine bull-hides of AJAX.

Thus, RABELAIS makes a Bishop put himself into *frontipalibus* when about to commit the heaviest sin; and for this reason—that has in some sort survived—sinning as a Churchman, the secular arm cannot lay hold upon him.

A CHANCERY BONE OF CONTENTION.

(AN OWER TRUE TALE.)



OUR newspaper contemporaries ought really to engage an efficient staff of first-rate writers of romance to do justice to the reports of the proceedings in the Courts of Chancery. A mere matter-of-fact style becomes "pale" and ineffective in dealing with subjects that surpass in extravagance the wildest and most exciting matters of fiction.

What might not a feverish imagination make of the following "little affair" that came off the other day in the Court of Sir R. T. KINDERSLEY? The question in the case was whether an old

lady, who died in 1827 (only twenty-five years ago, which is nothing in the age of a Chancery suit), had by her will executed a power of appointment, reserved to her by her marriage settlement.

One would imagine the question would be simple enough, and easily answered; but sixteen counsel were employed in arguing that she had, and that she hadn't. The negative position was supported by MESSRS. KENYON PARKER, HAYNES, and OLIVER; while the affirmative was sustained by MR. T. C. WRIGHT, MR. L. WIGRAM, MR. J. LAW, MR. KEENE, MR. WALKER, MR. BACON, MR. T. HALL, MR. BAGGALLY, MR. BIGG, MR. J. RUSSELL, MR. TURNER, MR. KINGDON, and sixteenthly and lastly, by MR. J. BAILEY. It is wonderful how so apparently small a bone of contention can give employment to the jaws of no less than sixteen barristers.

This, however, is not all, for in a Chancery suit it is not sufficient to have a standing army of standing counsel on both sides, but there is a neutral position to be taken up by somebody, and on this occasion it was filled by MR. FOLLETT and MR. BUSK, who "appeared for the trustees," who had no interest in the result either one way or the other. No wonder "his Honour" said, that "after the number of cases that had been cited he should reserve his judgment." We defy any one to have any judicial faculty left after listening to eighteen barristers on one point, and we would lay a wager—anywhere but at a betting office, where those who lose pay, and those who win don't receive—that however simple the question, the amount of "learning" employed upon it must have reduced it to a mass of inextricable confusion. Happily for the sanity of Chancery suitors in general, they are usually dead before it comes to their turn to have the matters in which they are interested brought before the Court, and the survivors entitled to the "fund" have been born to consider the "fund" as the sport of the law, so that they really are in the position fallaciously ascribed to the eels, and have become, by use, hardened to the process of skinning.

THE SETTLEMENT FOR THE CUP.

THE settlement for Ascot has gone off very much as might have been expected—several of the losers having "gone off" in a most mysterious manner. A large number of shop-boys who had for some time previously to the race "been making up a book," have transferred their attention to their masters' books, which they have been trying to "make up" in such a way as to meet the engagements they have incurred, and some have attempted to settle their own accounts by appropriating the proceeds of the accounts of their employers' customers. An immense number of watches changed hands on the morning after the race, and young SPOONER, the linen-draper's lad, who stood to win forty pounds on Voltigeur, ran away, to avoid being asked for forty shillings which he had laid out—from the till—on the "favourite."

Song of the Australian Shepherd.

THE flocks may leave the mountains,
And perish every fold;
But *dust-dry* be the fountains,
Ere I'll forsake the gold!

SAUCE FOR THE MINT.

THE Mint authorities, in their delay with reference to the new Florin, are almost as bad as the Court of Chancery, for they have shown extreme tardiness in bringing matters to an issue.

RUINED HALLS.

DESERTED are the Courts of Common Law,
Westminster, in thy venerable Hall;
The County Courts away all business draw,
And *Nisi Prius* totters to its fall.

O'er benches, formerly where, thick as thieves,
Mustered an ample bar, the Judge presides,
Lone as an owl, amid the ivy-leaves
On some forsaken ruin, that abides.

Or should the Judges number two or three,
They sit in unregarded grandeur big,
No gaping multitude has come to see;
Below there's but a solitary wig.

That wig is asked if it has aught to move;
It answers with a shake—and not "My Lud";
No fine harangue succeeding, meant to prove
That black, in fact, is white, as clear as mud.

Those walls with quirk and caviol now resound,
Or cross-examination's furious roar,
Designed some timid witness to confound,
With humbug, and with sophistry—no more;

Save rarely, when high damages are laid,
Such as for broken hearts young ladies seek,
Appeals to British juries being made,
By tongues oftsoons inserted in the cheek.

The suitors all the County Courts have sought,
These have the causes, and are like to keep,
For they are shops where justice may be bought—
As itself dictates that it should be—cheap.

Fall, *Nisi Prius*, ne'er to rise again,
And perish those iniquities with thee,—
The laws of Doctor's Commons—and that den,
That sty, that sink, the Court of Chancery!

CORDIAL BONDS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRIA.

THE DUKE OF CASIGLIANO is a man of a sort of humour; he evidently has a relish for a grim joke, and must laugh—when risible—like a death's-head. This deadly droll duke, writing to MR. SCARLETT, on the atrocity committed on MR. MATHER, offers as indemnity for the Austrian sabre cut 1,000 francsconi; and the Duke

"Has reason to flatter himself that this act of generosity will be appreciated by the British Government, and he congratulates himself beforehand [nothing like being beforehand] that it may have the effect of contributing to draw closer the bonds of cordial friendship and good understanding which always existed between the two Governments."

A thousand francsconi, and for only one cut at an English gentleman: why, such a handsome sum ought to purchase a cut-and-come-again. However, we are to be all the better friends for the gash: if MR. MATHER had been murdered outright, our amity would have passed all former love of all former nations; and at only the small charge of 1,000 francsconi—£240 sterling!

Thus considered, the Austrian ruffian who cuts down an unarmed man becomes the sweetest of pacificators. Beautiful are the sabres of the peace-makers! And now our cordial bonds are drawn so closely! To tighten a knot, it is usual to throw water over it—the Austrian improves upon this, and makes the water blood.

The Stuff of the Protectionist Banner.

THE present Ministers, when they were in Opposition, were always talking of nailing their colours to the mast. Instead of that, some say they have now hauled down the flag; but that is not the case—the Protectionist colours are still flying: but this fact may not be generally known, owing to a mistaken supposition that they are what is commonly called True Blue. The standard of the Protectionists consists of what ladies call "shot silk," and changes its hue with every variety of involution which it assumes while wavering in the breeze.

Sporting Problem.

GIVEN—The odds at a Betting Office.
TO FIND—The Betting Office if the odds are lost.

OLD JOE.—Several of those who have lost by the result of the Cup day at Ascot have been let into the secret that *Joe Miller* may be no joke.



DOMESTIC BLISS.—GOING "OUT" TO AN "AT HOME."

Lovely Woman (to brute of a Husband). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM—FAST ASLEEP! AND NOT DRESSED, I DECLARE! WHY, IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND THE BROUGHAM HAS BEEN WAITING THIS HALF-HOUR. GO AND GET READY THIS MOMENT, SIR!"

A PUSEYITE BURKE.

A MOST desperate attempt was made the other evening at St. Stephen's, showing, that although some old gentlemen complain that there is no such a man as BURKE now-a-days in the House of Commons, that senile complaint is unfounded. On MR. HORSMAN's motion "for a select committee to inquire into the circumstances connected with the institution of the REV. MR. BENNETT to the Vicarage of Frome," MR. GLADSTONE attempted to smother the proposed investigation, by means of a quantity of yarn, ingeniously spun into what might be termed a web of sophistry. The determined endeavour was happily baffled by a strong body of forty-five straightforward individuals, who deserve much credit for their firm and sensible conduct. The motive of the intended deed is not very clear, for though its effect, had it been accomplished, would have been to screen the suspected parties, they, according to their parliamentary "pal," will have no cause to fear inquiry, but rather the reverse. BENNETT, as is well-known, is accused of being a confederate with the papal gang, and the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS is denounced as his abettor. Should it prove that the VICAR OF FROME had turned Protestant previously to his induction to that living, both Bishop and Vicar will come off with flying colours, and will have reason to rejoice at the failure of the effort to deprive them of an opportunity of clearing their characters, which has been made by their indiscreet ally, the Member for Romanesque Oxford.

The National Portrait Gallery.

LORD MAHON, with great good taste, intends to propose a vote of money for the formation of a National Portrait Gallery. *Mr. Punch* here gives timely notice that he will *not* consent to sit, if his friend *Oliver Cromwell* is not permitted to make one of the company. This being considered, *Mr. Punch* has no objection to the *Fancy Portrait of Guy Fawkes*, which MR. SPOONER—having painted it in his own colours—proposes to add to the collection.

KINDLY MEANT.—It is with the best wishes that we recommend to the notice of our Protectionist Ministers the perusal of a little book, published under the title of "The Stomach and its Difficulties."

ODE TO OUR MARVELLOUS CONTEMPORARY.

THOU art the Print for me,
Dumfries Courier;
Such wondrous things in thee
Ever appear:
Toads pent in solid trees,
Enormous gooseberries,
All sorts of prodigies,
Right through the year.

Tales of sagacious dogs,
Dumfries Courier;
And showers of fish and frogs,
Most strange to hear:
Twins like the Siamese,
And winter swarms of bees,
Wise pigs and learned fleas,
Six-legged deer.

Mock suns and double moons,
Dumfries Courier;
Odd apes and strange baboons,
Ghost stories queer:
Dreams that have come to pass,
Brobdingnag sparrow-grass,
Huge ox, amazing ass,
Dumfries Courier!

The English Press in Paris.

AT the time of our going to Press, we received intelligence that the Correspondents of the *Chronicle* and *Daily News* had been sent for, and informed that LOUIS NAPOLEON had not slept a wink during the previous night; and that they, as contributors to English journals, would be held accountable if the President did not enjoy the soundest repose the night following.

CHRISTMAS IN JUNE.

THE severity of the season has called forth numerous acts of that benevolent consideration for the necessities of the indigent population for which the higher ranks in this country have always been remarkable. Coals and blankets have been largely distributed by the leading nobility and gentry, including the merchant-princes of the metropolis; and arrangements have been made for supplying poor families and ragged schools with good, warm, comforting soup. It is hoped that by these means all that is possible has been done to temper the inclemency of the skies to those whose means are inadequate to procure for themselves the requisite protection against the bitter blasts and cold of summer.

Several of the aristocracy have issued cards for juvenile parties on Midsummer-day, to play at blindman's buff and snap-dragon, and dance the longest day out and the shortest day in.

The managers of the different theatres are busily engaged in getting up pantomimes for the dog days.

The Militia not Drawn but Painted.

THE Dutch, once upon a time, showed how they could best combine economy with a martial manifestation: they painted sentinels on their sentry-boxes. Our Ministry, eschewing Dutch economy, have, nevertheless, passed the Militia Bill, by which they will enrol a force of no more practical value than soldiers made of red paint. If we must have an increased force, let us at least have the real thing; the more especially as we are to pay for it. The Ministry may certainly draw the Militia; but they had better have followed the cheaper mode of the Dutch, and without previous drawing, at once painted it.

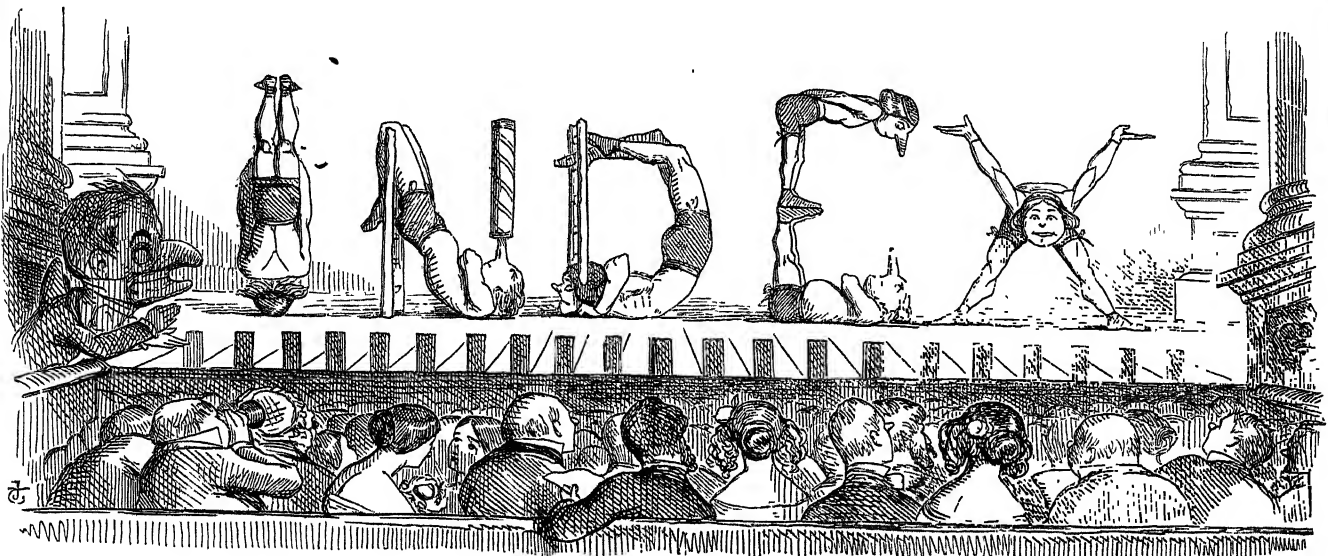
A Day of Resignations.

SEVERAL rumours were afloat a few days ago that the DERBY party had resigned their offices, which remained vacant. On inquiry we ascertained that the DERBY party alluded to consisted of a set of low gamblers, and that the offices are no other than the blackguard Betting offices, many of which were "resigned" on the day after the races, and have been "vacant" ever since.



THE SETTLING DAY OF THE "BETTING OFFICE" FREQUENTER.

(SPORTING YOUTH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE "BORROWED" HIS MASTER'S CASH BOX TO PAY HIS BETS.)



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